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John Milton

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PAINTER TO OLIVER CROMWELL, AND ORIGINALLY IN THE POSSESSION

OF MILTON'S DAUGHTER DEBORAH.

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POETICAL WORKS

JOHN MILTON;

B. JENNISON.

AND SEVEN ENDEAVOURS,

RUSSELL, WATKINS, AND PIERCE.

LONDON:

CHIDLEY, 103, ALDERSGATE STREET.

1844.



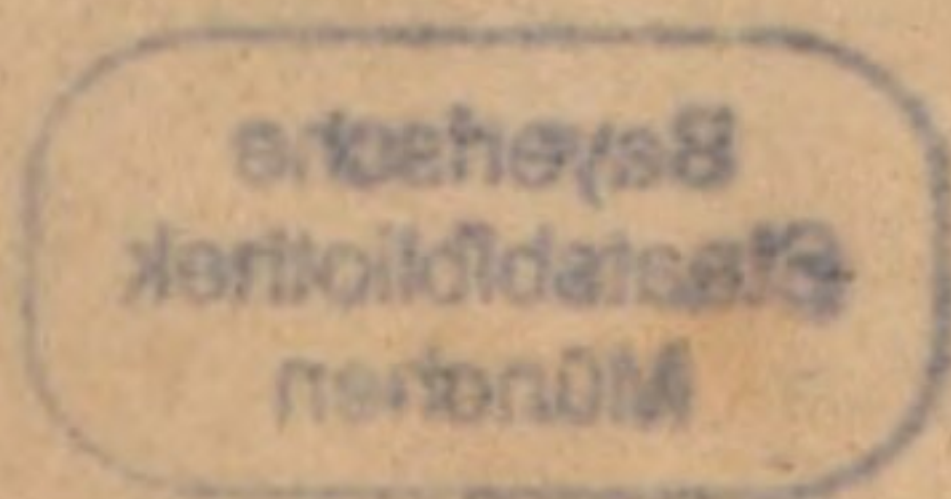
THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON;

WITH
A Memoir:
AND SEVEN EMBELLISHMENTS,

BY
FUSELI, WESTALL, AND MARTIN.

LONDON:
J. J. CHIDLEY, 123, ALDERSGATE STREET.

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1844.



J. BILLING, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER, WOKING, SURREY.

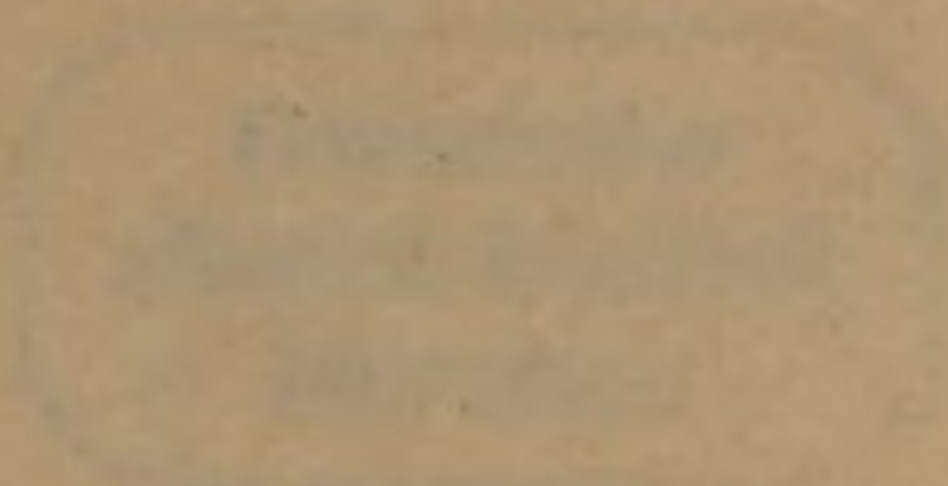
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THE
LIFE OF JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was by birth a gentleman, descended from the proprietors of Milton, near Thame, in Oxfordshire, one of whom forfeited his estate in the times of York and Lancaster. Which side he took, is not known; his descendant inherited no veneration for the White Rose.

His grandfather John was keeper of the forest of Shotover, a zealous papist, who disinherited his son because he had forsaken the religion of his ancestors.

His father, John, who was the son disinherited, had recourse for his support to the profession of a scrivener. He was a man eminent for his skill in music, many of his compositions being still to be found; and his reputation in his profession was such that he grew rich, and retired to an estate. He married a gentlewoman of the name of Caston, a Welsh family, by whom he had two sons, John, the poet, and Christopher, who studied the law, and adhered, as the law taught him, to the King's party, for which he was a while persecuted, but having, by his brother's interest, obtained permission to live in quiet, he supported himself so honourably by chamber-practice that, soon after the accession of King James, he was knighted and made a judge; but, his constitution being too weak for business, he retired before any disreputable compliances became necessary.

John, the poet, was born in his father's house, at the Spread-Eagle in Bread-street, Dec. 9, 1608, between six and seven in the morning. His father appears to have been very solicitous about his education; for he was instructed at first by private tuition under the care of Thomas Young, who was afterwards chaplain to the English merchants at Hamburg, and of whom we have reason to think well, since his scholar considered him as worthy of an epistolary elegy.

He was then sent to St. Paul's School, under the care of Mr. Gill; and removed, in the beginning of his six-

teenth year, to Christ-College, in Cambridge, where he was admitted a pensioner, Feb. 12, 1624.

He was at this time eminently skilled in the Latin tongue; and he himself, by annexing the dates to his first compositions, seems to commend the earliness of his own proficiency to the notice of posterity. But the products of his vernal fertility have been surpassed by many, and particularly by his contemporary Cowley.

At fifteen, a date which he uses till he is sixteen, he translated or versified two Psalms, 114 and 136, which he thought worthy of the public eye; but they raise no great expectations: they would in any numerous school have obtained praise, but not excited wonder.

Many of his elegies appear to have been written in his eighteenth year, by which it appears that he had then read the Roman authors with very nice discernment. Mr. Hampton, the translator of Polybius, remarked that Milton was the first Englishman who, after the revival of letters, wrote Latin verses with classic elegance.

Of the exercises, which the rulers of the University required, some were published by him in his maturer years. They had been undoubtedly applauded; for they were such as few could perform; yet there is reason to suspect that he was regarded in his college with no great fondness. That he obtained no fellowship is certain. He took however both the usual degrees; that of Bachelor in 1628, and that of Master in 1632. When he left the university he returned to his father, then residing at Horton in Buckinghamshire, with whom he lived five years, in which time he is said to have read all the Greek and Latin writers.

He began now to grow weary of the country, and had some purpose of taking chambers in the Inns of Court, when the death of his mother set him at liberty to travel, for which he obtained his father's consent, and Sir Henry Wotton's directions; with the celebrated precept of prudence, 'thoughts close, and looks loose.'

In 1638 he left England, and went first to Paris; where, by the favour of Lord Scudamore, he had the opportunity of visiting Grotius, then residing at the French Court as Ambassador from Christina of Sweden. From Paris he hasted into Italy, of which he had with particular diligence studied the language and literature; and though he seems to have intended a very quick perambulation of the country, staid two months at Florence; where he found his way into the academies, and produced his compositions with such applause as appears to have exalted him in his own opinion, and confirmed him in the hope, that, 'by

labour and intense study, which,' says he, 'I take to be my portion in this life, joined with a strong propensity of nature,' he might 'leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die.'

From Florence he went to Sienna, and from Sienna to Rome, where he was again received with kindness by the learned and the great. Holstenius, the keeper of the Vatican Library, who had resided three years at Oxford, introduced him to Cardinal Barberini; and he, at a musical entertainment, waited for him at the door, and led him by the hand into the assembly. Here Selvaggi praised him in a distich, and Salsilli in a tetrastic; neither of them of much value. The Italians were gainers by this literary commerce; for the encomiums with which Milton repaid Salsilli, though not secure against a stern grammarian, turn the balance indisputably in Milton's favour.

Of these Italian testimonies, poor as they are, he was proud enough to publish them before his poems; though he says he cannot be suspected but to have known that they were said *non tam de se, quam supra se*.

At Rome, as at Florence, he staid only two months; a time indeed sufficient, if he desired only to ramble with an explainer of its antiquities, or to view palaces and count pictures; but certainly too short for the contemplation of learning, policy, or manners.

From Rome he passed on to Naples, in company of a hermit, a companion from whom little could be expected; yet to him Milton owed his introduction to Manso Marquis of Villa, who had been before the patron of Tasso. Manso was enough delighted with his accomplishments to honour him with a sorry distich, in which he commends him for every thing but his religion: and Milton, in return, addressed him in a Latin poem, which must have raised a high opinion of English elegance and literature.

His purpose was now to have visited Sicily and Greece; but, hearing of the differences between the King and Parliament, he thought it proper to hasten home, rather than pass his life in foreign amusements while his countrymen were contending for their rights. He therefore came back to Rome, though the merchants informed him of plots laid against him by the Jesuits, for the liberty of his conversations on religion. He had sense enough to judge that there was no danger, and therefore kept on his way, and acted as before, neither obtruding nor shunning controversy. He had perhaps given some offence by visiting Galileo, then a prisoner in the Inquisition for philosophical heresy; and at Naples he was told by Manso that, by his

declarations on religious questions, he had excluded himself from some distinctions which he should otherwise have paid him. But such conduct, though it did not please, was yet sufficiently safe; and Milton staid two months more at Rome, and went on to Florence without molestation.

From Florence he visited Lucca. He afterwards went to Venice; and, having sent away a collection of music and other books, travelled to Geneva, which he probably considered as the metropolis of orthodoxy.

Here he reposed as in a congenial element, and became acquainted with John Diodati and Frederick Spanheim, two learned professors of Divinity. From Geneva he passed through France; and came home, after an absence of a year and three months.

At his return he heard of the death of his friend Charles Diodati; a man whom it is reasonable to suppose of great merit, since he was thought by Milton worthy of a poem, intituled 'Epitaphium Damonis,' written with the common but childish imitation of pastoral life.

He now hired a lodging at the house of one Russel, a tailor, in St. Bride's Church-yard, and undertook the education of John and Edward Philips, his sister's sons. Finding his rooms too little, he took a garden house in Aldersgate-Street, which was not then so much out of the world as it is now; and chose his dwelling at the upper end of a passage, that he might avoid the noise of the street. Here he received more boys, to be boarded and instructed.

Let not our veneration for Milton forbid us to look with some degree of merriment on great promises and small performance; on the man who hastens home, because his countrymen are contending for their liberty, and, when he reaches the scene of action, vapours away his patriotism in a private boarding-school. This is the period of his life from which all his biographers seem inclined to shrink. They are unwilling that Milton should be degraded to a schoolmaster; but, since it cannot be denied that he taught boys, one finds out that he taught for nothing, and another that his motive was only zeal for the propagation of learning and virtue; and all tell what they do not know to be true, only to excuse an act which no wise man will consider as in itself disgraceful. His father was alive; his allowance was not ample; and he supplied its deficiencies by an honest and useful employment.

He now began to engage in the controversies of the times, and lent his breath to blow the flames of conten-

tion. In 1641 he published a treatise of 'Reformat'on, in two books,' against the Established Church; being willing to help the Puritans, who were, he says, inferior to the Prelates in learning.

Hall, bishop of Norwich, had published a 'Humble Remonstrance,' in defence of Episcopacy; to which, in 1641, five ministers, Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spurstow, of whose names the first letters made the celebrated word *Smectymnuus*, gave their Answer. Of this Answer a Confutation was attempted by the learned Usher; and to the Confutation, Milton published a Reply, intituled 'Of Prelatical Episcopacy, and whether it may be deduced from the Apostolical Times, by virtue of those Testimonies which are alleged to that Purpose in some late Treatises, one whereof goes under the Name of James, Lord Bishop of Armagh.'

His father, after Reading was taken by Essex, came to reside in his house; and his school increased. At Whitsuntide, in his thirty-fifth year, he married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Powel, a Justice of the Peace in Oxfordshire. He brought her to town with him, and expected all the advantages of a conjugal life. The lady, however, seems not much to have delighted in the pleasures of spare diet and hard study; for, as Philips relates, 'having for a month led a philosophic life, after having been used at home to a great house, and much company and joviality, her friends, possibly by her own desire, made earnest suit to have her company the remaining part of the summer; which was granted, upon a promise of her return at Michaelmas.'

Milton was too busy to much miss his wife; he pursued his studies; and now and then visited the Lady Margaret Leigh, whom he has mentioned in one of his sonnets. At last, Michaelmas arrived; but the lady had no inclination to return to the sullen gloom of her husband's habitation, and therefore very willingly forgot her promise. He sent her a letter, but had no answer: he sent more with the same success. It could be alleged that letters miscarry; he therefore dispatched a messenger, being by this time too angry to go himself. His messenger was sent back with some contempt. The family of the lady were Cavaliers.

In a man whose opinion of his own merit was like Milton's, less provocation than this might have raised violent resentment. Milton soon determined to repudiate her for disobedience; and, being one of those who could easily

find arguments to justify inclination, published (in 1644) 'The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce;' which was followed by 'The Judgment of Martin Bucer, concerning Divorce;' and the next year, his 'Tetrachordon, Expositions upon the four chief Places of Scripture which treat of Marriage.'

This innovation was opposed, as might be expected, by the clergy, who, then holding their famous Assembly at Westminster, procured that the author should be called before the Lords; 'but that house,' says Wood, 'whether approving the doctrine, or not favouring his accusers, did soon dismiss him.'

From this time it is observed that he became an enemy to the Presbyterians, whom he had favoured before. He that changes his party by his humour is not more virtuous than he that changes it by his interest: he loves himself rather than truth.

His wife and her relations now found that Milton was not an unresisting sufferer of injuries; and, perceiving that he had begun to put his doctrine in practice, by courting a young woman of great accomplishments, the daughter of one Doctor Davis, who was however not ready to comply, they resolved to endeavour a re-union. He went sometimes to the house of one Blackborough, his relation, in the lane of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and at one of his usual visits was surprised to see his wife come from another room, and implore forgiveness on her knees. He resisted her entreaties for a while: 'but partly,' says Philips, 'his own generous nature, more inclinable to reconciliation than to perseverance in anger or revenge, and partly the strong intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought him to an act of oblivion and a firm league of peace.' It were injurious to omit, that Milton afterwards received her father and her brothers in his own house, when they were distressed, with other Royalists.

He published about the same time his 'Areopagitica, a Speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of unlicensed Printing.'

About this time (1645) a collection of his Latin and English poems appeared, in which the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso,' with some others, were first published.

He had taken a larger house in Barbican for the reception of scholars; but the numerous relations of his wife, to whom he generously granted refuge for a while, occupied his rooms. In time, however, they went away; 'and the house again,' says Philips, 'now looked like a house of the Muses only, though the accession of scholars was not

great. Possibly his having proceeded so far in the education of youth may have been the occasion of his adversaries calling him pedagogue and school-master: whereas it is well known he never set up for a public school, to teach all the young fry of a parish; but only was willing to impart his learning and knowledge to his relations, and the sons of gentlemen who were his intimate friends, and that neither his writings nor his way of teaching ever savoured in the least of pedantry.'

About the time that the army was new-modelled (1654), he removed to a smaller house in Holborn, which opened backward into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He is not known to have published any thing afterwards till the King's death, when, finding his murderers condemned by the Presbyterians, he wrote a treatise to justify it, and to compose the minds of the people.

Cromwell had now dismissed the Parliament by the authority of which he had destroyed monarchy, and commenced monarch himself, under the title of Protector, but with kingly, and more than kingly, power. That his authority was lawful never was pretended; he himself founded his right only in necessity; but Milton, having now tasted the honey of public employment, would not return to hunger and philosophy, but continued to exercise his office.

He had now been blind for some years; but his vigour of intellect was such that he was not disabled to discharge his office of Latin Secretary, or continue his controversies. His mind was too eager to be diverted, and too strong to be subdued.

About this time his first wife died in childbed, having left him three daughters. As he probably did not much love her, he did not long continue the appearance of lamenting her; but, after a short time, married Catherine, the daughter of one Captain Woodcock of Hackney; a woman doubtless educated in opinions like his own. She died, within a year, of childbirth, or some distemper that followed it; and her husband honoured her memory with a poor sonnet.

As Secretary to the Protector, he is supposed to have written the 'Declarations of the Reasons for a War with Spain.' His agency was considered as of great importance; for, when a treaty with Sweden was artfully suspended, the delay was publicly imputed to Mr. Milton's indisposition; and the Swedish agent was provoked to express his wonder, 'that only one man in England could write Latin, and that man blind.'

Being now forty-seven years old, and seeing himself disencumbered from external interruptions, he seems to have recollected his former purposes, and to have resumed three great works which he had planned for his future employment; an epic poem, the history of his country, and a dictionary of the Latin tongue.

To collect a dictionary seems a work of all others least practicable in a state of blindness, because it depends upon perpetual and minute inspection and collation. Nor would Milton probably have begun it after he had lost his eyes; but, having had it always before him, he continued it, says Philips, almost to his dying-day; but the papers were so discomposed and deficient that they could not be fitted for the press. The compilers of the Latin Dictionary, printed at Cambridge, had the use of those collections in three folios; but what was their fate afterwards is not known.

To compile a history from various authors, when they can only be consulted by other eyes, is not easy, nor possible, but with more skilful and attentive help than can be commonly obtained; and it was probably the difficulty of consulting and comparing that stopped Milton's narrative at the Conquest; a period at which affairs were not yet very intricate, nor authors very numerous.

For the subject of his epic poem, after much deliberation, long choosing, and beginning late, he fixed upon 'Paradise Lost;' a design so comprehensive that it could be justified only by success. He had once designed to celebrate King Arthur, as he hints in his verses to Mansus; but 'Arthur was reserved,' says Fenton, 'to another destiny.'

But, while his greater designs were advancing, having now, like many other authors, caught the love of publication, he amused himself, as he could, with little productions. He sent to the press (1658) a manuscript of Raleigh, called 'The Cabinet Council;' and next year gratified his malevolence to the clergy, by a 'Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Cases, and the Means of removing Hirelings out of the Church.'

Oliver was now dead; Richard was constrained to resign: the system of extemporary government, which had been held together only by force, naturally fell into fragments when that force was taken away; and Milton saw himself and his cause in equal danger. But he had still hope of doing something. He wrote letters, which Toland has published, to such men as he thought friends to the new Commonwealth; and even in the year of the Restoration he 'bated no jot of heart or hope,' but was fantas-

tical enough to think that the nation, agitated as it was, might be settled by a pamphlet, called 'A ready and easy Way to establish a free Commonwealth;' which was, however, enough considered to be both seriously and ludicrously answered.

The obstinate enthusiasm of the commonwealth-men was very remarkable. When the King was apparently returning, Harrington, with a few associates as fanatical as himself, used to meet, with all the gravity of political importance, to settle an equal government by rotation; and Milton, kicking when he could strike no longer, was foolish enough to publish, a few weeks before the Restoration, 'Notes upon a Sermon preached by one Griffiths, intituled, The Fear of God and the King.' To these notes an answer was written by L'Estrange, in a pamphlet petulantly called 'No Blind Guides.'

But whatever Milton could write, or men of greater activity could do, the King was now about to be restored with the irresistible approbation of the people. He was therefore no longer Secretary, and was consequently obliged to quit the house which he held by his office; and, proportioning his sense of danger to his opinion of the importance of his writings, thought it convenient to seek some shelter, and hid himself for a time in Bartholomew-Close, by West-Smithfield.

The King, with lenity of which the world has had perhaps no other example, declined to be the judge or avenger of his own or his father's wrongs; and promised to admit into the Act of Oblivion all except those whom the Parliament should except; and the Parliament doomed none to capital punishment but the wretches who had immediately co-operated in the murder of the King. Milton was certainly not one of them; he had only justified what they had done.

This justification was indeed sufficiently offensive; and (June 16) an order was issued to seize Milton's 'Defence,' and Goodwin's 'Obstructors of Justice,' another book of the same tendency, and burn them by the common hangman. The Attorney-general was ordered to prosecute the authors; but Milton was not seized, nor perhaps very diligently pursued.

Not long after (August 19) the flutter of innumerable bosoms was stilled by an act, which the King, that his mercy might want no recommendation of elegance, rather called an Act of Oblivion than of Grace. Goodwin was named, with nineteen more, as incapacitated for any public trust; but of Milton there was no exception.

Of this tenderness shown to Milton the curiosity of mankind has not forborne to inquire the reason. Burnet thinks he was forgotten; but this is another instance which may confirm Dalrymple's observation, who says 'that whenever Burnet's narrations are examined, he appears to be mistaken.'

Forgotten he was not; for his prosecution was ordered; it must be therefore by design that he was included in the general oblivion. He is said to have had friends in the house, such as Marvel, Morrice, and Sir Thomas Clarges: and undoubtedly a man like him must have had influence. A very particular story of his escape is told by Richardson in his *Memoirs*, which he received from Pope, as delivered by Betterton, who might have heard it from Davenant. In the war between the King and Parliament, Davenant was made prisoner and condemned to die; but was spared at the request of Milton. When the turn of success brought Milton into the like danger, Davenant repayed the benefit by appearing in his favour. Here is a reciprocation of generosity and gratitude so pleasing, that the tale makes its own way to credit. In Cunningham's *History of Great Britain*, a different account of the means by which Milton secured himself is given. 'Milton, Latin secretary to Cromwell, distinguished by his writings in favour of the rights and liberties of the people, pretended to be dead, and had a public funeral procession. The king applauded his policy in escaping the punishment of death, by a seasonable show of dying.'

The contrivance was not unlikely to succeed, if practised, with Charles II., whose resentment was capable of being diverted by the dexterity of wit.

The publication of the Act of Oblivion put him in the same condition with his fellow-subjects. He was, however, upon some pretence now not known, in the custody of the serjeant in December; and when he was released, upon his refusal of the fees demanded, he and the serjeant were called before the house. He was now safe within the shade of oblivion, and knew himself to be as much out of the power of a griping officer as any other man. How the question was determined is not known. Milton would hardly have contended, but that he knew himself to have right on his side.

He then removed to Jewin-street, near Aldersgate-street; and, being blind and by no means wealthy, wanted a domestic companion and attendant; and therefore, by the recommendation of Dr. Paget, married Elizabeth

Minshul, of a gentleman's family in Cheshire, probably without a fortune.

Soon after his marriage, according to an obscure story, he was offered the continuance of his employment, and being pressed by his wife to accept it, answered, 'You like other women, want to ride in your coach; my wish is to live and die an honest man.' If he considered the Latin Secretary as exercising any of the powers of government, he that had shared authority either with the Parliament or Cromwell, might have foreborne to talk very loudly of his honesty; and if he thought the office purely ministerial, he certainly might have honestly retained it under the King. But this tale has too little evidence to deserve a disquisition; large offers and sturdy rejections are among the most common topics of falsehood.

He had so much either of prudence, or gratitude, that he forebore to disturb the new settlement with any of his political or ecclesiastical opinions, and from this time devoted himself to poetry and literature.

About this time Elwood the Quaker, being recommended to him as one who would read Latin to him for the advantage of his conversation, attended him every afternoon, except on Sundays. Milton, who, in his letter to Hartlib, had declared, that to read Latin with an English mouth is as ill a hearing as Law French, required that Elwood should learn and practise the Italian pronunciation, which, he said, was necessary, if he would talk with foreigners. Elwood complied with the directions, and improved himself by his attendance; for he relates, that Milton, having a curious ear, knew by his voice when he read what he did not understand, and would stop him, and open the most difficult passages.

In a short time he took a house in the Artillery-Walk, leading to Bunhill-fields; the mention of which concludes the register of Milton's removals and habitations. He lived longer in this place than any other.

He was now confessedly and visibly employed upon his poem 'Paradise Lost,' of which the progress might be noted by those with whom he was familiar; for he was obliged, when he had composed as many lines as his memory would conveniently retain, to employ some friend in writing them, having, at least for part of the time, no regular attendant. This gave opportunity to observations and reports.

Mr. Philips observes that there was a very remarkable circumstance in the composure of 'Paradise Lost,'—'which I have particular reason,' says he, 'to remember; for whereas I had the perusal of it from the very beginning

for some years, as I went from time to time to visit him, in parcels of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time (which, being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing), having, as the summer came on, not been showed any for a considerable while, and desiring the reason thereof, was answered, that his vein never happily flowed but from the Autumnal Equinox to the Vernal; and that whatever he attempted at other times was never to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much; so that, in all the years he was about this poem, he may be said to have spent half his time therein.'

When the plague (1665) raged in London, Milton took refuge at Chalfont in Bucks: where Elwood, who had taken the house for him, first saw a complete copy of *Paradise Lost*, and, having perused it, said to him, 'Thou hast said a great deal upon *Paradise Lost*; what hast thou to say upon *Paradise Found*!'

Next year, when the danger of infection had ceased, he returned to Bunhill-fields; and designed the publication of his poem. A license was necessary, and he could expect no great kindness from a chaplain of the archbishop of Canterbury. He seems, however, to have been treated with tenderness; for, though objections were made to particular passages, and among them to the simile of the sun eclipsed in the first book, yet the license was granted; and he sold his copy, April 27, 1667, to Samuel Simmons, for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation to receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred should be sold of the first edition; and again five pounds after the sale of the same number of the second edition; and another five pounds after the same sale of the third. None of the three editions were to be extended beyond fifteen hundred copies.

The first edition was of ten books, in a small quarto. The titles were varied from year to year: and an advertisement and the arguments of the books were omitted in some copies, and inserted in others.

The sale gave him in two years a right to his second payment, for which the receipt was signed April 26, 1669. The second edition was not given till 1674; it was printed in small octavo; and the number of books was increased to twelve, by a division of the seventh and twelfth; and some other small improvements were made. The third edition was published in 1678; and the widow, to whom the copy was then to devolve, sold all her claims to Simmons for eight pounds, according to her receipt given

Dec. 21, 1680. Simmons had already agreed to transfer the whole right to Brabazon Aylmer for twenty-five pounds, and Aylmer sold to Jacob Tonson half, August 17, 1683 half, March 24, 1690, at a price considerably enlarged. In the history of 'Paradise Lost' a deduction thus minute will rather gratify than fatigue.

Three years after his 'Paradise Lost' (1667), he published his 'History of England,' comprising the whole fable of Geoffery of Monmouth, and continued to the Norman Invasion. Why he should have given the first part, which he seems not to believe, and which is universally rejected, it is difficult to conjecture. The style is harsh; but it has something of rough vigour, which perhaps may often strike, though it cannot please.

The same year were printed 'Paradise Regained;' and Sampson Agonistes,' a tragedy written in imitation of the Ancients, and never designed by the author for the stage. As these poems were published by another bookseller, it has been asked whether Simmons was discouraged from receiving them by the slow sale of the former? Why a writer changed his bookseller a hundred years ago, is difficult to discover. Certainly, he who in two years sells thirteen hundred copies of a volume in quarto, bought for two payments of five pounds each, has no reason to repent his purchase.

When Milton showed 'Paradise Regained' to Elwood, 'This,' said he, 'is owing to you; for you put it in my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which otherwise I had not thought of.'

His last poetical offspring was his favourite. He could not, as Elwood relates, endure to hear Paradise Lost preferred to Paradise Regained.

His polemical disposition again revived. He had now been safe so long, that he forgot his fears, and published a 'Treatise of true Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and the best Means to prevent the Growth of Popery.'

He now reprinted his juvenile poems, with some additions.

In the last year of his life he sent to the press, seeming to take delight in publication, a collection of Familiar Epistles in Latin; to which, being too few to make a volume, he added some academical exercises, which perhaps he perused with pleasure, as they recalled to his memory the days of youth, but for which, nothing but veneration for his name could now procure a reader.

When he had attained his sixty-sixth year, the gout, with which he had been long tormented, prevailed over the

enfeebled powers of nature. He died by a quiet and silent expiration, about the tenth of November, 1674, at his house in Bunhill-fields; and was buried next his father in the chancel of St. Giles at Cripplegate. His funeral was very splendidly and numerously attended.

Upon his grave there is supposed to have been no memorial; but in our time a monument has been erected in Westminster-Abbey 'To the Author of Paradise Lost,' by Mr. Benson, who has in the inscription bestowed more words upon himself than upon Milton.

When the inscription for the monument of Philips, in which he was said to be *soli Milto secundus*, was exhibited to Dr. Sprat, then Dean of Westminster, he refused to admit it; the name of Milton was, in his opinion, too detestable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion. Atterbury, who succeeded him, being author of the inscription, permitted its reception. 'And such has been the change of public opinion,' said Dr. Gregory, 'that I have seen erected in the church a statue of that man, whose name I once knew considered as a pollution of its walls.'

Milton has the reputation of having been in his youth eminently beautiful, so as to have been called the Lady of his college. His hair, which was of a light brown, parted at the fore-top, and hung down upon his shoulders, according to the picture which he has given of Adam. He was, however, not of the heroic stature, but rather below the middle size, according to Mr. Richardson, who mentions him as having narrowly escaped from being short and thick. He was vigorous and active, and delighted in the exercise of the sword, in which he is related to have been eminently skilful. His weapon was, I believe, not the rapier, but the back-sword, of which he recommends the use in his book on Education.

His eyes are said never to have been bright; but, if he was a dexterous fencer, they must have been once quick.

His domestic habits, so far as they are known, were those of a severe student. He drank little strong drink of any kind, and fed without excess in quantity, and in his earlier years without delicacy of choice. In his youth he studied late at night; but afterwards changed his hours, and rested in bed from nine to four in the summer, and five in the winter. The course of his day was best known after he was blind. When he first rose, he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then studied till twelve; then took some exercise for an hour; then dined, then played on the organ, and sang, or heard another sing, then studied to

six; then entertained his visitors till eight; then supped, and, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, went to bed.

So is his life described: but this even tenor appears attainable only in colleges. He that lives in the world will sometimes have the succession of his practice broken and confused. Visitors, of whom Milton is represented to have had great numbers, will come and stay unseasonably; business, of which every man has some, must be done when others will do it.

When he did not care to rise early, he had something read to him by his bed-side; perhaps at this time his daughters were employed. He composed much in the morning, and dictated in the day, sitting obliquely in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over the arm.

Fortune appears not to have had much of his care. In the civil wars he lent his personal estate to the Parliament; but when, after the contest was decided, he solicited repayment, he met not only with neglect, but sharp rebuke; and, having tired both himself and his friends, was given up to poverty and hopeless indignation, till he showed how able he was to do greater service. He was then made Latin Secretary, with two hundred pounds a year; and had a thousand pounds for his 'Defence of the People.' His widow, who, after his death, retired to Nantwich in Cheshire, and died about 1729, is said to have reported that he lost two thousand pounds by entrusting it to a scrivener; and that, in the general depredation upon the Church, he had grasped an estate of about sixty pounds a year belonging to Westminster Abbey, which, like other sharers of the plunder of rebellion, he was afterwards obliged to return. Two thousand pounds, which he had placed in the Excise-office, were also lost. There is yet no reason to believe that he was ever reduced to indigence. His wants, being few, were competently supplied. He sold his library before his death, and left his family fifteen hundred pounds, on which his widow laid hold, and only gave one hundred to each of his daughters.

His literature was unquestionably great. He read all the languages which are considered either as learned or polite; Hebrew, with its two dialects, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish. In Latin his skill was such as places him in the first rank of writers and critics; and he appears to have cultivated Italian with uncommon diligence. The books in which his daughter, who used to read to him, represented him as most delighting, after Homer, which

he could almost repeat, were Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and Euripides.

The highest praise of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem, and therefore owes reverence to that vigour and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition of dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprise and enchain attention. But, of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hinderance: he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors, but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received support; there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favour gained; no exchange of praise, nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance, and in blindness; but difficulties vanished at his touch; he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first

THE VERSE.

THE measure is English heroic verse without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin ; rhyme being no necessary adjunct, or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre ; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some, both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note, have rejected rhyme, both in longer and shorter works ; as have long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself to all judicious ears, trivial, and of no true musical delight ; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another ; not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients, both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rhyme so little is to be taken for a defect (though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers,) that it is rather to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered, to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

THE HISTORY

The history of the world is a long and tedious tale, but it is one that is full of interest and variety. It is a tale of the human race, of its struggles, its triumphs, and its failures. It is a tale of the great empires, of the great wars, and of the great men who have shaped the world. It is a tale of the past, of the present, and of the future. It is a tale that is as old as the world itself, and it is a tale that will be as old as the world itself. It is a tale that is full of life and energy, and it is a tale that is full of hope and faith. It is a tale that is worth reading, and it is a tale that is worth living.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject ; Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed : then touches the prime cause of his Fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent ; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now falling into hell, described here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos : here Satan, with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion ; calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him. They confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions ; who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise ; their numbers ; array of battle ; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech ; comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven ; but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven : for, that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep. The infernal peers there sit in council.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse! that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion-hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight, intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer,
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine: what is low, raise and support;
That, to the highth of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will,
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?—

The infernal Serpent ! he it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel angels ; by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 40 He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
 If he opposed ; and, with ambitious aim,
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,
 Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong, flaming, from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition : there to dwell
 In adamantine chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms,
 50 Nine times the space, that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded, though immortal : but his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath ; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness, and lasting pain,
 Torments him : round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate.
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views
 60 The dismal situation, waste and wild.
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
 As one great furnace, flamed ; yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible.
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
 That comes to all ; but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur, unconsumed.
 70 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
 For those rebellious : here their prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness ; and their portion set,
 As far removed from God and light of Heaven,
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
 O, how unlike the place from whence they fell !
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns ; and, weltering by his side,
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 80 Long after known in Palestine, and named

Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heaven call'd Satan, with bold words,
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.
 "If thou beest he; but O, how fallen! how changed
 From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads, though bright! if he, who mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 90 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
 In equal ruin: into what pit, thou seest, [proved
 From what highth fallen; so much the stronger
 He, with his thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent Victor, in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
 Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
 That, with the Mightiest, raised me to contend,
 100 And, to the fierce contention, brought along
 Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
 That durst dislike his reign; and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious battle, on the plains of Heaven,
 And shook his throne. What tho' the field be lost?
 All is not lost: the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else, not to be overcome;
 110 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace,
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
 Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed;
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall: since by fate, the strength of gods
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
 Since, through experience of this great event,
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 120 We may, with more successful hope, resolve
 To wage, by force or guile, eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe;
 Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.—

" O Prince! O Chief of many throned Powers!
 That led the embattled Seraphim to war
 130 Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
 Fearless, endanger'd Heaven's perpetual King,
 And put to proof his high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That, with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,
 Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host,
 In horrible destruction, laid thus low,
 As far as gods and heavenly essences
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
 140 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
 Though all our glory' extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
 But what if he, our Conqueror, whom I now
 Of force believe almighty, since no less [ours,
 Than such could have o'er-power'd such force as
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
 150 By right of war, whate'er his business be;
 Here, in the heart of Hell, to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?"
 Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied.
 " Fallen Cherub! to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
 To do aught good never will be our task;
 160 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
 As being the contrary to his high will,
 Whom we resist. If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil:
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
 But see! the angry Victor hath recall'd
 170 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of Heaven; the sulphurous hail
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
 The fiery surge, that, from the precipice
 Of Heaven, received us falling; and the thunder,

Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts; and ceases now,
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
 Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury, yield it from our Foe.
 180 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend,
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves:
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
 And, re-assembling our afflicted Powers,
 Consult, how we may henceforth most offend
 Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
 How overcome this dire calamity:
 190 What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
 If not, what resolution from despair."
 Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
 With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
 That sparkling blazed: his other parts besides,
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood: in bulk as huge
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove;
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
 200 By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
 Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest, that swim the ocean stream;
 Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
 Moors by his side, under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.
 So stretch'd out, huge in length, the Arch-Fiend lay,
 210 Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence
 Had risen, or heaved his head; but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs:
 That, with reiterated crimes, he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others; and enraged might see
 How all his malice served but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy, shown
 On man, by him seduced; but on himself
 220 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
 Forthwith upright he rears, from off the pool,

His mighty stature : on each hand the flames,
 Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd
 In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.
 Then with expanded wings, he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
 He lights; if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire;

230 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill,
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
 Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
 And fuell'd entrails, thence conceiving fire,
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds;
 And leave a singed bottom, all involved
 With stench and smoke. Such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate :
 Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood,
 240 As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

“Is this the region? this the soil? the clime,
 (Said then the lost Arch-angel) this the seat [gloom
 That we must change for Heaven? this mournful
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
 Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
 What shall be right : farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 250 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
 Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell!
 Receive thy new possessor : one, who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time :
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be; all but less than He,
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here, at least
 We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
 260 Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
 Here, we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
 To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell :
 Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 The associates and co-partners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion; or, once more,

270 With rallied arms, to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"

So Satan spake, and him Beëlzebub
Thus answer'd. "Leader of those armies bright
Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foil'd!
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults
Their surest signal; they will soon resume
New courage and revive; though now they lie
280 Groveling and prostrate, on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth."

He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend
Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, [shield,
Behind him cast: the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic-glass, the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
290 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear (to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,)
He walked with, to support uneasy steps,
Over the burning marle: not like those steps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
300 Of that inflamed sea he stood; and call'd
His legions, angel-forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd imbower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves
Busiris, and his Memphian chivalry, [o'erthrew
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld,
310 From the safe shore, their floating carcasses,
And broken chariot-wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded: "Princes, Potentates,

Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now
If such astonishment as this can seize [lost,
Eternal Spirits; or have ye chosen this place,
After the toil of battle, to repose

320 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or, in this abject posture, have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph, rolling in the flood,
With scattered arms and ensigns; till anon
His swift pursuers, from Heaven-gates discern
The advantage; and, descending tread us down
Thus drooping; or, with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

330 Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!"

They heard, & were abash'd, & up they sprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves, ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd;

Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
340 Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That, o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung,
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan, waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light

350 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw; when her barbarous sons
Came, like a deluge, on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.

Forthwith, from every squadron, and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
Their great Commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human; princely Dignities;

360 And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out, and rased,



H. Marshall, del. J. Rogers, sc.

J. Rogers, sc.

Satan and Beelzebub

Paradise Lost, Book I, L. 315.



By their rebellion, from the book of life.
Nor had they yet, among the sons of Eve, [earth,
Got them new names: till, wandering o'er the
Through God's high sufferance, for the trial of
By falsities and lies, the greatest part [man,
Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
370 Glory of Him that made them; to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men, by various names,
And various idols, through the Heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who
Roused from the slumber, on that fiery couch, [last,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth,
Came singly, where he stood on the bare strand,
380 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those, who, from the pit of Hell,
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats, long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar; (gods adored
Among the nations round;) and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim: yea, often placed
Within his sanctuary itself, their shrines,
Abominations; and, with cursed things,
390 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned;
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite [fire
Worshipp'd in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
400 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led, by fraud, to build
His temple, right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom; Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, the obscene, dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond

- 410 The flowery dale of Sibma, clad with vines,
 And Eleälé to the Asphaltic pool:
 Peor his other name, when he enticed
 Israel, in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged,
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
 Of Moloch, homicide; lust hard by hate:
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
 With these came they, who, from the bordering
 420 Of old Euphrates, to the brook that parts [flood
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
 Of Baälim and Ashtaroth; those male,
 These feminine: for Spirits, when they please,
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure:
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure, [choose,
 430 Can execute their airy purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook
 Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial gods: for which their heads, as low
 Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
 Astarté, queen of Heaven, with crescent horns:
 440 To whose bright image nightly by the moon,
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs:
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood
 Her temple, on the offensive mountain, built
 By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
 To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
 Whose annual wound, in Lebanon, allured
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
 In amorous ditties, all a summer's day;
 450 While smooth Adonis from his native rock,
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
 Infected Sion's daughters, with like heat;
 Whose wanton passions, in the sacred porch,
 Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
 His eye survey'd the dark idolatries

Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off,
460 In his own temple, on the groundsil-edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers :
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish : yet had his temple, high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
470 He also against the house of God was bold :
A léper once he lost, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage, and displace
For one of Syrian mode ; whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods,
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries, abused
480 Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods, disguised in brutish forms,
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
The infection, when their borrow'd gold composed
The calf in Oreb ; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Béthel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox ;
Jehovah, who, in one night, when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equalled, with one stroke,
Both her first-born, and all her bleating gods.
490 Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross, to love
Vice for itself ; to him no temple stood,
Or altar smoked ; yet who more oft, than he,
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God ?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends, above their loftiest towers,
500 And injury and outrage : and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night

In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
 Exposed a matron to avoid worse rape,
 These were the prime in order and in might:
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd:
 The Ionian Gods, of Javan's issue, held
 Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth,
 570 Their boasted parents: Titan, Heaven's first-born,
 With his enormous brood, and birth-right seized
 By younger Saturn; he, from mightier Jove,
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found:
 So Jove usurping reign'd. These, first in Crete
 And Ida known, thence, on the snowy top
 Of cold Olympus, ruled the middle air,
 Their highest Heaven; or, on the Delphian cliff,
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
 Of Doric land; or, who with Saturn old,
 520 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these, and more, came flocking; but with looks
 Down-cast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief,
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
 Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
 530 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
 Then straight commands, that, at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be uprear'd
 His mighty standard. That proud honour claim'd
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;
 Who forthwith, from the glittering staff, unfurl'd
 The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
 Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich imblazed,
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
 540 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
 At which the universal host up-sent
 A shout that tore Hell's concave; and beyond,
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment, through the gloom, were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
 With orient colours waving: with them rose
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
 Appear'd, and serried shields, in thick array,
 Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
 560 In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood

Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To highth of noblest temper, heroes old,
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved
With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
570 Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old, with order'd spear and shield;
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose. He, through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye; and soon traverse
The whole battalion views; their order due;
580 Their visages and stature, as of Gods:
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,
Glories: for never, since created man,
Met such imbodied force, as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant-brood
Of Phlegra, with the heroic race, were join'd,
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
590 In fable or romance, of Uther's son,
Begirt with British, and Armoric knights;
And all, who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond;
Or, whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell,
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread Commander. He, above the rest
600 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than Arch-angel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds

On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone,
610 Above them all the Arch-angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd; and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride;
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
Far other once beheld in bliss, condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain:
620 Millions of Spirits, for his fault, amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung,
For his revolt: yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top, their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat, their doubled ranks they bend,
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round,
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
630 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. At last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

“O Myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers!
Matchless, but with the Almighty; and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge, past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
640 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,
Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or danger shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he, who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then, as one secure,
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
650 Consent or custom, and his regal state,
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd;
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread.

New war, provoked : our better part remains,
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not ; that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
 660 Space may produce new worlds ; whereof so rife
 There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long
 Intended to create ; and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven.
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps,
 Our first eruption ; thither or elsewhere :
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 670 Full counsel must mature : peace is despair'd ;
 For who can think submission ? War then, war,
 Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake : and, to confirm his words, out-flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim. The sudden blaze
 Far round illumined Hell : highly they raged
 Against the Highest ; and fierce, with grasped arms,
 Clash'd, on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

680 There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke ; the rest entire
 Shone with a glossy scurf ; undoubted sign,
 That, in his womb, was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed,
 A numerous brigade hasten'd : as when bands
 Of pioneers, with spade and pick-axe arm'd,
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on ;
 Mammon, the least erected Spirit, that fell [thoughts

690 From Heaven ; for, e'en in Heaven, his looks and
 Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
 Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoy'd
 In vision beatific. By him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 Ransack'd the centre, and, with impious hands,
 Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
 For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew
 Open'd, into the hill, a spacious wound,
 700 And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire,
 That riches grow in Hell ; that soil may best

Deserve the precious bane. And here let those,
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering, tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn, how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength, and art, are easily out-done
By Spirits reprobate; and in an hour,
What in an age, they, with incessant toil,
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire,
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude,
With wondrous art, founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd, within the ground
A various mold, and from the boiling cells,
By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes, the sound-board breathes.
720 Anon, out of the earth, a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet;
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave: nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equall'd, in all their glories, to enshrine
730 Belus or Serapis their Gods; or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile [doors,
Stood fix'd her stately highth: and straight the
Opening their brazen folds, discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement. From the arched roof,
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light,
740 As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In Heaven, by many a tower'd structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the Supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard, or unadored

In ancient Greece; and, in Ausonian land,
 750 Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
 From Heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove,
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
 On Lemnos, the Ægean isle. Thus they relate,
 Erring; for he, with this rebellious rout,
 Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
 To have built, in Heaven, high towers; nor did he
 760 By all his engines: but was headlong sent, [scape
 With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Mean while the winged heralds, by command
 Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony,
 And trumpets' sound, throughout the host, proclaim
 A solemn council, forthwith to be held
 At Pandemonium, the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers. Their summons call'd
 From every band and squared regiment,
 By place or choice the worthiest. They anon,
 770 With hundreds and with thousands trooping, came
 Attended: all access was throng'd. The gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall,
 Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soudan's chair,
 Defied the best of Panim chivalry
 To mortal combat, or career with lance,
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
 In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 780 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
 In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers
 Fly to and fro, or, on the smoothed plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer
 Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
 Swarm'd, and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,
 Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 790 Throng numberless; like that pygmean race
 Beyond the Indian mount: or faery elves,
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side,
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
 Sits arbitress; and, nearer to the earth,

Wheels her pale course : they, on their mirth and
Intent, with jocund music, charm his ear : [dance
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
800 Reduced their shapes immense ; and were at large,
Though without number, still amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And, in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess, and secret conclave, sat ;
A thousand Demi-gods, on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began

END OF BOOK I.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates, whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven : some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy, or tradition in Heaven, concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created : their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search. Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates ; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them ; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven ; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or, where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat; by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair,
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven, and by success untaught,
10 His proud imaginations thus display'd:
“ Powers and Dominions! Deities of Heaven!
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heaven for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious, and more dread, than from no fall,
And trust themselves, to fear no second fate.
Me, though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven
Did first create your leader, next free choice,
20 With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
Establish'd, in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy, whom the highest place exposes,
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
30 Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none, sure, will claim in Hell
Precedence; none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return,

To claim our just inheritance of old ;
Surer to prosper, than prosperity
40 Could have assured us ; and, by what best way,
Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate : who can advise may speak."

He ceased ; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
Stood up ; the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength ; and rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all ; with that care lost,
Went all his fear ; of God, or Hell, or worse,
50 He reck'd not ; and these words thereafter spake :

" My sentence is for open war : of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not : them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
60 By our delay ? No, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once,
O'er Heaven's high towers, to force resistless way ;
Turning our tortures into horrid arms,
Against the torturer ; when, to meet the noise
Of his almighty-engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder ; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror, shot with equal rage
Among his Angels ; and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
70 His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale,
With upright wing, against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them ; if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still ;
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat : descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear,
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep
80 With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low ? The ascent is easy then ;
The event is fear'd ; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction ; if there be in Hell

Fear to be worse destroy'd. What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd,
In this abhorred deep, to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exorcise us, without hope of end,
90 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the highth enraged,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far
Than, miserable, to have eternal being:
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
100 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven;
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than Gods. On the other side up-rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;
110 A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seem'd
For dignity composed and high exploit;
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels; for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear;
And with persuasive accent thus began.

"I should be much for open war, O Peers,
120 As not behind in hate; if what was urged,
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are fill'd
130 With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep

Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise,
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,
140 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair. We must exasperate
The Almighty Victor, to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts, that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost,
150 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then,
160 Say they who counsel war? we are decreed,
Reserved, and destined, to eternal woe,
Whatever doing; what can we suffer more.
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
170 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into seven-fold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall,
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,

Designing or exhorting glorious war,
180 Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd,
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse, with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
190 Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's
All these our motions vain, sees and derides; [highth,
Not more almighty, to resist our might,
Than wise, to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven,
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
200 Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear,
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
210 Our supreme foe, in time, may much remit
His anger; and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us, not offending, satisfied
With what is punish'd: whence, these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour; or inured, not feel;
Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat; and void of pain;
220 'This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
'Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change,
Worth waiting; since our present lot appears
For happy, though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
 Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
 Not peace : and after him thus Mammon spake.

“ Either, to disenthroned the King of Heaven
 230 We war, if war be best, or to regain
 Our own right lost. Him to unthroned we then
 May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield
 To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
 The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
 The latter : for what place can be for us, [preme
 Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord Su-
 We overpower ? Suppose he should relent,
 And publish grace to all, on promise made
 Of new subjection ; with what eyes could we
 240 Stand in his presence, humble, and receive
 Strict laws imposed to celebrate his throne,
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forced Halleluiahs ; while he lordly sits
 Our envied Sovereign, and his altar breathes
 Ambrosial odors, and ambrosial flowers,
 Our servile offerings ? This must be our task
 In Heaven, this our delight : how wearisome
 Eternity so spent, in worship paid
 To whom we hate ! Let us not then pursue
 250 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
 Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
 Of splendid vassalage ; but rather seek
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring
 Hard liberty, before the easy yoke
 Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
 Then most conspicuous when, great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
 260 We can create ; and in what place so e'er
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
 Through labor and endurance. This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread ? How oft, amidst
 Thick clouds and dark, doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers his throne ; from whence deep thunders roar,
 Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell ?
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light
 270 Imitate when we please ? This desert soil
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold ;
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise

Magnificence ; and what can Heaven show more ?
 Our torments also may, in length of time,
 Become our elements ; these piercing fires
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed
 Into their temper ; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 280 Of order ; how in safety best we may
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are, and where ; dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war :—ye have what I advise.”

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had roused the sea ; now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men, o'er-watch'd, whose bark, by chance,
 Or pinnacle, anchors in a craggy bay
 290 After the tempest. Such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
 Advising peace : for such another field
 They dreaded worse than Hell : so much the fear
 Of thunder, and the sword of Michael,
 Wrought still within them ; and no less desire
 To found this nether empire, which might rise
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heaven.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived ; than whom,
 300 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
 Aspect he rose ; and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state. Deep on his front, engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care ;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic though in ruin : sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies. His look
 Drew audience and attention, still as night,
 Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake :—

310 “Thrones and Imperial Powers ! Offspring of
 Ethereal Virtues ! or, these titles now [Heaven !
 Must we renounce, and changing style, be call'd
 Princes of Hell ? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire. Doubtless ! while we dream,
 And know not, that the King of Heaven hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon ; not our safe retreat,
 Beyond his potent arm ; to live exempt
 From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league,

320

Banded against his throne; but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude. For he, be sure,
In highth or depth, still first and last will reign,
Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt; but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden, those in Heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?

330

War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable: terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought. For what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return?

340

But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow;
Yet ever plotting, how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing, what we most in suffering feel.
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need,
With dangerous expedition, to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
Or ambush, from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place;
If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not; another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd man, about this time
To be created, like to us, though less

350

In power and excellence, but favor'd more
Of Him who rules above. So was his will
Pronounced among the Gods; and by an oath,
That shook Heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit; of what mould
Or substance; how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakness; how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure

360

In his own strength; this place may lie exposed
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it. Here, perhaps,
Some advantageous act may be achieved,
By sudden onset; either with Hell-fire,
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,

The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 370 Abolish his own works. This would surpass
 Common revenge; and interrupt his joy,
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise,
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong, to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss,
 Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth
 Attempting; or to sit in darkness here,
 Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
 380 By Satan, and in part proposed. For whence,
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind, in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve; done all to spite
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:
 1872 390 "Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
 Synod of Gods; and, like to what ye are,
 Great things resolved: which, from the lowest deep,
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view [arms,
 Of those bright confines, whence, with neighb'ring
 And opportune excursion, we may chance
 Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
 Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
 Secure; and at the bright'ning orient beam
 400 Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires, [send
 Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we
 In search of this new world? whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt, with wandering feet
 The dark, unbottom'd, infinite abyss,
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way; or spread his airy flight,
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
 The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict senteries and stations thick
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need

All circumspection; and we, now, no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger, with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay,
Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions, could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved, thus spake.

"O progeny of Heaven! empyreal thrones!
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismay'd: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next,
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape, into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovereignty, adorn'd [posed,
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught pro-
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honor'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers!
Terror of Heaven, though fall'n! intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm

To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I, abroad,
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they fear'd;
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising, all at once, was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend,
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him, equal to the Highest in Heaven.
Nor fail'd they to express, how much they praised,
That, for the general safety, he despised
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition, varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape, snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,
Extend his evening-beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley ring.
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational; though under hope
Of heavenly grace, and God proclaiming peace:
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy;
As if, which might induce us to accord,
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers.

Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone the antagonist of Heaven; nor less
Than Hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,
And god-like imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery seraphim enclosed,
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry,
With trumpets' regal sound, the great result.
Toward the four winds, four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
By herald's voice explain'd: the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell,
With deafening shout, return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence, more at ease their minds, and somewhat
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers [rais'd
Disband; and wandering each his several way,
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him, perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime
Upon the wing; or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields:
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form:
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds; before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close: with feats of arms,
From either end of Heaven, the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar
As when Alcides, from Æchalia crown'd
With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore,
Through pain, up by the roots, Thessalian pines;
And Lichas, from the top of Æta, threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley; sing,
With notes angelical, to many a harp,
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain, that fate
Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony,
What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?
Suspended Hell; and took with ravishment

The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet,
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,
Others apart sat, on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost:
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness; and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory, and shame;
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope; or arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure, to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake, their baleful streams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent-fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets;
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood, a frozen continent
Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not; but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile: or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither, by harpy-footed furies haled,
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce;
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine

Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound,
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment;
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose,
In sweet forgetfulness, all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink:
But Fate withstands; and to oppose the attempt,
Medusa, with Gorgonian terror, guards
The ford; and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on,
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous;
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp, [of death;
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades
A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good:
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.

Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight. Sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left:
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave, towering high:
As when, far off at sea, a fleet descry'd
Hangs on the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamant, rock,
Impenetrable, empaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat,

On either side, a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul, in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd,
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within, unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea, that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches; while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable, in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd, that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either: black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart: what seem'd his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand; and from his seat
The monster, moving onward, came as fast,
With horrid strides: Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend, what this might be, admired,
Admired, not fear'd: God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look, thus first began:

“ Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,
That darrest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee.
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.”

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied
“ Art thou that traitor-Angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and, in proud rebellious arms,
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?

And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breathest defiance here and scorn.
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive; and to thy speed add wings,
Lest, with a whip of scorpions, I pursue
Thy lingering; or, with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,
So speaking, and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified; and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge,
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim: their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow,
To join their dark encounter in mid air.
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood:
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.
"O Father, what intends thy hand," she cried,
"Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee, to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?
For him, who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both."

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore; then these to her Satan returned:
"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds,
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st

Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son :
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable, than him and thee."

To whom, thus the portress of Hell-gate replied.
' Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim, with thee combined,
In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprised thee; dim thine eyes, and dizzy swam
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side, opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprang. Amazement seized
All the host of Heaven; back they recoil'd, afraid
At first, and call'd me SIN: and for a sign
Portentous held me: but familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse; thee chiefly, who full oft,
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
Became enamour'd; and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Mean while war arose,
And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remain'd,
For what could else? to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory; to our part, loss and rout,
Through all the empyrean. Down they fell
Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep; and, in the general fall,
I also: at which time, this powerful key
Into my hand was given, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut; which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat,
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails; that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he, my inbred enemy,
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out, DEATH!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded, DEATH!

I fled ; but he pursued, though more, it seems,
Inflamed with lust than rage, and swifter far,
Me overtook, his mother, all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st ; hourly conceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me ; for when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast : then bursting forth
Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round ;
That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes, in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on ;
And me, his parent, would full soon devour,
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved ; and knows, that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be : so Fate pronounced.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly ; for, that mortal dint
Save he who reigns above, none can resist."

She finish'd ; and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth
" Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befallen us unforeseen, unthought of ; know,
I come no enemy, but to set free,
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee ; and all the heavenly host
Of Spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high. From them I go
This uncouth errand, sole, and one for all,
Myself expose ; with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search, with wandering quest, a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created, vast and round, a place of bliss,
In the purlieus of Heaven ; and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed ;
Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,

Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place, where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease; and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably: all things shall be your prey."

He ceased; for both seem'd highly pleased, and
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear [Death
His famine should be fill'd; and bless'd his maw,
Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:

"The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep; by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates: against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart.
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above,
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down,
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound;
To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of heaven, and heavenly-born,
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gavest me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The Gods who live at ease; where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew;
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian Powers
Could once have moved: then in the keyhole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar,
Of massy iron or solid rock, with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd; but to shut

Excell'd her power ; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings, a banner'd host,
Underspread ensigns marching, might passthrough,
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array ;
So wide they stood ; and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes, in sudden view appear,
The secrets of the hoary deep ; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension ; where length, breadth, & highth,
And time, and place, are lost ; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars ; and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms : they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd, or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poize
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment : Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns : next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these, in their pregnant causes, mix'd
Confusedly ; and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain,
His dark materials, to create more worlds :
Into this wild abyss, the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,
Pondering his voyage ; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous, to compare
Great things with small, than when Bellona storms
With all her battering engines, bent to rase
Some capital city ; or less, than if this frame
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny, had from her axle torn
The stedfast earth. At last, his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and, in the surging smoke
Uplifted, spurns the ground : thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair ascending ; rides

Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity. All unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land; nigh founder'd, on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a griffon, through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspan, who by stealth
Had, from his wakeful custody, purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend, [rare,
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way;
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length an universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies.
Undaunted, to meet there, whatever power,
Or spirit, of the nethermost abyss,
Might in that noise reside; of whom to ask,
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies,
Bordering on light: when, straight, behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion, spread
Wide on the wasteful deep: with him enthroned,
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreadful name
Of Demogorgon: Rumor next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroil'd;
And Discord, with a thousand various mouths.
To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus. "Ye powers
And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore, or to disturb,
The secrets of your realm; but by constraint,
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire, up to light;
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads, where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heaven; or if some other place,

From your dominion won, the ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive,
I travel this profound: direct my course;
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof; if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness, and your sway
Which is my present journey and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night.
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge."

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answer'd: "I know thee, Stranger, who thou art;
That mighty leading angel, who of late [thrown
Made head against Heaven's King, though over-
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence, through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands,
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little, which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still, through your intestine broils,
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first Hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath,
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side Heaven, from whence your legions fell.
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger: go, and speed:
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain."

He ceased; and Satan staid not to reply:
But glad, that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse; and, through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks:
Or when Ulysses, on the larboard, shunn'd
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd.
So he, with difficulty and labour hard,
Moved on; with difficulty and labour he.
But he once past, soon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain,

Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
Paved after him a broad and beaten way,
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge, of wondrous length,
From Hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
Of this frail world: by which the Spirits perverse,
With easy intercourse, pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals; except whom,
God and good angels guard, by special grace.
But now, at last, the sacred influence
Of light appears; and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far, into the bosom of dim Night,
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins
Her furthest verge, and Chaos to retire;
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less, and with less hostile din;
That Satan, with less toil, and now with ease,
Wafts on the calmer wave, by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined, square or round;
With opal towers, and battlements adorn'd,
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accursed, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

THE END OF BOOK II.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his Throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretels the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man: but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man, without the satisfaction of divine justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God, by aspiring to Godhead; and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him: they obey, and, hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while, Satan alights, upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering, he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity: what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on Mount Niphates.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

HAIL, holy Light ! offspring of Heaven first-born ;
Or, of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity ; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ? before the sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert ; and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool ; though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn ; while, in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes, than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;
Taught, by the heavenly muse, to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill
Smit with the love of sacred song : but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet and warbling flow
Nightly I visit. Nor, sometimes, forget
Those other two, equall'd with me in fate
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides ;
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old :
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move

Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine :
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off ; and, for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased ;
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see, and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
 From the pure empyrean, where he sits
 High throned, above all highth, bent down his eye,
 His own works, and their works, at once to view.
 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
 Beatitude past utterance : on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His only Son. On earth he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love ;
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
 In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
 Hell, and the gulf between, and Satan there,
 Coasting the wall of Heaven, on this side Night,
 In the dun air sublime ; and ready now
 To stoop, with wearied wings, and willing feet,
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosomed, without firmament,
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
 Him God beholding, from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds ;
 Thus to his only Son, foreseeing, spake.

“ Only begotten Son ! seest thou what rage
 Transports our adversary ? whom no bounds
 Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss,
 Wide interrupt, can hold ; so bent he seems

On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light
Directly towards the new created world,
And man there placed ; with purpose to essay,
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
By some false guile pervert ; and shall pervert :
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience ; so will fall
He and his faithless progeny.—Whose fault ?
Whose, but his own ? Ingrate ! he had of me,
All he could have : I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the ethereal powers [fail'd ;
And Spirits, both them who stood, and them who
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,
Not what they would ? what praise could they re-
What pleasure I from such obedience paid, [ceive ?
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had served necessity,
Not me ? They, therefore, as to right belong'd
So were created ; nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-ruled
Their will, disposed by absolute decree,
Or high foreknowledge. They themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I ; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain, unforeknown.
So, without least impulse, or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass ; authors to themselves in all,
Both what they judge, and what they choose ; for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves : I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom : they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort, by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-depraved. Man falls, deceived
By the other first ; man therefore shall find grace,

The other none : in mercy and justice both,
Through Heaven and Earth, so shall my glory excel;
But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine."

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heaven ; and in the blessed Spirits elect,
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious ; in him all his Father shone,
Substantially express'd ; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace ;
Which uttering thus, he to his Father spake.

"O Father ! gracious was that word, which closed
Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find grace ;
For which, both Heaven and Earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne,
Encompass'd, shall resound thee ever bless'd.
For should man finally be lost ? should man,
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly ? That be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or, shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine ? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought ?
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted ? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made ?
So should thy goodness, and thy greatness, both
Be question'd, and blasphemed, without defence."

To whom the great Creator thus replied :
"O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight !
Son of my bosom ! Son, who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might !
All hast thou spoken, as my thoughts are ; all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed :
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will ;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me,
Freely vouchsafed. Once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit, and enthrall'd
By sin, to foul exorbitant desires :
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand,

On even ground, against his mortal foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fallen condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state; and to appease betimes
The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites: for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them, as a guide,
My umpire, Conscience; whom if they will hear,
Light after light, well used, they shall attain;
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This, my long sufferance, and my day of grace,
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste:
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done: man disobeying,
Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
Affecting Godhead, and, so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He, with his whole posterity, must die;
Die, he or justice must: unless for him,
Some other, able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem [love?
Man's mortal crime, and just, the unjust to save?
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?"
He ask'd; but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in heaven: on man's behalf,
Patron or intercessor, none appear'd;
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now, without redemption, all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to death and Hell
By doom severe; had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,

His dearest mediation thus renew'd :

“ Father! thy word is pass'd, man shall find grace
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?
Happy for man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost :
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring :
Behold ME then ; me for him, life for life
I offer ; on me let thine anger fall :
Account me man ; I, for his sake, will leave
Thy bosom ; and this glory, next to thee,
Freely put off ; and for him lastly die,
Well pleased. On me let Death wreak all his rage ;
Under his gloomy power, I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd ; thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever ; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,
All that of me can die : yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave,
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul,
For ever with corruption, there to dwell.
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil.
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd. [stoop
I, through the ample air, in triumph high,
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and show
The Powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile ;
While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave :
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,
Father ! to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured,
And reconcilment : wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.”

His words here ended ; but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
To mortal men ; above which only shone
Filial obedience. As a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seized [tend
All Heaven ; what this might mean, and whither

Wondering : but soon the Almighty thus replied.

“ O thou, in Heaven and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind, under wrath ! O thou,
My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor man the least,
Though last created ; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.
Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join ;
And be thyself man, among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth. Be thou, in Adam's room,
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restored
As many as are restored ; without thee, none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons ; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them, who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die ;
And dying rise, and, rising, with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem ;
So dearly to redeem, what hellish hate
So easily destroyed, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss,
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
Godlike fruition, quitted all, to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found,
By merit more than birthright, Son of God ;
Found worthiest to be so, by being good,
Far more than great or high : because in thee,
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore, thy humiliation shall exalt,
With thee thy manhood, also to this throne.
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign,
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King. All power
I give thee ; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits : under thee, as head supreme,

Thrones, pryncedoms, powers, dominions, I reduce :
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heaven or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou, attended gloriously, from Heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning Arch-angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal ; forthwith, from all winds,
The living, and forthwith, the cited dead,
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten ; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and Angels ; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence ; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heaven and earth ; wherein the just shall dwell,
And, after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies ;
Adore the Son, and honor him as me."

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a shout,
Loud, as from numbers without number, sweet,
As from bless'd voices, uttering joy ; Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions : lowly reverent,
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground,
With solemn adoration, down they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold
Immortal amaranth, a flower, which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom ; but soon, for man's offence,
To Heaven removed, where first it grew ; there grows,
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss, through midst of Heaven,
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream ;
With these, that never fade, the Spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams.
Now in loose garlands, thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses, smiled.
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tuned, that, glittering by their side,

Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony, they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high :
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part ; such concord is in Heaven.

“ Thee, Father,” first they sung, “ omnipotent !
Immutable, immortal, infinite,
Eternal King ! Thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible,
Amidst the glorious brightness, where thou sit’st
Throned inaccessible ; but when thou shadest
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee, like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright, thy skirts appear ;
Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.”
“ Thee,” next they sang, “ of all creation first,
Begotten Son, divine similitude ;
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold : on thee
Impress’d, the effulgence of his glory abides ;
Transfused on thee, his ample Spirit rests.
He Heaven of Heavens, and all the powers therein,
By thee created, and by thee, threw down
The aspiring dominations : thou, that day,
Thy Father’s dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven’s everlasting frame ; while o’er the necks
Thou drovest of warring Angels disarray’d.
Back from pursuit, thy powers, with loud acclaim,
Thee only extoll’d, Son of thy Father’s might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes :
Not so on man : him, through their malice fall’n,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline.
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purposed, not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice, in thy face discern’d,
Regardless of the bliss, wherein he sat,
Second to thee, offer’d himself to die
For man’s offence. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found, less than divine,
Hail, Son of God ! Saviour of men ! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song,

Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin."

Thus they in Heaven, above the starry sphere
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Meanwhile, upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, enclosed
From Chaos, and the inroad of darkness old,
Satan alighted walks. A globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night,
Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;
Save on that side, which from the wall of Heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture, on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs, or yeanling kids,
On hills, where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges, or Hydaspes, Indian streams:
But in his way, lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive,
With sails and wind, their cany wagons light:
So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend
Walk'd up and down, alone, bent on his prey:
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter, from the earth,
Up hither, like aërial vapours, flew,
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
Both all things vain, and all who on vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this, or the other life:
All, who have their reward on earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition, and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
All the unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here; [dream'd;
Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have
Those argent fields, more likely habitants,

Translated saints, or middle spirits hold,
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
Hither, of ill-join'd sons and daughters born,
First, from the ancient world, those giants came,
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd :
The builders next of Babel, on the plain
Of Sennaar ; and still with vain design,
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build.
Others came single ; he who, to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames,
Empedocles ; and he who, to enjoy
Plato's *Elysium*, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus ; and many more too long,
Embryos, and idiots, eremites, and friars,
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek,
In *Golgotha*, him dead, who lives in Heaven :
And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
Dying, put on the weeds of *Dominic*,
Or, in *Franciscan* think to pass disguised
They passed the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
And that crystalline sphere, whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first moved :
And now Saint Peter, at Heaven's wicket, seems
To wait them with his keys ; and now at foot
Of Heaven's ascent, they lift their feet, when lo,
A violent cross wind, from either coast,
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry,
Into the devious air : then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, toss'd
And flutter'd into rags ; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds : all these, upwhirl'd aloft,
Fly o'er the back side of the world, far off,
Into a limbo, large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he passed ;
And long he wander'd, till at last, a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste
His travell'd steps : far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high :
At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
The work, as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd ; thick with sparkling orient gems

The portal shone, inimitable on earth,
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such, as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright; when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night, under the open sky,
And waking cried, 'This is the gate of Heaven!'
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heaven, sometimes
Viewless; and underneath, a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl; whereon,
Who after came from earth, sailing arrived
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake,
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which, open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to the earth, a passage wide;
Wider by far than that of after-times,
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promised Land, to God so dear:
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests, his Angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt, and the Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean-wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder, at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways, with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn,
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware,
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen; or some renown'd metropolis,
With glistening spires, and pinnacles adorn'd
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams.
Such wonder seized, though after Heaven seen.
The spirit malign; but much more envy seize
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.

Round he surveys ; and well might, where he stood
So high, above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade ; from eastern point
Of Libra, to the fleecy star, that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,
Beyond the horizon. Then from pole to pole,
He views in breadth ; and, without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region, throws
His flight precipitant ; and winds with ease,
Through the pure marble air, his oblique way,
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand, seem'd other worlds .
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens, famed of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
Thrice happy isles : but who dwelt happy there,
He staid not to inquire : above them all
The golden sun, in splendor likest Heaven,
Allured his eye : thither his course he bends,
Through the calm firmament ; but up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude ; where the great luminary,
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far : they, as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute [lamp
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part,
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue, even to the deep :
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the fiend, a spot like which, perhaps,
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb,
Through his glazed optic tube, yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone ;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd,
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire ;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear ;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides,
Imagined rather oft, than elsewhere seen ;
That stone, or like to that, which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought ;

In vain, though, by their powerful art, they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound,
In various shapes, old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then, if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when, with one virtuous touch,
The arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark, so many precious things,
Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?
Here, matter new to gaze the Devil met,
Undazzled : far and wide his eye commands ;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sunshine : as when his beams at noon
Culminate from the equator ; as they now
Shot upward, still direct, whence no way round,
Shadow from body opaque can fall ; and the air
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray,
To objects distant far ; whereby he soon
Saw within ken, a glorious angel stand,
The same, whom John saw also in the sun.
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid :
Of beaming sunny rays, a golden tiar
Circled his head ; nor less his locks behind,
Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,
Lay waving round : on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the Spirit impure ; as now in hope
To find, who might direct his wandering flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay :
And now, a stripling-cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such, as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and, to every limb,
Suitable grace diffused ; so well he feign'd.
Under a coronet, his flowing hair,
In curls on either cheek, play'd ; wings he wore,
Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkled with gold ;
His habit fit for speed succinet, and held
Before his decent steps, a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard ; the angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear ; and straight was known
The arch-angel Uriel, one of the seven

Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command; and are his eyes,
That run through all the Heavens, or, down to the
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry, [Earth
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.

"Uriel, for thou, of those seven Spirits, that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will,
Interpreter through highest Heaven, to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest, by supreme decree,
Like honour to obtain, and, as his eye,
To visit oft this new creation round.
Unspeakable desire to see, and know,
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour, him, for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim,
Alone, thus wandering. Brightest seraph, tell,
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration, him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd:
That both in him, and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes,
To deepest Hell; and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of men,
To serve him better: wise are all his ways!"

So spake the false dissembler unperceived;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth:
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill,
Where no ill seems: which now, for once, beguiled,
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heaven;
Who, to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness, answer thus return'd:

"Fair angel! thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify

The great Work-Master, leads to no excess,
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise,
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither,
From thy empyreal mansion, thus alone ;
To witness with thine eyes, what some perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only in heaven :
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance, always with delight.
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?
I saw, when at his word, the formless mass,
This world's material mold, came to a heap.
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled ; stood vast infinitude confined :
Till, at his second bidding, darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
Swift, to their several quarters, hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire ;
And this ethereal quintessence of heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;
Each had his place appointed, each his course :
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side,
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines ;
That place is earth, the seat of man ; that light
His day ; which else, as the other hemisphere,
Night would invade : but there the neighbouring
So call that opposite fair star her aid [moon,
Timely interposes ; and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing through mid Heaven,
With borrow'd light, her countenance triform,
Hence fills and empties, to enlighten the earth ;
And, in her pale dominion, checks the night.
That spot, to which I point, is Paradise,
Adam's abode ; those lofty shades, his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires."

Thus said, he turn'd ; and Satan, bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave ; and, toward the coast of earth beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,
Nor staid, till on Niphates top he lights.

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The story of the fall of man, as told by Milton, is a masterpiece of English literature. It is a poem of great power and beauty, and it is one of the most important works of the English language. The poem is divided into twelve books, and it tells the story of the fall of man from the beginning to the end. The story is told in a way that is both simple and profound, and it is a work of great art and skill.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

Of the fourth book of Paradise Lost, the poet tells the story of the fall of man. It is a book of great power and beauty, and it is one of the most important works of the English language. The story is told in a way that is both simple and profound, and it is a work of great art and skill.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone, against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair: but at length confirms himself in evil; journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation are described; overleaps the bounds; sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described: Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel, descending on a sunbeam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures on the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest; their bower described; their evening-worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping, there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel: by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance: but, hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

O FOR that warning voice, which he, who saw
The Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud ;
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down, to be revenged on men,
'Woe to the inhabitants on earth!' that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped—
Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare. For now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man, his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell:
Yet, not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt; which, nigh the birth,
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
And, like a devilish engine, back recoils
Upon himself. Horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom, stir
The hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place. Now conscience wakes despair,
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be,
Worse; of worse deeds, worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;
Sometimes towards Heaven, and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.

"O thou! that, with surpassing glory crown'd
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,

O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance, from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and, worse, ambition, threw me down,
Warring in Heaven, against Heaven's matchless King:
Ah wherefore! he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice: lifted up so high
I 'sdain'd subjection, and though one step higher
Would set me highest, and, in a moment, quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not, that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspir'd, & me, though mean
Drawn to his part: but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within,
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will & power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then, or what to accuse,
But heaven's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou; since, against his, thy will
Chose freely, what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell:
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven,
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame,
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced,

With other promises, and other vaunts,
Than to submit; boasting, I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know,
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds!
But say, I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore? Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void
For, never can true reconciliation grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher, therefore, as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, beheld, in stead
Of us out-cast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created; and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost:
Evil, be thou my good; by thee, at least,
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold;
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know."

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face,
Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld:
For heavenly minds from such distempers foul,
Are ever clear. Whereof, he soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd, with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practised falsehood, under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet, not enough had practised to deceive
Uriel, once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down,
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigured, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and over-head, up grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops,
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung;
Which, to our general sire, gave prospect large,
Into his nether empire, neighbouring round:
And, higher than that wall, a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams,
Than on fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape: and of pure, now purer air,
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils: As when to them, who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea, north-east winds blow
Sabeian odours, from the spicy shore
Of Araby the bless'd; with such delay [a league,
Well pleased, they slack their course, and many
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend,
Who came their bane; though with them better
Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume, [pleased
That drove him, tho' enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media, post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now, to the ascent of that steep savage hill,
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none; so thick entwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast, that pass'd that way

One gate there only was, and that look'd east,
On the other side: which when the arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd; and in contempt,
At one slight bound, high over-leap'd all bound,
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within;
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,
In hurdled cots, amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence, with ease into the fold:
Or, as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church, lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree, and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death,
To them who lived; nor, on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only used
For prospect, what well used, had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room, nature's whole wealth; yea more,
A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise,
Of God the garden, was by him, in the east
Of Eden planted. Eden stretch'd her line,
From Auran eastward, to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings;
Or where the sons of Eden, long before
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil,
His far more pleasant garden, God ordain'd
Out of the fertile ground, he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind, for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High, eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge grew fast by;
Knowledge of good, bought dear, by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill

Pass'd underneathingulf'd ; for God had thrown
That mountain, as his garden-mound, high raised
Upon the rapid current ; which, through veins
Or porous earth, with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden : thence, united, fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood ;
Which, from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm,
And country, whereof here needs no account ;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How, from that sapphire fount, the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error, under pendent shades,
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers, worthy of Paradise ; which not nice art,
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse, on hill, and dale, and plain ;
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view ; [and balm ;
Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums
Others, whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste :
Betwixt them, lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store ;
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves,
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant : meanwhile, murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd,
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain

To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne, by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive ; nor that Nyseian isle,
Girt with the river Triton, where old Chæm,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye :
Nor, where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
True Paradise, under the Ethiop line,
By Nilus' head, inclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all ;
And worthy seem'd : for in their looks divine,
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed ;
Whence true authority in men : though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd :
For contemplation he, and valour form'd,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front, and eye sublime, declared
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks,
Round from his parted forelock, manly hung,
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils ; which imply'd
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd :
Then was not guilty shame. Dishonest shame
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shews instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life, his happiest life,
Simplicity, and spotless innocence.

So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair,
 That ever since in love's embraces met;
 Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
 Under a tuft of shade, that on a green
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side,
 They sat them down; and after no more toil,
 Of their sweet gardening labour, than sufficed
 To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell;
 Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat, recline
 On the soft downy bank, damask'd with flowers.
 The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream:
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them, frisking play'd,
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase,
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den:
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gamboll'd before them; the unwieldy elephant,
 To make them mirth, used all his might, & wreathed
 His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded: others on the grass
 Couch'd, and now, fill'd with pasture, gazing sat,
 Or bed-ward ruminating: for the sun
 Declined was hasting now, with prone career,
 To the ocean isles; and, in the ascending scale
 Of Heaven, the stars that usher evening rose:
 When Satan, still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

"O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?
 Into our room of bliss, thus high advanced,
 Creatures of other mold, earth-born perhaps,
 Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright
 Little inferior: whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.

Ah, gentle pair! ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy.
Happy, but for so happy ill secured,
Long to continue; and this high seat, your heaven,
Ill fenced for heaven, to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd: yet no purposed foe
To you, whom I could pity, thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept your Maker's work: he gave it me,
Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring: if no better place,
Thank him who puts me, loth to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd.
And should I, at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honour and empire, with revenge, enlarged,
By conquering this new world, compel me now
To do, what else, though damn'd, I should abhor."

So spake the fiend; and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
Then, from his lofty stand on that high tree,
Down he alights, among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds; himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end
Nearer to view his prey; and unespied,
To mark, what of their state he more might learn,
By word or action mark'd. About them round
A lion now he stalks, with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd,
In some purlieu, two gentle fawns at play,
Straight couches close, then rising, changes oft
His couchant watch; as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing, he might surest seize them both,
Griped in each paw: when Adam, first of men,
To first of women Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow.

"Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power

That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite :
That raised us from the dust, and placed us here,
In all this happiness ; who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught, whereof he hath need : He, who requires
From us no other service, than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise, that bear delicious fruit,
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life.
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is ;
Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou know'st,
God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree ;
The only sign of our obedience left,
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given,
Over all other creatures, that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large, to all things else, and choice
Unlimited, of manifold delights :
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task, [flowers,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these
Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

To whom thus Eve replied. "O thou, for whom,
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom, am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to Him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks ; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee,
Pre-eminent by so much odds ; while thou
Like consort to thyself, canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed,
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering, where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence, a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of Heaven : I thither went,
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.

As I bent down to look, just opposite,
 A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
 Bending to look on me: I started back,
 It started back; but pleased, I soon return'd,
 Pleased it return'd as soon, with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love. There I had fix'd
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me; 'What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee, where no shadow stays
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
 Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy,
 Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
 Multitudes, like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human race.'—What could I do,
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed, and tall,
 Under a platane; yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
 Thou following cried'st aloud, 'Return, fair Eve;
 Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone; to give thee being, I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth, an individual solace dear:
 Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half: with that thy gentle hand
 Seized mine; I yielded; and from that time see,
 How beauty is excell'd, by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

So spake our general mother; and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction, unproved,
 And meek surrender, half-embracing, lean'd
 On our first father; half her swelling breast
 Naked met his, under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid: he, in delight,
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
 Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds,
 That shed May-flowers; and press'd her matron lip,
 With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turn'd
 For envy, yet, with jealous leer malign,
 Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

"Sight hateful! sight tormenting! thus these two,
 Imparadised in one another's arms,

The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy, nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd, with pain of longing, pines.
Yet let me not forget, what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems;
One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? And do they only stand
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid, whereon to build
Their ruin. Hence, I will excite their minds,
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt,
Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search, I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
A chance, but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering spirit of Heaven, by fountain-side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed."

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection; and began [roam.
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his
Meanwhile, in utmost longitude, where heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect,
Against the eastern gate of Paradise,
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars, Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him, exercised heroic games
The unarm'd youth of heaven; but nigh at hand,
Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,

Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even,
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
Impress the air, and shows the mariner,
From what point of his compass, to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

“Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place,
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day, at highth of noon, came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seem’d, to know
More of the Almighty’s works, and chiefly man,
God’s latest image: I described his way,
Bent all on speed, and mark’d his airy gait;
But on the mount, that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern’d his looks,
Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him. One of the banish’d crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.”

To whom the winged warrior thus return’d.
“Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun’s bright circle, where thou sitt’st,
See far and wide. In at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come
Well known from heaven; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: if spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o’erleap’d these earthy bounds
On purpose; hard thou know’st it, to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell’st, by morrow dawning I shall know.”

So promised he; and Uriel to his charge [raised,
Return’d, on that bright beam, whose point, now
Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fallen
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll’d
Diurnal, or this less voluble earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there,
Arraying, with reflected purple and gold
The clouds, that on his western throne attend.
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,

H

They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
 She, all night long, her amorous descant sung ;
 Silence was pleased. Now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. "Fair consort, the
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest, [hour
 Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,
 Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
 Our eye-lids : other creatures, all day long,
 Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest ;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;
 While other animals inactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east,
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
 That lie bestrown, unsightly, and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease :
 Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd.
 "My author and disposer ! what thou bid'st,
 Unargued, I obey ; so God ordains :
 God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
 With thee conversing, I forget all time ;
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first, on this delightful land, he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth,
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,

With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these ? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?”
To whom our general ancestor replied.
“ Daughter of God and man, accomplish’d Eve,
These have their course to finish, round the earth,
By morrow - evening ; and from land to land,
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise :
Lest total darkness should, by night, regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things ; which these soft fires,
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat,
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish ; or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue, on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection, from the sun’s more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain ; nor think, though men were none,
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise :
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :
All these, with ceaseless praise, his works behold
Both day and night. How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices, to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to others note,
Singing their great Creator ? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join’d, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.”

Thus talking, hand in hand alone, they pass’d
On to their blissful bower ; it was a place
Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed
All things to man’s delightful use ; the roof,
Of thickest covert, was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew

Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
 Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
 Mosaic; underfoot the violet, [wrought
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay,
 Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
 Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower,
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 Pan nor Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed;
 And heavenly quires the hymenean sung,
 What day, the genial angel to our sire
 Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd;
 More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
 In sad event, when, to the unwiser son
 Of Japhet, brought by Hermes, she insnared
 Mankind, with her fair looks, to be avenged
 On him, who had stolen Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
 Both turn'd; and under open sky adored
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, & heaven,
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole: "Thou also madest the night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day;
 Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss,
 Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropp'd falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promised from us two a race,
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

This said unanimous, and other rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure,
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
 Handed they went; and, eased the putting-off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear,
 Straight side by side were laid: nor turn'd, I ween,

Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused :
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk,
Of purity, and place, and innocence ;
Defaming as impure, what God declares
Pure, and commands to some ; leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain,
But our destroyer, foe to God and man ?
Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men,
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place ;
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets ;
Whose bed is undefiled, and chaste pronounced,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
Here, love his golden shaft employs, here, lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here, and revels ; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition ; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs, the flowery roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Bless'd pair ; and O yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measured, with her shadowy cone,
Half way up hill, this vast sublunar vault ;
And, from their ivory port the cherubim
Forth issuing, at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night-watches, in warlike parade ;
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.

“ Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south,
With strictest watch ; these other wheel the north ;
Our circuit meets full west.” As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these, two strong and subtle spirits he call'd,
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

“ Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed,

Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook ;
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
 Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
 This evening, from the sun's decline arrived,
 Who tells of some infernal spirit, seen [caped
 Hitherward bent ; who could have thought ? es-
 The bars of Hell, on errand bad, no doubt :
 Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring."

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
 Dazzling the moon ; these to the bower direct,
 In search of whom they sought : him there they
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, [found,
 Essaying, by his devilish art, to reach
 The organs of her fancy ; and with them, forge
 Illusion as he list, phantasms and dreams ;
 Or, if inspiring venom, he might taint
 The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise,
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure ; thence raise,
 At least, distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
 Blown up with high conceits, ingendering pride.
 Him thus intent, Ithuriel, with his spear,
 Touch'd lightly ; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns,
 Of force, to its own likeness : up he starts.
 Discover'd and surprised. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store,
 Against a rumour'd war ; the smutty grain,
 With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air ;
 So started up, in his own shape, the fiend.
 Back stepp'd those two fair angels, half amazed
 So sudden to behold the grisly king ;
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon.

" Which of those rebel spirits, adjudged to Hell,
 Comest thou, escaped thy prison ? and transform'd,
 Why sat'st thou, like an enemy in wait,
 Here watching, at the head of these that sleep ?"

" Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
 Know ye not me ? ye knew me once, no mate
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar :
 Not to know me, argues yourselves unknown,
 The lowest of your throng ; or if ye know,
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
 Your message, like to end as much in vain ?"

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.
 " Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,

Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in Heaven, upright and pure ;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee ; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin, and place of doom, obscure and foul.
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is, to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm."

So spake the cherub ; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible ; abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely ; saw, and pined
His loss ; but chiefly, to find here observed,
His lustre visibly impair'd ; yet seem'd
Undaunted. "If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender, not the sent,
Or all at once ; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost."—"Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial, what the least can do
Single against thee, wicked, and thence weak."

The fiend replied not, overcome with rage ;
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb : to strive, or fly,
He held it vain ; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood, in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriel, from the front, thus call'd aloud.
"O friends ! I hear the tread of nimble feet,
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon, through the shade ;
And with them comes a third, of regal port,
But faded splendour wan ; who by his gait,
And fierce demeanor, seems the prince of Hell ;
Not likely to part hence without contest :
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lowers."

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd ;
And brief related, whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
"Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example ? but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place ;

Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those,
Whose dwelling God hath planted here, in bliss."

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow.
"Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no
And boldly venture, to whatever place, [doubt,
Furthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought:
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil has not try'd; and wilt object
His will, who bounds us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence, or harm."

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,
Disdainfully, half smiling, thus replied.
"O loss of one in heaven, to judge of wise,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew;
And now returns him, from his prison 'scaped,
Gravely in doubt, whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask, what boldness brought him hither
Unlicensed, from his bounds in Hell prescribed;
So wise he judges it, to fly from pain,
However, and to 'scape his punishment!
So judge thou still, presumptuous; till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold; and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provoked.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore, with thee,
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled; or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!
The first in flight from pain; hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern.
"Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting angel; well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle, to thy aid,
The blasting volleyed thunder made all speed,
And seconded, thy else not dreaded spear.

But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience, what behoves,
From hard assays, and ill successes past,
A faithful leader, not to hazard all,
Through ways of danger, by himself untried :
I therefore, I alone, first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new-created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent ; here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air ;
Though, for possession, put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against ;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord,
High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practised distances to cringe, not fight."

To whom the warrior-angel soon replied.
"To say, and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader, but a liar traced.
Satan ! and couldst thou faithful add ? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned !
Faithful to whom ? to thy rebellious crew ?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme ?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty ; who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cringed, and servilely adored
Heaven's awful Monarch ? wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign ?
But mark, what I aread thee now ; Avaunt !
Fly thither whence thou fled'st : If, from this hour,
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee, chain'd,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of Hell, too slightly barr'd."

So threaten'd he ; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied.

"Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
Proud liminary cherub ; but ere then,
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel,
From my prevailing arm ; though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels,
In progress through the road of heaven, star-paved."

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
 Turn'd fiery red, sharpening, in mooned horns,
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round,
 With ported spears; as thick, as when a field
 Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
 Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
 Lest, on the threshing-floor, his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan alarm'd,
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
 Like Teneriffe, or Atlas, unremoved:
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
 Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp,
 What seem'd, both spear and shield. Now dreadful
 Might have ensued, nor only Paradise, [deeds
 In this commotion, but the starry cope
 Of Heaven, perhaps, or all the elements,
 At least, had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon
 The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales; yet seen
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign;
 Wherein, all things created first he weigh'd,
 The pendulous round earth, with balanced air
 In counterpoise; now ponders all events,
 Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam:
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend.

"Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st
 Neither our own, but given; what folly then [mine,
 To boast what arms can do? since thine, no more
 Than Heaven permits; nor mine, though doubled now,
 To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
 And read thy lot, in yon celestial sign;
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how
 If thou resist." The fiend look'd up, and knew [weak,
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
 Murmuring; and with him fled the shades of night.

THE END OF BOOK IV.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream: he likes it not, yet comforts her. They come forth to their day-labours: their morning-hymn, at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy; and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise: his appearance described: his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower: he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a seraph; who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl;
When Adam waked, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was airy-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland; which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough: so much the more
His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve,
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest. He on his side
Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd; and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus. "Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron-grove;
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed;
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet."

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.

"O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night,
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never, till this irksome night. Methought,
Close at mine ear, one call'd me forth to walk,
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,

‘Why sleep’st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake,
Tunes sweetest his love-labour’d song; now reigns
Full-orb’d the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: Heaven wakes with all his eyes;
Whom to behold but thee, nature’s desire?
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,
Attracted by thy beauty, still to gaze.’
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass’d through ways,
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem’d,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wondering look’d, beside it stood
One shaped and wing’d like one of those from
By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill’d [Heaven,
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gazed:
‘And, O fair plant,’ said he, ‘with fruit surcharged,
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor Man? is knowledge so despised?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer’d good; why else set here?’
This said; he paused not, but with venturous arm
He pluck’d, he tasted: me damp horror chill’d,
At such bold words, vouch’d with a deed so bold:
But he thus, overjoy’d; ‘O fruit divine!
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropp’d,
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
And why not gods of men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair’d, but honour’d more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou also: happy though thou art,
Happier thou may’st be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth, among the gods,
Thyself a goddess; not to earth confined,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine; and see
What life the gods live there, & such live thou.’
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth, of that same fruit, held part,
Which he had pluck’d: the pleasant savoury smell

So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith, up to the clouds,
With him I flew; and underneath beheld
The earth outstretch'd, immense, a prospect wide
And various: wondering at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep: but O how glad I waked,
To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.
"Best image of myself, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts, this night in sleep,
Affects me equally: nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear:
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief; among these fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge, or opinion; then retires,
Into her private cell, when nature rests.
Oft, in her absence, mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;
Ill matching words and deeds, long past or late.
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That, what in sleep thou did'st abhor to dream,
Waking, thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene,
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
And let us to our fresh employments rise,
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store."

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair;

Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,
Kiss'd ; as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come, to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up-risen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering, in wide landscape, all the east
Of Paradise, and Eden's happy plains ;
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid,
In various style ; for, neither various style,
Nor holy rapture wanted they, to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung
Unmeditated ; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse
More tuneable than needed lute or harp,
To add more sweetness ; and they thus began.

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wonderful then !
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these Heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better, thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, & when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound

His praise, who, out of darkness, call'd up light
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether, to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth, with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; & wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, & in your notes, his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

So pray'd they innocent; & to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste,
Among sweet dewes and flowers; where any row
Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, & needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or, they led the vine
To wed her elm; she spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms; and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd, beheld
With pity Heaven's high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secured
His marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid

"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on earth,
Satan, from Hell'scaped, through the darksome gulf,

Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturb'd
This night the human pair; how he designs,
In them, at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day, as friend with friend,
Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
Thou find'st him, from the heat of noon retired,
To respite his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state;
Happiness in his power, left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him, to beware
He swerve not, too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n Himself from heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others, from like state of bliss;
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies: this let him know,
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd."

So spake the eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the winged saint,
After his charge received; but from among
Thousand celestial ardours, where he stood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light,
Flew thro' the midst of heaven; the angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way,
Through all the empyreal road; till, at the gate
Of heaven arrived, the gate self-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sovereign Architect had framed.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interposed: however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth, & the garden of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when, by night, the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades,
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens
A cloudy spot. Down thither, prone in flight,
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky,
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing;
Now on the polar winds, then, with quick fan,
Winnows the buxom air; till within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,

When to enshrine his reliques, in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once, on the eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns,
A seraph winged : six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast,
With regal ornament ; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dipp'd in Heaven ; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel, with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch ; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honour rise ;
For, on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm ;
A wilderness of sweets : for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art ; enormous bliss.
Him, through the spicy forest onward come,
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun
Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm [needs.
Earth's inmost womb ; more warmth than Adam
And Eve within, due at her hour, prepared
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape : to whom thus Adam call'd.

“ Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold,
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving ; seems another morn
Risen on mid-noon : some great behest from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heavenly stranger : well may we afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow,
From large bestow'd ; where nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and, by disburdening, grows

More fruitful; which instructs us not to spare."

To whom thus Eve. "Adam, earth's hallow'd mold
Of God inspired, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons ripe for use, hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes.
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant & juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice,
To entertain our angel-guest, as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on earth,
God hath dispensed his bounties as in Heaven."

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived, as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant; but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change:
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk,
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus, or the Punic coast, or where
Alcynos reign'd; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large; and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry, &, from sweet kernels press'd,
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strows the ground
With rose and odours, from the shrub unfumed.

Meanwhile, our primitive great sire, to meet
His godlike guest, walks forth; without more train
Accompanied, than with his own complete
Perfections: in himself was all his state,
More solemn, than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long,
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence, Adam, though not awed,
Yet with submissive approach, and reverence meek,
As to a superior nature, bowing low,
Thus said. "Native of Heaven, for other place
None can than heaven such glorious shape contain;
Since, by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd awhile
To want, and honour these; vouchsafe with us,
Two only, who yet by sovereign gift possess

This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest; and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline.'

Whom thus the angelic virtue answer'd mild.
"Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though spirits of Heaven,
To visit thee; lead on then, where thy bower
O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
I have at will."—So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled,
With flowerets deck'd, & fragrant smells; but Eve,
Undeck'd, save with herself, more lovely fair
Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
Of three, that in mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven; no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel hail
Bestow'd, the holy salutation, used
Long after, to bless'd Mary, second Eve.

"Hail Mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world, more numerous with thy sons,
Than, with these various fruits, the trees of God
Have heap'd this table." Raised of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square, from side to side,
All Autumn piled; though spring and autumn here
Danced hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
Our author. "Heavenly stranger, please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends
To us, for food and for delight, hath caused
The earth to yield; unsavoury food perhaps
To spiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all."

To whom the angel. "Therefore what he gives,
Whose praise be ever sung, to man, in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and, food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty [taste,
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch,
Tasting, concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.

For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed; of elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and, as lowest, first the moon;
Whence, in her visage round, those spots, unpurged
Vapours, not yet into her substance turn'd.
Nor, doth the moon no nourishment exhale,
From her moist continent, to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimential recompense,
In humid exhalations; and at even
Supps with the ocean. Though, in Heaven, the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn,
We brush mellifluous dew, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice." So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through spirits with ease: nor wonder, if, by fire
Of sooty coal, the empyric alchemist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Mean while, at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
Enamour'd, at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.

Thus, when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd
Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let the occasion pass,
Given him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their being,
Who dwell in Heaven; whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence; whose high power so far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus, to the empyreal minister, he framed.

“Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man;
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste;
Food not of angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heaven’s high feasts to have fed; yet what com-

To whom the winged hierarch replied. [pare?”

“O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not depraved from good, created all,
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refined, more spirituous, and pure;
As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending,
Each in their several active spheres assign’d,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion’d to each kind. So, from the root,
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More airy, last, the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
Man’s nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
The vital spirit aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good,
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance: time may come, when men,
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
And, from these corporal nutriments perhaps,
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improved by tract of time, and wing’d, ascend
Ethereal, as we; or may at choice,
Here, or in heavenly Paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile, enjoy
Your fill, what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.”

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply’d.

“O favourable spirit, propitious guest,

Well hast thou taught the way, that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set,
From centre to circumference, whereon,
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, 'if ye be found
Obedient?' Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust, and placed us here,
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek, or apprehend?"

To whom the Angel. "Son of Heaven and Earth
Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself;
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution given thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee; but to persevere
He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity;
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will, but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself and all the Angelic host, that stand
In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds
On other surety none; freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,
And so from Heaven to deepest Hell. O fall,
From what high state of bliss, into what woe!"

To whom our great progenitor. "Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs, by night from neighbouring hills,
Aerial music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet, that we never shall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him, whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assured me, & still assure: though what thou tell'st
Hath pass'd in Heaven, some doubt within me move,

But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half, in the great zone of Heaven "

Thus Adam made request; and Raphael,
After short pause, assenting, thus began.

" High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate,
To human sense, the invisible exploits
Of warring spirits? how, without remorse,
The ruin of so many, glorious once,
And perfect while they stood? how last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is dispens'd; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporeal forms,
As may express them best; though, what if Earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein,
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

" As yet this world was not; and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these Heavens now roll, where Earth
Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day, [now rests,
For time, though in eternity, applied
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future; on such day,
As Heaven's great year brings forth, the empyreal host
Of angels, by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable, before the Almighty's throne,
Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven appear'd,
Under their hierarchs, in order bright;
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
Standards and gonfalons, 'twixt van and rear,
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or, in their glittering tissues, bear imblazed
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus, when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom, in bliss imbosom'd, sat the Son,
Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

" "Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,

Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
 And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
 All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord:
 Under his great vicegerent-reign abide
 United, as one individual soul,
 For ever happy: him who disobeys,
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
 Ordain'd, without redemption, without end."

"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words
 All seem'd well pleased; all seem'd, but were not all.
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and dance, about the sacred hill;
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
 Of planets and of fix'd, in all her wheels,
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular,
 Then most, when most irregular they seem;
 And, in their motions, harmony divine [ear
 So smoothes her charming tones, that God's own
 Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd,
 For we have also our evening and our morn;
 We ours, for change delectable, not need;
 Forthwith, from dance to sweet repast they turn
 Desirous; all in circles as they stood,
 Tables are set, and on a sudden piled,
 With angels' food; and rubied nectar flows
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
 On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowrets crown'd
 They eat, they drink, and, in communion sweet,
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure
 Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
 Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who shower'd
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
 Now when ambrosial night, with clouds exhaled
 From that high mount of God, whence light & shade
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven had chang'd
 To grateful twilight; for night comes not there
 In darker veil; and roseate dew's disposed
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest;
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far

Than all this globose earth, in plain outspread,
 Such are the courts of God, the angelic throng,
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
 By living streams, among the trees of life,
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept [course,
 Fann'd with cool winds; save those, who in their
 Melodious hymns about the sovereign throne
 Alternate, all night long. But not so waked
 Satan, so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in Heaven; he, of the first,
 If not the first arch-angel, great in power,
 In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
 With envy against the Son of God, that day
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
 Messiah, King anointed, could not bear,
 Through pride, that sight, and thought himself im
 Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain, [pair'd.
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd,
 With all his legions, to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshipp'd, unobey'd, the throne supreme,
 Contemptuous; and his next subordinate
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake.

“ ‘ Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can
 Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree [close
 Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips
 O! Heaven's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
 Both waking we were one; how then can now
 Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd;
 New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
 In us who serve; new counsels, to debate
 What doubtful may ensue; more in this place
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou,
 Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief;
 Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
 And all who under me their banners wave,
 Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
 The quarters of the north; there to prepare
 Fit entertainment, to receive our King,
 The great Messiah, and his new commands;
 Who speedily, through all the hierarchies,
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.’

“ So spake the false arch-angel, and infused
 Bad influence into the unwary breast

Of his associate : he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent ; tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High, commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disincumber'd Heaven,
The great hierarchal standard was to move ;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity : but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of their great potentate ; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven :
His countenance, as the morning star that guides
The starry flock, allured them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host.
Meanwhile the eternal eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps, that burn
Nightly before him, saw, without their light,
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree ;
And, smiling, to his only Son thus said :

“ ‘ Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and, with what arms
We mean to hold, what anciently we claim
Of deity or empire ; such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north ;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try,
In battle, what our power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.’

“ To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. ‘ Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and, secure,
Laugh'st at their vain designs, and tumults vain
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates ; when they see all regal power
Given me, to quell their pride, and in event
Know, whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.

“ So spake the Son ; but Satan with his powers
Far was advanced, on winged speed, an host
Innumerable, as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf, and every flower.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,
In their triple degrees ; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude ; which having pass'd,
At length, into the limits of the north
They came ; and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers,
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great Lucifer, so call
That structure, in the dialect of men
Interpreted, which not long after, he,
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount, whereon
Messiah was declar'd, in sight of Heaven,
The mountain of the congregation call'd ;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending, so commanded, to consult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come ; and, with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth, thus held their ears.

“ ‘ Thrones, dominations, pryncedoms, virtues,
If these magnificent titles yet remain [powers,
Not merely titular ; since, by decree,
Another now hath to himself engross'd
All power, and us eclipsed, under the name
Of King anointed ; for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult, how we may best,
With what may be devis'd of honours new,
Receive him, coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute, yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one, and to his image now proclaim'd ?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The souple knee ? ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right ; or if ye know yourselves

Natives and sons of Heaven, possess'd before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals? if in power and splendour less,
In freedom equal: or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to the abuse
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.'

"Thus far his bold discourse, without control.
Had audience, when among the seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up; and, in a flame of zeal severe,
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

"'O argument blasphemous, false, and proud!
Words, which no ear ever to hear in Heaven
Expected; least of all from thee, ingrate,
In place, thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou, with impious obloquy, condemn
The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
That to his only Son, by right endued
With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due,
Confess him rightful King? Unjust thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all, with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, & form'd the powers of Heaven
Such as he pleased, and circumscrib'd their being?
Yet by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good, and of our dignity,
How provident he is; how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself, though great & glorious, dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son? by whom,
As by his word, the mighty Father made

All things, even thee ; & all the spirits of Heaven,
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory, & to their glory nam'd
Thrones, dominations, principdoms, virtues, powers,
Essential powers ; nor by his reign obscured,
But more illustrious made ; since he the head
One of our number, thus reduced becomes ;
His laws our laws ; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these ; but hasten to appease
The incens'd Father, and the incensed Son,
While pardon may be found, in time besought.'

"So spake the fervent angel ; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judged,
Or singular and rash ; whereat, rejoiced
The apostate, and more haughty thus replied.
'That we were form'd then, sayst thou ? & the work
Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son ? Strange point and new !
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd : who
When this creation was ? remember'st thou [saw
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being ?
We know no time when we were not as now ;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised
By our own quickening power ; when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heaven, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own ; our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal : then thou shalt behold,
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begird the Almighty throne
Beseeching, or besieging. This report,
These tidings carry to the anointed King ;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.'

"He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,
Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause,
Through the infinite host ; nor less for that,
The flaming seraph, fearless, though alone,
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold

"O alienate from God, O spirit accursed,
Forsaken of all good ; I see thy fall
Determined, and thy hapless crew involved
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread,
Both of thy crime and punishment : henceforth,
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah ; those indulgent laws

Will not be now vouchsafed : other decrees
Against thee are gone forth, without recall ;
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet, not for thy advice, or threats, I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then, who created thee lamenting learn,
When, who can uncreate thee, thou shalt know.'

" So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought,
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught :
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs, to swift destruction doom'd "

THE END OF BOOK V.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described. Satan and his powers retire under night. He calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan. Yet the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day sends Messiah, his son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory: He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which, opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

“ALL night the dreadless Angel, unpursued,
Through Heaven’s wide champaign held his way; till
Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand, [morn,
Unbarr’d the gates of light. There is a cave,
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness, in perpetual round,
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night: [Heaven
Light issues forth, and, at the other door,
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the Heaven; though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here. And now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest Heaven array’d in gold
Empyreal; from before her vanish’d night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain,
Cover’d with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceived, war in procinct, and found
Already known, what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix’d
Among those friendly pow’rs, who him receiv’d
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall’n, yet one
Return’d not lost. On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.

“ ‘ Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain’d,
Against revolted multitudes, the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds

Judged thee perverse : the easier conquest now
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return ;
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
 By force, who reason for their law refuse ;
 Right reason for their law, and for their king,
 Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
 Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
 And thou, in military prowess next,
 Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
 Invincible, lead forth thy armed saints,
 By thousands and by millions ranged for fight ;
 Equal in number to that godless crew
 Rebellious ; them with fire and hostile arms
 Fearless assault, and, to the brow of Heaven
 Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf
 Of Tartarus ; which ready opens wide
 His fiery Chaos, to receive their fall.'

" So spake the sovereign voice ; & clouds began
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
 Of wrath awaked ; nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow :
 At which command the powers militant,
 That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd
 Of union irresistible, mov'd on
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound
 Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd
 Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds,
 Under their God-like leaders, in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move,
 Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,
 Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
 Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore
 Their nimble tread : as when the total kind
 Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
 Came summon'd over Eden, to receive
 Their names of thee : so over many a tract
 Of Heaven they march'd, and many a province wide,
 Tenfold the length of this terrene : at last,
 Far in the horizon, to the north, appear'd
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
 In battailous aspect, and, nearer view,
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields

Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded pow'rs of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day, by fight, or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer: but their thoughts proved fond and vain,
In the midway: though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that angel should with angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning the eternal Father. But the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a god,
The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, enclos'd
With flaming cherubim, and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now,
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood, in terrible array
Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle, ere it join'd,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold:
Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores:

“O Heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and reäly
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
There fail, where virtue fails, or weakest prove,
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have tried,
Unsound and false: nor is it ought but just,
That he, who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is, that reason overcome.”

“So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incensed, and thus securely him defied

“ ‘Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach’d
 The height of thy aspiring, unopposed,
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon’d, at the terror of thy power
 Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
 Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms!
 Who out of smallest things, could without end
 Have raised incessant armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand,
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
 Unaided, could have finish’d thee, and whelm’d
 Thy legions under darkness; but thou seest
 All are not of thy train: there be who faith
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone
 Seem’d in thy world erroneous to dissent
 From all: my sect thou seest; now learn, too late,
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.’

“ Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance
 Thus answered. ‘Ill for thee, but in wish’d hour
 Of my revenge, first sought for, thou return’st
 From flight, seditious angel, to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first essay
 Of this right hand, provoked, since first that tongue,
 Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met,
 Their deities to assert, who, while they feel
 Vigour divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com’st
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
 From me some plume, that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest: this pause between
 Unanswer’d lest thou boast, to let thee know;
 At first I thought that liberty and Heaven
 To heavenly souls, had been all one; but now
 I see, that most through sloth had rather serve
 Ministering spirits, trained up in feast and song
 Such hast thou arm’d, the minstrelsy of Heaven,
 Servility with freedom to contend,
 As both their deeds compar’d this day shall prove.’

“ To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied.
 ‘Apostate, still thou err’st; nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
 Unjustly thou depravest it with the name
 Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
 Or nature; God and nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels

Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;
Yet lewdly darest our ministering upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve
In Heaven, God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd:
Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect; meanwhile,
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

"So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell,
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of quick thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth, on bended knee,
His massy spear up-stay'd; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Sidelong, had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest: ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat, Michael bid sound
The archangel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosannah to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour, such as heard in Heaven till now
Was never; arms, on armour clashing, bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; overhead, the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying, vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together, rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault,
And inextinguishable rage; all Heaven
Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power,
Army against army numberless, to raise

Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;
Had not the Eternal King, omnipotent,
From the strong hold of Heaven high, over-rul'd
And limited their might ; though number'd such,
As each divided legion might have seem'd,
A numerous host ; in strength, each armed hand
A legion ; led in fight, yet leader seem'd,
Each warrior single, as in chief ; expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle ; open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war ; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear ; each on himself rely'd
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread
That war, & various ; sometimes on firm ground,
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air ; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire : long time in even scale
The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down,
Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference : at his approach
The great arch-angel, from his warlike toil
Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in Heaven, the arch-foe subdu'd,
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown,
And visage all inflam'd, first thus began :
“ ‘ Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself,
And thy adherents ; how hast thou disturb'd
Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion ? how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd false ? But think not here

To trouble holy rest ; Heaven casts thee out
From all her confines. Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God,
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.'

"So spake the prince of angels ; to whom thus
The adversary. 'Nor think thou, with wind
Of airy threats, to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, & with threats
To chase me hence ? err not, that so shall end
The strife, which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory ; which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell
Thou fablest ; here however to dwell free,
If not to reign : meanwhile thy utmost force,
And join him named Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.'

"They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or, to what things
Liken, on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such highth
Of Godlike power ? for likest Gods they seem'd,
Stood they or moved ; in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror : from each hand, with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion ; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky
Should combat, & their jarring spheres confound.
Together both, with next to almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd,
That might determine and not need repeat

As not of power at once ; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention : but the sword
Of Michael, from the armoury of God,
Was given him, temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge : it met
The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer ; nor stay'd,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared,
All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved ; so sore
The grinding sword, with discontinuous wound,
Pass'd through him : but the ethereal substance
Not long divisible ; and, from the gash, [clos'd,
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd, ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interposed
Defence ; while others bore him on their shields,
Back to his chariot, where it stood retired,
From off the files of war : there they him laid,
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd ; for spirits, that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man,
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die ;
Nor, in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air :
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense ; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

“ Meanwhile, in other parts, like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And, with fierce ensigns, pierced the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king ; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels, to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous ; but anon,
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms,
And uncouth pain, fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphael, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd
Vanquish'd, Adramalech, and Asmadai ;

Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds, through plate and
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel, to annoy [mail.
The atheist crew; but with redoubled blow,
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel, scorch'd and blasted, overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from Heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless, in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength, from truth divided and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy; yet to glory aspires,
Vain glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore, eternal silence be their doom.

“And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,
With many an inroad gored; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder: all the ground
With shiver'd armour strown, and, on a heap,
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
O'erwearied, through the faint Satanic host,
Defensive scarce, or, with pale fear surpris'd,
Then first with fear surprised, and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious; to such evil brought
By sin of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwise the inviolable saints,
In cubic phalanx firm, advanced entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd:
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes; not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from their place by violence moved.

“Now night her course began, and over Heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
And silence, on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retired,
Victor and vanquish'd: on the foughten field
Michael and his angels, prevalent,
Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,

Cherubic waving fires: on the other part,
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd: and void of rest,
His potentates, to council call'd by night,
And in the midst, thus undismay'd began.

“ ‘O now in danger try'd, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Found worthy, not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,
And if one day, why not eternal days?
What Heaven's Lord hath powerfulest to send
Against us, from about his throne, and judged
Sufficient to subdue us to his will;
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endured, and pain,
Till now not known, but known, as soon contemn'd,
Since now, we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable; and though pierced with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small, as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.

“ He sat; and in the assembly next upstood
Nisroch, of principalities the prime;
As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aspect, thus answ'ring spake.

“ ‘ Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find,
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue: for what avails [pain
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well

Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life :
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience. He who therefore can invent,
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less, than for deliverance what we owe.'

"Whereto, with look composed, Satan replied.
'Not uninvented, that, which thou aright
Believest so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us, who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould, whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heaven, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and
Whose eye so superficially surveys [gold ;
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow,
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spirituous and fiery spume, till touch'd
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light ?
These, in their dark nativity the deep,
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame ;
Which into hollow engines, long and round,
Thick-ramm'd, at the other bore, with touch of fire
Dilated, and infuriate, shall send forth
From far, with thundering noise among our foes,
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse ; that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour ; yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive ;
Abandon fear ; to strength and counsel join'd,
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.'

"He ended ; and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
The invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be the inventor miss'd ; so easy it seem'd,
Once found, which, yet unfound, most would have
Impossible : yet haply, of thy race, [thought
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one, intent on mischief, or inspired
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instrument, to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.

Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands
 Were ready; in a moment up they turned
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
 The originals of nature, in their crude
 Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingled, and with subtle art
 Concocted and adusted, they reduced
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:
 Part hidden veins digg'd up; nor hath this earth
 Entrails unlike, of mineral and stone,
 Whereof to found their engines, and their balls
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious, with one touch to fire.
 So all, ere day-spring, under conscious night,
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unespied.

“Now when fair morn, orient in Heaven, appear'd,
 Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
 The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
 Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
 Soon banded; others, from the dawning hills,
 Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, [scour,
 Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion, or in halt: him soon they met,
 Under spread ensigns, moving nigh, in slow,
 But firm battalion. Back with speediest sail,
 Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and, in mid air, aloud thus cried.

“Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit;
 This day, fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
 He comes; and settled in his face, I see
 Sad resolution and secure. Let each
 His adamantine coat gird well, and each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
 Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower,
 But rattling storm of arrows, barb'd with fire.’

“So warn'd he them, aware themselves; and soon
 In order, quit of all impediment,
 Instant without disturb, they took alarm,
 And onward move embattled: when behold,
 Not distant far, with heavy pace, the foe
 Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube,
 Training his devilish enginery, impailed

On every side, with shadowy squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

“ ‘ Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and, with open breast,
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:
But that I doubt: however, witness Heaven,
Heaven witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud, that all may hear.’ ”

“ So scoffing, in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended, when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple-mounted row of pillars, laid
On wheels, for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies, made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd;
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths,
With hideous orifice, gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving, tipt with fire; while we suspense
Collected stood, within our thoughts amus'd;
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke, all Heaven appeared,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore; disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor host
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, angel on arch-angel roll'd;
The sooner for their arms: unarm'd they might
Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;
Nor served it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse

Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

“O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we,
To entertain them fair, with open front
And breast, what could we more? propounded terms
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet, for a dance, they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.’

“To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood.
‘Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home,
Such, as we might perceive amused them all,
And stumbled many; who receives them right,
Had need, from head to foot, well understand:
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.’

“So they, among themselves, in pleasant vein,
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts, beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal Might
To match with their inventions, they presumed
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble: but they stood not long.
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms,
Against such hellish mischief, fit to oppose.
Forthwith, behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd,
Their arms away they threw; and to the hills,
For earth hath this variety from Heaven,
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale,
Light as the lightning-glimpse they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loosening to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods; and, by the shaggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror, seiz'd the rebel host,

When coming towards them, so dread, they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd ;
Till, on those cursed engines triple-row,
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence,
Under the weight of mountains, buried deep ;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads,
Main promotories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd.
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in, bruis'd,
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison ; though spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore ;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurl'd to and fro, with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought, in dismal shade ;
Infernal noise. War seem'd a civil game
To this uproar ; horrid confusion, heap'd
Upon confusion, rose : and now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
Had not the almighty Father, where he sits
Shrined in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advised :
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son, avenged
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transfer'd : whence to his Son,
The assessor of his throne, he thus began.

“ ‘ Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
Son, in whose face invisible, is beheld,
Visibly, what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence ; two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient : sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd ;
For to themselves I left them ; and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom ;
Whence, in perpetual fight, they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found.

War, wearied, hath perform'd what war can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heaven, and dang'rous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfused, that all may know
In Heaven and Hell, thy power above compare;
And this perverse commotion governed thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir,
Of all things to be Heir, and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all Heaven's bounds, into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and Messiah, his anointed King.'

"He said; and on his Son, with rays direct,
Shone full: he, all his Father full express'd,
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus, the filial Godhead answering spake:

"O Father, O Supreme of heavenly thrones,
First, highest, holiest, best, thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is most just; this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou, in me well pleased, declarest thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lovest:
But whom thou hatest, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and the undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.

Then shall thy saints unmix'd, & from the impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'

"So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory, where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heaven. Forth rush'd with whirlwind
The chariot of paternal Deity, [sound
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the
Of beryl, and careering fires between; [wheels
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the showery arch,
He, in celestial panoply all arm'd,
Of radiant urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored,
And from about him, fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came, far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand, I their number heard,
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen
He, on the wings of cherub, rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned,
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen; them unexpected joy surprised,
When the great ensign of Messiah blazed,
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in Heaven;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
His army, circumfused on either wing,
Under their head embodied all in one.
Before him, Power Divine his way prepared;
At his command the uprooted hills retired,
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious: Heaven his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,
And, to rebellious fight, rallied their powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?

But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?
They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy: and, aspiring to his highth,
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin lost; and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host, on either hand thus spake.

“Stand still in bright array, ye saints; here stand
Ye angels arm'd; this day from battle rest:
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause,
And as ye have received, so have ye done
Invincibly: but of this cursed crew,
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; stand only and behold
God's indignation, on these godless, pour'd
By me; not you, but me they have despised,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father to whom, in Heaven supreme,
Kingdom and power and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me according to his will.
Therefore, to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle, which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them; since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.”

“So spake the Son, and into terror changed
His countenance, too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four spread out their starry wings,
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand

Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues ; they astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage ; down their idle weapons dropp'd :
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode,
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd four,
Distinct with eyes, and, from the living wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accursed, that wither'd all their strength
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven :
The overthrown he raised, and, as a herd
Of goats, or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him, thunder-struck, pursued
With terrors and with furies, to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heaven ; which opening wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd,
Into the wasteful deep. The monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urged them behind ; headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven ; eternal wrath
Burnt after them, to the bottomless pit.

“ Hell heard the unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven running from Heaven, and would have fled,
Affrighted ; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell : confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall,
Through his wild anarchy, so huge rout
Encumber'd him with ruin. Hell at last,
Yawning, received them whole, and on them clos'd :
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heaven rejoiced ; and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphant chariot turn'd.
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood,

Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father, throned
On high ; who into glory him received,
Where now he sits, at the right hand of bliss.

“ Thus, measuring things in Heaven by things on
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware, [earth,
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd,
What might have else to human race been hid,
The discord which befel, and war in Heaven,
Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of those, too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan ; he, who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting, how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereaved of happiness, thou may'st partake
His punishment, eternal misery ;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker : let it profit thee to have heard,
By terrible example, the reward
Of disobedience ; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell ; remember, and fear to transgress.

THE END OF BOOK VI.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of creation in six days; the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his re-ascension into Heaven.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but, heavenly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play,
In presence of the almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,
Into the Heaven of Heavens, I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering: with like safety, guided down,
Return me to my native element:
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime,
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung; but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere:
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing, with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and the revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the muse defend

Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores ;
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

Say goddess, what ensued when Raphael,
The affable arch-angel, had forewarn'd
Adam, by dire example, to beware
Apostacy, by what befel in Heaven
To those apostates, lest the like befall
In Paradise to Adam or his race,
Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd, amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve,
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high & strange, things to their thought
So unimaginable, as hate in Heaven,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss,
With such confusion : but the evil, soon
Driven back, redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence, Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose : and now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this world
Of Heaven and Earth, conspicuous, first began ;
When, and whereof created, for what cause,
What within Eden, or without, was done
Before his memory, as one whose drought
Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard, new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest.

“ Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter, by favour sent,
Down from the empyrean, to forewarn
Us timely, of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach
For which, to the Infinitely Good, we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive, with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sovereign will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsafed
Gently for our instruction, to impart
Things above earthly thought, and yet concern'd,
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate

What may no less perhaps avail us known ;
How first began this Heaven, which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd,
Innumerable, and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air, wide interfused,
Embracing round this florid earth : what cause
Moved the Creator, in his holy rest,
Through all eternity so late to build
In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
Absolved ; if unforbid thou may'st unfold,
What we, not to explore the secrets, ask
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though steep ; suspense in Heaven,
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep :
Or if the star of evening, and the moon,
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and sleep, listening to thee, will watch ;
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine."

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought :
And thus the Godlike angel answer'd, mild.

" This also, thy request with caution ask'd,
Obtain ; though, to recount Almighty works,
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing ; such commission from above
I have received, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge, within bounds ; beyond, abstain
To ask, nor let thine own invention hope
Things not reveal'd, which the invisible King,
Only Omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,
To none communicable, in Earth or Heaven :
Enough is left besides, to search and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure, what the mind may well contain ;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind,
" Know then, that after Lucifer from Heaven,

So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels, than that star the stars among,
Fell with his flaming legions, through the deep,
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his saints; the omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

“ ‘At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who though
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, us dispossess'd,
He trusted to have seized; and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more:
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
Their station; Heaven, yet populous, retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms,
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent,
With ministeries due, and solemn rites.
But lest his heart exalt him, in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be, to lose
Self-lost; and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till, by degrees of merit raised,
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tried;
And Earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven to
One kingdom, joy and union without end. [Earth,
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of Heaven,
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform; speak thou, and be it done:
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I send along; ride forth and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds, be Heaven and Earth;
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
Though I uncircumscribed myself retire,
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not, necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.’

“ So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake,
His word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but, to human ears,
Cannot without process of speech be told,

So told, as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven,
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;
Glory they sung to the Most High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight,
And the habitations of the just; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, instead
Of spirits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

“So sang the hierarchies: meanwhile, the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd,
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God; where stand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged,
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,
Attendant on their Lord: Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming, to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they stood, & from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole.

“‘Silence, ye troubled waves! & thou deep, peace.
Said then the omnific Word, ‘your discord end.
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, & in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared

In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things
One foot he centred, and the other turn'd
Round, through the vast profundity obscure
And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds
This be thy just circumference, O world.'
Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth
Matter uniform'd and void: darkness profound
Cover'd the abyss: but, on the watery calm,
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglobed
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Departed, and between spun out the air,
And earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

"' Let there be light,' said God; & forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and, from her native east,
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness, by the hemisphere
Divided: light the day, and darkness night
He named. Thus was the first day even and morn
Nor pass'd uncelebrated, nor unsung,
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heaven and earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, & hymning, prais'd
God and his works, Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

" Again, God said, ' Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters;' and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit, to the uttermost convex
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world,
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes,

Contiguous, might distemper the whole frame :
And Heaven he nam'd the firmament : so even
And morning chorus sung the second day.

“The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryo immature involved,
Appear'd not : over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour softening all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Sate with genial moisture, when God said,
'Be gather'd now ye waters under Heaven
Into one place, and let dry land appear.'
Immediately the mountains huge appear,
Emergent, & their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky :
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters : thither they
Hastened with glad precipitance, uproll'd,
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry ;
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct, [press'd
For haste ; such flight the great command im-
On the swift floods : as armies at the call
Of trumpet, for of armies thou hast heard,
Troop to their standard, so the watery throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found ;
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing ; nor withstood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wandering, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore,
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry ;
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters, he call'd seas :
And saw that it was good ; & said, ' Let the earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit, after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.'
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green ;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd,
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom, smelling sweet : & these scarce blown,

Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed,
Embattled in her field; and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers; that earth now
Seem'd like to Heaven, a seat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up, and watered all the ground, and each,
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in the earth,
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
So even and morn recorded the third day.

“Again the Almighty spake, ‘Let there be lights,
High in the expanse of Heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office, in the firmament of Heaven,
To give light on the earth;’ and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man; the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of Heaven,
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day,
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies first the sun,
A mighty sphere, he framed, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the Heaven, thick as a field:
Of light, by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture, or reflection, they augment

Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First, in his east, the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heaven's high road ; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence : less bright the moon,
But opposite, in levell'd west was set,
His mirror, with full face, borrowing her light
From him ; for other light she needed none,
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night ; then in the east her turn she shines
Revolved on Heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere : then, first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
Glad evening & glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

“ And God said, ‘ Let the waters generate
Reptile, with spawn abundant, living soul ;
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on the open firmament of Heaven.’
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind ;
And saw that it was good, & bless'd them, saying,
‘ Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill ;
And let the fowl be multiply'd, on the earth.’
Forthwith the sounds seas, & each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid-sea : part single, or with mate,
Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, & through groves
Of coral stray ; or sporting, with quick glance
Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold ;
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment ; or under rocks, their food
In jointed armour watch. On smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins play : part, huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean : there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep,
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,

And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea,
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg, that,
Bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclosed [soon
Their callow young; but feather'd soon, and fledge,
They summ'd their pens, & soaring the air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork,
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part loosely wing the region; part more wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch, the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings,
Till even, nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pinions, tower
The mid aerial sky: others on ground
Walk'd firm: the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other, whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day.

“The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With evening harps and matin; when God said,
'Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the earth,
Each in their kind.' The earth obey'd, and straight,
Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose,
As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green;
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks

Pasturing at once, and in broad herds up sprung.
The grassy clods now calved ; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks ; the swift stag, from under ground,
Bore up his branching head : scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
His vastness : fleeced the flocks, and bleating, rose
As plants : ambiguous between sea and land,
The river horse, and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm : those waved their limber fans,
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact,
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green .
These, as a line, their long dimensions drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all
Minims of nature ; some of serpent kind,
Wonderous in length and corpulence, involved
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart enclosed,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty ; swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells,
With honey stored : The rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them
Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown [names,
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes,
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

' Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course ; Earth, in her rich attire
Consummate lovely, smiled ; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd,
Frequent ; and of the sixth day yet remain'd.
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done ; a creature, who, not prone
And brute, as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect

His stature, and upright, with front serene,
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous, to correspond with Heaven;
But grateful, to acknowledge whence his good
Descends; thither, with heart, and voice, and eyes,
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works; therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father, for where is not he
Present? thus to his Son audibly spake.

“ ‘ Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude; and let them rule
Over the fish, and fowl, of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.’
This said, he form’d thee, Adam, thee, O Man!
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becamest a living soul.
Male he created thee; but thy consort
Female, for race; then bless’d mankind, & said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth;
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold,
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name. Thence, as thou know’st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all the earth
Variety without end; but of the tree, [yields,
Which tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may’st not; in the day thou eat’st, thou diest:
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

“ Here finish’d he; and all that he had made
View’d, and behold all was entirely good;
So even and morn accomplish’d the sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator, from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return’d,
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
The addition of his empire, how it show’d

In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound,
Symphonious, of ten thousand harps, that tuned
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Resounded; thou remember'st, for thou heardst;
The Heavens, and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their stations listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
'Open, ye everlasting gates,' they sung;
Open, ye Heavens, your living doors; let in
The great Creator, from his work return'd
Magnificent—his six days' work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse,
Thither will send his winged messengers,
On errands of supernal grace.' So sung
The glorious train ascending: he through Heaven,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house, direct the way,
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly, as a circling zone thou seest,
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on
Forerunning night; when, at the holy moun
Of Heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down
With his great Father; for he also went
Invisible, yet stay'd, such privilege
Hath Omnipresence, and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things; and from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all his work;
But not in silence holy kept: the harp
Had work, and rested not, the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret, by string or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice,
Choral or unison: of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
Creation, and the six days' acts, they sung:
"Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite

Thy pow'r! what thought can measure thee, or
Relate thee? greater now in thy return, [tongue
Than from the giant angels; thee that day
Thy thunders magnified; but to create,
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? easily the proud attempt
Of Spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose, serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, & from thence createst more good.
Witness this new-made world, another Heaven,
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destined habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfused,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,
Created in his image, there to dwell,
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers,
Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright.'

"So sung they, and the empyrean rung
With hallelujahs: Thus was sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd,
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done,
From the beginning, that posterity,
Inform'd by thee, might know; if else thou seek'st
Ought, not surpassing human measure, say."

THE END OF BOOK VII.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam enquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge : Adam assents ; and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation ; his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve ; his discourse with the Angel thereupon ; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

THE Angel ended; and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear;
Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully replied.

“What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal, have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, & vouchsafed
This friendly condescension, to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
Of Heaven & Earth consisting, and compute
Their magnitudes, this earth, a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compared,
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible, for such
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal, merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night, in all their vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning, I oft admire,
How nature, wise and frugal, could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater so manifold, to this one use,
For ought appears, and on their orbs impose
Such restless revolution, day by day
Repeated; while the sedentary earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Served by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives,
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;

Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.¹³

So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse ; which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery : they at her coming sprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high : such pleasure she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole auditress ;
Her husband the relator she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses ; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd ?
With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
Not unattended, for on her, as queen,
A pomp of winning graces waited still,
And, from about her, shot darts of desire
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt proposed,
Benevolent and facile, thus replied.

“To ask, or search I blame thee not, for Heaven
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years :
This to attain, whether Heaven move, or Earth,
Imports not, or if thou reckon right ; the rest,
From man or angel, the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets, to be scann'd by them, who ought
Rather admire : or, if they list to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter, at their quaint opinions wide,
Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven,
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances, how gird the sphere,
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.

Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest,
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less, not bright; nor Heaven such journies run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit. Consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the Earth,
Though in comparison of Heaven so small,
Nor glistening, may, of solid good, contain
More plenty than the sun, that barren shines,
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth; there first received,
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.
And for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow,
Who, since the morning hour, set out from Heaven
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived
In Eden; distance inexpressible,
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heavens, to show
Invalid that, which thee to doubt it moved;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee, who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Placed Heaven from Earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world, and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest; and what if seventh to these
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different motions move?
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,

Moved contrary with thwart obliquities;
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If earth, industrious, of herself fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
Sent from her, through the wide conspicuous air,
To the terrestrial moon, be as a star,
Enlightening her by day, as she by night
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest
As clouds; & clouds may rain, & rain produce
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat,
Allotted there; and other suns, perhaps,
With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry,
Communicating male and female light;
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live.
For such vast room in nature, unpossess'd
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the sun, predominant in Heaven,
Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun;
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance,
With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even,
And bears the soft with the smooth air along,
Solicit not thy thoughts; with matters hid,
Leave them to God above; him serve and fear;
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let him dispose. Joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise,
And thy fair Eve; Heaven is for thee too high,
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree;
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
Not of Earth only, but of highest Heaven."

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied.
“How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
Intelligence of Heaven, Angel serene,
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts, & notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learns,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure, and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom; what is more is fume
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
Therefore, from this high pitch, let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand,
Useful; whence, haply mention may arise
Of something not unreasonable to ask,
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
“Thee I have heard, relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard,
And day is not yet spent; till then, thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate;
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply;
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven;
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.”

To whom thus Raphael answer'd, heavenly meek
“Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd,
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms;
Nor less think we in Heaven of thee on Earth,
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire

Gladly into the ways of God with man :
For God, we see, hath honour'd thee, and set
On man his equal love. Say therefore on ;
For I that day was absent, as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth, and obscure,
Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell,
Squared in full legion ; such command we had,
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst, without his leave, attempt ;
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as sovereign King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong ;
But, long ere our approaching, heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light,
Ere sabbath evening : so we had in charge.
But thy relation now ; for I attend, [mine."
Pleased with thy words no less than thou with
 So spake the Godlike Power ; & thus our sire.
"For man to tell how human life began
Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward Heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gazed awhile the ample sky ; till raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet : about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these,
Creatures that lived, and moved, & walked, or flew ;
Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smiled ;
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Survey'd ; & sometimes went, & sometimes ran
With supple joints, and lively vigour led ;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not ; to speak I tried, & forthwith spake ;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name

Whate'er I saw. 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent;
Tell me how I may know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.'
While thus I call'd, & stray'd, I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state,
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve;
When suddenly stood at my head a dream.
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy, to believe I yet had being,
And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father; call'd by thee, I come, thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.'
So saying, by the hand he took me, raised,
And over fields and waters, as in air,
Smooth sliding, without step, last led me up
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers; that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat: whereat I wak'd, & found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
My wandering, had not he, who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell, [I am,'
Submiss: he rear'd me &, 'whom thou sought'st
Said mildly; 'Author of all this thou seest,
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine,

To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat :
Of every tree, that in the garden grows,
Eat freely, with glad heart ; fear here no dearth
But of the tree, whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set,
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden, by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee ; shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence : for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence, into a world
Of wo and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounced
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur ; but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
' Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth,
To thee and to thy race, I give ; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold,
After their kinds ; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty,
With low subjection ; understand the same
Of fish, within their watery residence.
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.'
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold,
Approaching two and two ; these cowering low,
With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I named them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature ; with such knowledge God endued
My sudden apprehension : but, in these,
I found not what methought I wanted still ;
And to the Heavenly Vision thus presumed :
“ ‘ O by what name, for thou, above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpassest far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe,
And all this good to man ? for whose well being,
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things ; but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude,
What happiness, who can enjoy alone ;
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find ?’

Thus I, presumptuous ; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied.

“ ‘ What call'st thou solitude ? is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenish'd, and all these, at thy command,
To come & play before thee ? know'st thou not
Their language, and their ways ? they also know,
And reason not contemptibly ; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule ; thy realm is large.'
So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering ; I, with leave of speech implored
And humble deprecation, thus replied :

“ ‘ Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set ?
Among unequals, what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight ?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Given, and received ; but in disparity,
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak,
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort : they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion and lioness ;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined ;
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape :
Worse then can man with beast, & least of all.'
Whereto the Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.

“ ‘ A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, & this my state ?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not ? who am alone,
From all eternity ; for none I know
Second to me, or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, & those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee ?”

“ He ceased, I lowly answer'd. ‘ To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways,

All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things ;
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficiency found ; not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire,
By conversation with his like, to help
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers absolute, though one ;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiplied,
In unity defective ; which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy, although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication ; yet, so pleased,
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt
Of union or communion, deify'd ;
I, by conversing, cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacency find.'
Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom used,
Permissive, and acceptance found ; which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice divine :

“ ‘ Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased,
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself,
Expressing well the spirit within thee, free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whose fellowship, therefore unmeet for thee,
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike ;
And be so minded still : I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no such company, as then thou saw'st
Intended thee ; for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit & meet.
What next I bring, shall please thee, be assur'd ;
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire.' ”

“ He ended, or I heard no more ; for now
My earthly, by his heavenly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the height,
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep ; which instantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell

Of fancy, my internal sight ; by which
 Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood :
 Who stooping, open'd my left side, and took
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And life-blood streaming fresh ; wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd :
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,
 Manlike, but different sex ; so lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
 And in her looks, which from that time infused
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
 And into all things, from her air inspired
 The spirit of love, and amorous delight.
 She disappear'd, and left me dark ; I waked
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow,
 To make her amiable. On she came,
 Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by his voice ; nor uninform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites ;
 Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud.

“ ‘This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign !
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
 Before me ; Woman is her name, of Man
 Extracted : for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere ;
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.’

“ ‘She heard me thus ; & though divinely brought,
 Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won ;
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
 The more desirable, or, to say all,
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd ;

I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,
And, with obsequious majesty, approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her, blushing like the morn: all Heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales, and gentle airs,
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star,
On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

"Thus I have told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed; but such
As, used or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, & flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior, and unmoved, here only weak,
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain;
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least, on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand, in the prime end
Of nature, her the inferior, in the mind,
And inward faculties, which most excel;
In outward also, her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do, or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence, falls
Degraded; wisdom, in discourse with her,
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,

As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her, loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed."

To whom the Angel with contracted brow.
"Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her when most thou need'st her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceivest.
For what admirest thou, what transports thee so?
An outside? fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thyself;
Then value. Oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right,
Well managed; of that skill the more thou know'st
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows:
Made so adorn, for thy delight the more;
So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees, when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, seem such dear delight,
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsafed
To cattle & each beast; which would not be
To them made common & divulged, if aught
Therein enjoyed were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move.
What higher, in her society, thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving, thou dost well; in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not; love refines
The thoughts, & heart enlarges, hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause
Among the beasts, no mate for thee was found."

To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam reply'd:
"Neither her outside, form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation, common to all kinds,
Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence, I deem,
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow

From all her words and actions, mix'd with love,
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony, to behold in wedded pair,
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects from the sense
Variously representing; yet, still free,
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blamest me not; for love, thou say'st,
Leads up to Heaven, is both the way, and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask.
Love not the heavenly Spirits, & how their love
Express they? by looks only, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual, or immediate touch?"

To whom the Angel, with a smile, that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
Answered. "Let it suffice thee, that thou know'st
Us happy; and without love, no happiness.
Whatever pure thou, in the body, enjoy'st,
And pure thou wert created, we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none,
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting sun,
Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love; but first of all,
Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught which else free will
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons
The weal or wo in thee is placed: beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the Blessed: stand fast; to stand, or fall,
Free, in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel."

So saying, he arose: whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. "Since to part,
Go heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sovereign goodness I adore.
Gentle to me, and affable, hath been

Thy condescension ; and shall be honour'd ever,
With grateful memory : thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return."

So parted they ; the Angel up to Heaven,
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

PARADISE LOST

THE END OF BOOK VIII.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, having compassed the earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist, by night, into Paradise, and enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart. Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone. Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields. The serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding, not till now: the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden. The serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; she pleased with the taste, deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love to perish with her, and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit. The effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

No more of talk, where God, or Angel, guest
With Man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse, unblamed ; I now must change
These notes to tragic ; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal, on the part of Man, revolt,
And disobedience ; on the part of Heaven,
Now alienated, distance, and distaste,
Anger, and just rebuke, and judgment given,
That brought into this world a world of wo,
Sin, and her shadow Death, and Misery,
Death's harbinger. Sad task ; yet argument
Not less, but more heroic, than the wrath
Of stern Achilles, on his foe pursued,
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall ; or rage
Of Turnus, for Lavinia dis-espoused ;
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son.
If answerable style I can obtain
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation, unimplored,
And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse :
Since first this subject, for heroic song,
Pleased me, long choosing, and beginning late ;
Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto, the only argument
Heroic deem'd ; chief mastery, to dissect,
With long and tedious havoc, fabled knights,
In battles feign'd ; the better fortitude
Of patience, and heroic martyrdom,
Unsung ; or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons, and steeds,
Bases, and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights,
At joust and tournament ; then marshall'd feast,

Served up in hall, with sewers, & seneschals;
The skill of artifice, or office mean;
Not that which justly gives heroic name
To person, or to poem. Me of these,
Nor skill'd nor studious; higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name; unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing,
Depress'd; and much they may, if all be mine,
Not her's, who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk; and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter
'Twixt day and night; & now, from end to end,
Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round:
When Satan, who late fled, before the threats
Of Gabriel, out of Eden, now improved
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd,
From compassing the earth; cautious of day,
Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried
His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim
That kept their watch; thence, full of anguish driven,
The space of seven continued nights he rode
With darkness; thrice the equinoctial line
He circled, four times cross'd the car of night,
From pole to pole, traversing each colure;
On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
From entrance, or cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the
Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise, [change,
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain, by the tree of life:
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan involved in rising mist; then sought
Where to lie hid: sea he had search'd, & land,
From Eden, over Pontus, and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and in length,
West from Orontes to the ocean, barr'd
At Darien, thence, to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus. Thus the orb he roam'd,
With narrow search; & with inspection deep,
Consider'd every creature, which of all

Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Him, after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose,
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight: for, in the wily snake
Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding, which in other beasts observed,
Doubt might beget of diabolic power,
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolved; but first, from inward grief,
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.

“ O Earth! how like to Heaven, if not preferr'd
More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God, after better, worse would build?
Terrestrial Heaven, danc'd round by other heavens,
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentrating all their precious beams
Of sacred influence! As God in Heaven
Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou,
Centring, receivest from all those orbs; in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears,
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures, animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains;
Now land, now sea, & shores with forest crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves. But I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege.
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, & in Heaven much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no, nor in Heaven
To dwell, unless by mastering Heaven's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound;
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,
Or won, to what may work his utter loss,

For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or wo;
In wo then, that destruction wide may range.
To me shall be the glory sole, among
The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd,
What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving; though perhaps
Not longer than since I, in one night, freed
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
The angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers. He, to be avenged,
And to repair his numbers, thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue, spent of old, now fail'd
More angels to create, if they at least
Are his created, or, to spite us more,
Determined to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, & him endow,
Exalted from so base original,
With heavenly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed,
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent, this world, and earth his seat;
Him lord pronounced; and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service angel wings,
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance
I dread; and to elude, thus, wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may find
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aspired;
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspires, must down as low
As high he soar'd, obnoxious, first or last,
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils;
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy; this new favourite
Of Heaven, this man of clay, son of despite;
Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid."

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
Like a black mist, low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent : him, fast sleeping, soon he found,
In labyrinth of many a round, self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles ;
Nor yet in horrid shade, or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,
Fearless, unfear'd he slept. In at his mouth
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head possessing, soon inspired
With act intelligential ; but his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.
Now when as sacred light began to dawn,
In Eden, on the humid flowers, that breathed
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
From the earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice : that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs :
Then commune how that day they best might ply
Their growing work : for much their work outgrew
The hands despatch of two, gardening so wide,
And Eve first, to her husband, thus began.

“ Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleasant task enjoined ; but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows
Luxurious by restraint ; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or hear, what to my mind first thoughts present :
Let us divide our labours ; thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb : while I,
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon :
For while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose, what wonder, if so near,
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new,
Casual discourse draw on ? which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early ; and the hour of supper comes unearn'd.”

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.
"Sole Eve, associate sole, to me, beyond
Compare, above all living creatures dear;
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd
How we might best fulfil the work, which here
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
Unpraised: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote,
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
Labour, as to debar us, when we need,
Refreshment, whether food, or talk, between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food;
Love, not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
The paths & bowers, doubt not, but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness, with ease, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long,
Assist us: but if much converse, perhaps,
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befal thee severed from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe,
Envy, our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame,
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches no doubt, with greedy hope, to find
His wish, and best advantage, us asunder;
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need:
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love; than which, perhaps, no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse; leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee, & protects.
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest, and seemliest, by her husband stays;
Who guards her, or with her worse endures."

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, & some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure, thus replied.

“ Offspring of Heaven and Earth, & all Earth’s Lord,
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform’d, I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return’d at shut of evening flowers.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt,
To God, or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear’st not, being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken, or seduced; [breast,
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy
Adam, misthought of her, to thee so dear?”

To whom, with healing words, Adam replied.
“ Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire :
Not diffident of thee, do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
The attempt itself, intended by our foe. [perses
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least as-
The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation : thou thyself with scorn
And anger, wouldst resent the offer’d wrong,
Though ineffectual found ; misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee, alone, which on us both at once,
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare ;
Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn :
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels ; nor think superfluous others’ aid.
I, from the influence of thy looks, receive
Access in every virtue ; in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger if need were
Of outward strength ; while shame, thou looking
Shame to be overcome or overreach’d, [on,
Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried !”

So spake domestic Adam, in his care
And matrimonial love ; but Eve, who thought

Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply, with accent sweet, renew'd.

“ If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit, straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endued,
Single, with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin; only our foe,
Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity; his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himself: then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his surmise, proved false; find peace within,
Favour from Heaven, our witness from the even^t
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd,
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state,
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure, to single, or combined.
Frail is our happiness if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden thus exposed.”

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd.
“ O Woman! best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less Man,
Or ought that might his happy state secure
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will, he can receive no harm
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason, is free, and reason he made right
But bid her well beware, and still erect
Lest, by some fair appearing good surprised,
She dictate false, and misinform the will,
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins
That I should mind thee oft, & mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve;
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object, by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely, if from me
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.

Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; the other who can know?
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may find
Us both securer, than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go, in thy native innocence; rely
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all;
For God towards thee hath done his part; do thine."

So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, reply'd.

"With thy permission then, & thus forwarned,
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepared;
The willinger I go; nor much expect
A foe so proud, will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."

Thus saying, from her husband's hand, her hand
Soft she withdrew; and like a Wood-Nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport;
Though not, as she, with bow & quiver armed,
But with such gardening tools, as art, yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd; Pomona, when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina, from Jove.
Her long, with ardent look, his eye pursu'd,
Delighted, but desired more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon, amid the bower,
And all things in best order, to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return! event perverse!
Thou never, from that hour, in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers & shades,
Waited, with hellish rancour imminent,
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, & since first break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,

And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind; but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey.
In bower and field he sought, where any tuft
Of grove, or garden-plot, more pleasant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight;
By fountain, or by shady rivulet, [find
He sought them both; but wish'd his hap might
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced, when, to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spy'd, so thick the roses, blushing round
About her, glow'd, oft stooping to support [gay,
Each flower of slender stalk, whose head, though
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping, unsustain'd; them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band; mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers,
Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son;
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
Much he the place admired, the person more.
As one, who, long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,
Forth issuing, on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages, and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her, now pleases more,
She most, and in her look sums all delight:
Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve,
Thus early, thus alone. Her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture or least action, over-awed

His malice ; and, with rapine sweet bereaved
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
 That space, the evil one abstracted stood
 From his own evil, & for the time remain'd
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,
 Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure, not for him ordain'd. Then soon
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

“Thoughts, whither have ye led me ? with what
 Compulsion, thus transported, to forget [sweet
 What hither brought us ? hate, not love, nor hope
 Of Paradise for Hell ; hope here to taste
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying ; other joy
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
 Occasion, which now smiles ; behold alone
 The woman, opportune to all attempts ;
 Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh ;
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound ;
 I not ; so much hath Hell debased, & pain
 Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods ;
 Not terrible, though terror be in love
 And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate ;
 Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd,
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.”

So spake the enemy of mankind, enclosed
 In serpent, inmate bad ; and toward Eve
 Address'd his way ; not with indented wave,
 Prone on the ground, as since ; but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd,
 Fold above fold, a surging maze ; his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes ;
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floated redundant : pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely ; never since of serpent kind
 Lovelier ; not those that in Illyra changed
 Hermione and Cadmus, or the God
 In Epidarus ; nor to which transform'd,

Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen;
 He with Olympias, this with her who bore
 Scipio the highth of Rome. With tract oblique,
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way:
 As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought,
 Nigh river's mouth, or foreland, where the wind
 Veers off, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail;
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath, in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
 To such disport before her through the field,
 From every beast; more duteous at her call,
 Than at Circean call, the herd disguised.
 He, bolder now, uncall'd before her stood
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
 His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,
 Fawning; & lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd, at length,
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

“Wonder not, sovereign mistress, if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate, I, thus single; nor have feared
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore,
 With ravishment beheld; there best beheld
 Where universally admired; but here,
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair; one man except, [seen,
 Who sees thee? & what is one? who shouldst be
 A goddess among gods, adored and served
 Ay angels numberless, thy daily train.”

So glozed the Tempter, & his proem tuned;
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
 Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,
 Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake. [nounced

“What may this mean? language of man, pro-
 By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd!

The first, at least, of these I thought denied
To beasts, whom God, on their creation-day,
Created mute to all articulate sound:
The latter I demur; for in their looks
Much reason, & in their actions, oft appears.
Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endued;
Redouble then this miracle, and say
How camest thou speakable of mute; and how
To me so friendly grown, above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight:
Say, for such wonder claims attention due."

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied.
"Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,
Easy to me it is to tell thee all [be obeyed.
What thou commandst, & right thou shouldst
I was, at first, as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts, and low
As was my food; nor ought but food discern'd,
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced
A goodly tree, far distant, to behold.
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours, mix'd
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze,
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat, dropping with milk at even,
Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play,
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon; [quire
For, high from ground, the branches would re-
Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: round the tree,
All other beasts that saw, with like desire,
Longing & envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung,
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spared not; for such pleasure, till that hour,
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length; ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason, in my inward powers; & speech
Wanted not long, tho' to this shape retain'd.

Thenceforth, to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, & with capacious mind,
Consider'd all things visible in Heaven,
Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good ;
But all that fair and good, in thy divine
Semblance, & in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
United I beheld ; no fair to thine
Equivalent, or second ; which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee, of right declar'd
Sovereign of creatures, universal dame."

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake : and Eve,
Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied.
"Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved :
But say, where grows the tree, from hence how
For many are the trees of God, that grow [far ?
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us ; in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden nature of her birth."

To whom the wily Adder, blythe and glad.
"Empress, the way is ready, and not long,
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket passed
Of blowing myrrh and balm ; if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."

"Lead then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd
In tangles and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest ; as when a wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled, through agitation, to a flame ;
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads the amaz'd night-wanderer from his way,
Through bogs & mires, & oft through pond or pool,
There swallowed up and lost, from succour far :
So glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe :
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

"Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess ;

The credit of whose virtue rests with thee,
Wonderous indeed, if cause of such effects.
But of this tree we may not taste, nor touch;
God so commanded; and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to ourselves; our reason is our law."

To whom the Tempter guilefully replied.
"Indeed? hath God then said, of the fruit
Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,
Yet Lords declared of all in earth or air?"

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless. "Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat;
But of the fruit of this fair tree, amidst
The garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'" [bold,

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more
The Tempter, but with show of zeal and love
To man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on; and as to passion moved,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renowned,
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute, to some great cause address'd,
Stood in himself collected; while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to height upgrown,
The Tempter, all impassion'd, thus began.

"O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant!
Mother of science! now I feel thy power
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
Queen of this universe, do not believe
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die.
How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge: by the threatener? look on me,
Me, who have touch'd and tasted; yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,

Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil?
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just:
 Not just, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
 Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe,
 Why, but to keep you low and ignorant,
 His worshippers. He knows that in the day
 You eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
 Open'd and clear'd; and ye shall be as gods,
 Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
 That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,
 Internal man, is but proportion meet;
 I of brute, human, ye of human, gods,
 So ye shall die, perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on gods; death to be wish'd,
 Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
 And what are gods, that man may not become
 As they, participating god-like food?
 The gods are first, and that advantage use,
 On our belief that all from them proceeds:
 I question it, for this fair earth I see,
 Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,
 Them nothing: if they all things, who enclosed
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
 The offence, that man should thus attain to know?
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
 Impart against his will, if all be his?
 Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
 In heavenly breasts? These, these, & many more
 Causes, import your need of this fair fruit.
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste."

He ended, and his words, replete with guile,
 In to her heart too easy entrance won.
 Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
 Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth.
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, & waked
 An eager appetite, raised by the smell
 So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,
 Inclenable now grown to touch or taste,

Solicited her longing eye; yet first,
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mused.

“Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, & worthy to be admired;
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first essay,
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue, not made for speech, to speak thy
Thy praise He also, who forbids thy use, [praise:
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good & evil:
Forbids us then to taste; but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, sure, is not had; or had,
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he, but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,
And knows, & speaks, & reasons, & discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast, which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befallen him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then? rather, what know to fear,
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body & mind?”

So saying, her rash hand, in evil hour,
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, & nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent; and well might, for Eve,
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high

Of knowledge, nor was Godhead from her thought.
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,
And knew not eating death. Sate at length,
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus, to herself, she pleasingly began.

“O sovereign, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradise! of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning, & due praise,
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all;
Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature
In knowledge as the gods, who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And givest access, though secret she retire.
And I perhaps am secret: Heaven is high,
High, and remote, to see from thence distinct
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
About him. But to Adam, in what sort
Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me? or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power,
Without co-partner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superior; for inferior, who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying; I extinct:
A death to think. Confirm'd then, I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe;
So dear I love him, that with him, all deaths
I could endure, without him, live no life.”

So saying, from the tree her steps she turned,
But first low reverence done, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused

Into the plant sciential sap, derived
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while
Waiting, desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers, a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown:
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, & new
Solace in her return, so long delayed:
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; he the faltering measure felt;
And forth to meet her went the way she took
That morn, when first they parted: by the tree
Of knowledge he must pass; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning: in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused.
To him she hasted; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology to prompt;
Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd.

“Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, & thought it long, deprived
Thy presence; agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, what, rash, untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger, tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way; but of divine effect,
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;
And hath been tasted such: the serpent, wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit; and is become
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but henceforth
Endued with human voice, and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration; and with me
Persuasively hath so prevailed, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
The effects to correspond; opener mine eyes,
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee, can despise.
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,
Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Lest thou, not tasting, different degree

Disjoin us, and I then, too late, renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit."

Thus Eve with countenance blithe, her story told ;
But in her cheek distemper, flushing, glow'd
On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd ;
From his slack hand the garland, wreath'd for Eve,
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed :
Speechless he stood, and pale, till thus at length,
First to himself, he inward silence broke :

" O fairest of creation ! last and best
Of all God's works ! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflowered, & now to death devote ?
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden ? some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me, with thee, hath ruin'd ; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die :
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy sweet converse and love, so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart ; no, no, I feel
The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Re-comforted, and, after thoughts disturb'd,
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Thus, in calm mood, his words to Eve he turn'd.

" Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,
And peril great provoked, who thus hath dared,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under ban to touch.
But past, who can recal, or done, undo ;
Not God omnipotent, nor Fate ; yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die ; perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now ; foretasted fruit,
Profaned first by the serpent, by him first

Made common and unhallow'd, ere our taste ;
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives, as thou said'st, and gains to live as man,
Higher degree of life, inducement strong
To us, as likely, tasting, to attain
Proportional ascent ; which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,
Set over all his works, which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependant made ; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,
Not well conceived of God ; who, tho' his power
Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
Us to abolish ; lest the Adversary
Triumph, and say, ' Fickle their state whom God
Most favours ; who can please him long ? me first
He ruin'd ; now mankind ; whom will he next ?'
Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.
However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom ; if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life ;
So forcible, within my heart, I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine :
Our state cannot be sever'd ; we are one,
One flesh ; to lose thee, were to lose myself."

So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied.
" O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high !
Engaging me to emulate ; but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam ? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both ; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
Rather than death, or aught than death more
Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear, [dread,
To undergo with me, one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit ;
Whose virtue, for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion, hath presented
This happy trial of thy love ; which else
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue

This my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst, and not persuade thee; rather die
 Deserted, than oblige thee, with a fact
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured
 Remarkably so late, of thy so true,
 So faithful love, unequall'd; but I feel
 Far otherwise the event; not death, but life
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys;
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, & harsh.
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
 And fear of death deliver to the winds."

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
 In recompense, for such compliance bad
 Such recompense best merits, from the bough
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit,
 With liberal hand. He scrupled not to eat,
 Against his better knowledge; not deceived,
 But fondly overcome with female charm.
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs, and nature gave a second groan;
 Sky lower'd, & muttering thunder, some sad
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin [drops
 Original; while Adam took no thought,
 Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
 Him with her loved society, that now,
 As with new wine intoxicated both,
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them, breeding wings
 Wherewith to scorn the earth: but that false
 Far other operation first displayed, [fruit
 Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.

"Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
 And elegant, of sapience no small part,
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,
 And palate call'd judicious; I the praise
 Yield thee, so well, this day, thou hast purvey'd.
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
 From this delightful fruit, nor known, till now,
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be

In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious fare;
 For never did thy beauty, since the day
 I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense
 With ardour to enjoy thee; fairer now
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree."

So said he; and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
 Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbow'rd,
 He led her, nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
 And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap.
 There they their fill of love, and love's disport
 Took largely; of their mutual guilt the seal,
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
 Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
 Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
 That, with exhilarating vapour bland,
 About their spirits had play'd, & inmost powers
 Made err, was now exhal'd; & grosser sleep,
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
 Encumber'd, now had left them; up they rose,
 As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,
 Soon found their eyes how open'd, & their minds
 How darken'd; innocence, that, as a veil,
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,
 And honour, from about them, naked left
 To guilty shame; he cover'd; but his robe
 Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,
 Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap
 Of Philistean Delilah, and waked
 Shorn of his strength; they destitute & bare
 Of all their virtue. Silent, and in face
 Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute;
 Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,
 At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

"O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
 To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
 To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,
 False in our promised rising; since our eyes
 Open'd we find indeed, and find we know

Both good and evil ; good lost, and evil got :
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soiled & stained ;
And, in our faces, evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence ; whence evil store ;
Even shame, the last of evils ; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face,
Henceforth, of God, or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld ? those heavenly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad,
And brown as evening ! Cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs,
Hide me, where I may never see them more !
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen :
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."

So counsell'd he : and both together went
Into the thickest wood ; there soon they chose
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as, at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad & long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, & daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade,
High over-arch'd, & echoing walks between ;
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, & tends his pasturing herds
At loopholes, cut through thickest shade. Those
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe, [leaves
And with what skill they had, together sew'd,
To gird their waist ; vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt & dreaded shame ; O how unlike
To that first naked glory ! Such of late
Columbus found the American, so girt
With feather'd cincture, naked else, & wild,
Among the trees, on isles & woody shores.

Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind, [part
 They sat them down to weep; nor only tears
 Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore
 Their inward state of mind; calm region once,
 And full of peace, now toss'd and turbulent:
 For understanding ruled not, and the will
 Heard not her lore; both in subjection now
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath,
 Usurping over sovereign reason, claimed
 Superior sway; from thus distemper'd breast,
 Adam, estranged in look and alter'd style,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

“Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, & stay'd
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
 I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then
 Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
 The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.”

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve.
 “What words have passed thy lips, Adam severe!
 Imputest thou that to my default, or will
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
 Or to thyself, perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
 Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;
 No ground of enmity between us known,
 Why should he mean me ill, or seek to harm.
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
 Command me absolutely not to go,
 Going into such danger, as thou saidst?
 Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay,
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,
 Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.”

To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied.
 “Is this the love, is this the recompense
 Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve, express'd
 Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,

Who might have lived and joyed immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this, had been force,
And force upon free-will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on; secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err'd, in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him, who, to worth in women overtrusting
Lest her will rule; restraint she will not brook;
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Thus they, in mutual accusation, spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved; God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and re-ascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy, feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man. To make the way easier from Hell to this world, to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium; in full assembly relates, with boasting, his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself suddenly into serpents, according to his doom in Paradise; then, deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death. God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but, for the present, commands his Angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails; rejects the condolence of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him; then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the Serpent, and exhorts her, with him, to seek peace of the offended Deity by repentance and supplication.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

MEANWHILE the heinous and despiteful act
Of Satan, done in Paradise, and how
He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heaven; for what can 'scape the
Of God, all-seeing, or deceive his heart, [eye
Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,
Hindered not Satan to attempt the mind
Of man, with strength entire, & free-will arm'd,
Complete, to have discover'd and repulsed
Whatever wiles of foe, or seeming friend. [ber'd
For still they knew, & ought to have still remem-
The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they, not obeying,
Incurr'd, what could they less? the penalty,
And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.
Up into Heaven, from Paradise, in haste,
The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man; for of his state by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the subtle Fiend had stolen
Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
From Earth arrived at Heaven gate, displeased
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare,
That time, celestial visages, yet, mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliss.
About the new arrived, in multitudes,
The ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befell: they, towards the throne supreme
Accountable, made haste to make appear,
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
And easily approved: when the Most High
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

“Assembled Angels, and ye Powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,
Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth;
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,

Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.
 I told ye then, he should prevail, and speed
 On his bad errand ; Man should be seduced,
 And flattered out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker ; no decree of mine
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse,
 His free-will, to her own inclining left,
 In even scale. But fallen he is ; and now
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
 On his transgression, death denounced that day ?
 Which he presumes already vain and void,
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
 By some immediate stroke ; but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end.
 Justice shall not return, as bounty, scorn'd.
 But whom send I to judge them ? Whom but thee,
 Vicegerent Son ? to thee I have transferr'd
 All judgment, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or
 Easy it might be seen that I intend [Hell.
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,
 Man's Friend, his Mediator, his design'd
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
 And destined Man himself to judge Man fallen."

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright
 Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
 Blazed forth unclouded Deity ; he full
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.

"Father eternal, thine is to decree,
 Mine, both in Heaven & Earth, to do thy will
 Supreme ; that thou in me thy Son beloved,
 May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
 On earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,
 Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,
 When time shall be, for so I undertook
 Before thee ; and not repenting, this obtain
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom,
 On me derived ; yet I shall temper so
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
 Those two ; the third, best absent, is condemn'd,
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law :
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs."

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory : him thrones, & powers,
Princedoms, and dominations ministrant,
Accompanied to Heaven gate ; from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight ; the speed of gods
Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wirg'd.
Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,
To fan the earth now waked, and usher in
The evening cool ; when he from wrath more cool,
Came the mild Judge, and Intercessor both,
To sentence man : the voice of God they heard,
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declined ; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

“ Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming, seen far off ? I miss thee here,
Not pleased, thus entertained with solitude,
Where obvious duty ere while appear'd unsought :
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains ? Come forth.”

He came, & with him Eve, more loath, though first
To offend, discountenanced both, & discomposed ;
Love was not in their looks, either to God,
Or to each other ; but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answer'd brief.

“ I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself.” To whom
The gracious Judge, without revile, replied.
“ My voice thou oft hast heard, & hast not fear'd,
But still rejoiced : how is it now become
So dreadful to thee ? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee ? hast thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat ?”

To whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied.
“ O Heaven ! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life ;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint ; but strict necessity

Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolved : though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This woman, whom thou madest to be my help,
And gavest me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed ;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

To whom the sovereign Presence thus replied.

' Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her, made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
Her's, in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection ; and her gifts
Were such as, under government, well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright."

So having said, he thus to Eve in few.

" Say woman, what is this which thou hast done ?"

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd, replied.

" The serpent me beguiled, and I did eat."

Which, when the Lord God heard, without delay,
To judgment he proceeded, on the accused
Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him, who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation ; justly then accursed,
As vitiated in nature. More to know
Concern'd not man, since he no further knew,
Nor alter'd his offence ; yet God at last
To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,
Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best :
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

" Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed
Above all cattle, each beast of the field ;
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat, all the days of thy life."

Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."

So spake this Oracle, then verified
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning, down from Heaven,
Prince of the air; then rising from his grave,
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd
In open show, and, with ascension bright,
Captivity let captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan, long usurp'd;
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet,
Even he, who now foretold his fatal bruise;
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.
"Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply,
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule."

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced.
"Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy
And eaten of the tree, concerning which [wife
I charged thee, saying, 'Thou shalt not eat thereof;'
Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thou, in sorrow,
Shalt eat thereof, all the days of thy life;
Thorns also, & thistles, it shall bring thee forth,
Unbid; & thou shalt eat the herb of the field,
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken; know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

So judged he man, both Judge & Saviour sent;
And the instant stroke of death, denounc'd that day
Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood
Before him, naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdained not to begin,
Thenceforth, the form of Servant to assume,
As when he wash'd his servants' feet; so now
As Father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only, with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him, with swift ascent, he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom re-assumed

In glory, as of old; to him appeased,
 All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with Man
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd & judg'd on earth,
 Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death,
 In counter-view within the gates, that now
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame,
 Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,
 Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

“O Son, why sit we here, each other viewing
 Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
 In other worlds, & happier seat provides
 For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be
 But that success attends him; if mishap,
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven
 By his avengers, since, no place like this
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise;
 Wings growing, and dominion given me, large
 Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite,
 With secret amity, things of like kind,
 By secretest conveyance; thou, my shade
 Inseparable, must with me along:
 For Death from Sin no power can separate.
 But lest the difficulty of passing back
 Stay his return, perhaps over this gulf
 Impassable, impervious, let us try,
 Adventrous work, yet to thy power & mine
 Not unagreeable, to found a path
 Over this main, from Hell, to that new world
 Where Satan now prevails; a monument
 Of merit high, to all the infernal host;
 Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,
 Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
 Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn,
 By this new-felt attraction and instinct.”

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answer'd soon.
 “Go whither fate, and inclination strong,
 Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
 The way, thou leading; such a scent I draw
 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste [live:
 The savour of Death, from all things there that
 Nor shall I, to the work thou enterprisest,
 Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.”

So saying, with delight, he snuff'd the smell

Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying lured
With scent of living carcasses, design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight :
So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His nostrils wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out Hell-gates into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark, [great,
Flew diverse ; and with power, their power was
Hovering upon the waters, what they met,
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Toss'd up and down, together crowded drove,
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell :
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse,
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagin'd way,
Beyond Petzora, eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil,
Death, with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident, smote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos, floating once ; the rest, his look
Bound, with Gorgonian rigour, not to move ;
And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd ; & the mole immense wrought on,
Over the foaming deep, high arch'd, a bridge,
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall,
Immoveable, of this new fenceless world,
Forfeit to death ; from hence, a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be compared,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea ; and, over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd, [waves.
And scourged with many a stroke the indignant
Now had they brought the work, by wondrous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
Of Satan, to the self-same place, where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world : with pins of adamant,
And chains, they made all fast ; too fast they made

And durable; and now, in little space,
The confines met of empyrean Heaven,
And of this world; and on the left hand, Hell
With long reach interposed; three several ways,
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to earth they had descry'd,
To Paradise first tending, when, behold
Satan in likeness of an angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:
Disguis'd he came; but those, his children dear
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He, after Eve seduced, unminded, slunk
Into the wood fast by; and changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act,
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her husband; saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrified
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing, guilty, what his wrath
Might suddenly inflict: that past, return'd
By night, and listening, where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood,
Not instant, but of future time, with joy
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd;
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wonderous pontifice, unhop'd,
Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting; and, at sight
Of that stupendous bridge, his joy increased.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

“O parent! these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own;
Thou art their author, and prime architect:
For I no sooner in my heart divined
(My heart, which, by a secret harmony,
Still moves with thine, join'd in connection sweet,)
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee, with this thy son,
Such fatal consequence unites us three:
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure

Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
Within Hell-gates till now; thou us empower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay
With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gain'd
With odds, what war hath lost, and fully avenged
Our foil in Heaven: here thou shalt monarch reign,
There didst not; there let Him still victor sway,
As battle hath adjudged, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated;
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by the empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world;
Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne."

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd, glad.
"Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,
High proof ye now have given to be the race
Of Satan, for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heaven's almighty King,
Amplly have merited of me, of all
The infernal empire, that so near Heaven's door,
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm,
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
To my associate powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoice,
You two this way, among these numerous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth
Dominion exercise, and in the air,
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declared,
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly, kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might,
Issuing from me; on your joint vigour now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.
If your joint power prevails, the affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear; go, and be strong."

So saying, he dismiss'd them: they, with speed,
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane: the blasted stars looked wan:
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse

Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down
The cause-way to Hell-gate: on either side
Disparted Chaos over-built, exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
Far to the inland retired, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion called,
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd:
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperor sent; so he
Departing, gave command, and they observ'd.
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Taurus or Casbin: so these, the late
Heaven-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell,
Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch,
Round their metropolis, and now, expecting
Each hour their great adventurer, from the search
Of foreign worlds: he, through the midst, unmark'd,
In show plebeian angel militant,
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible,
Ascended his high throne, which, under state
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen:
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape, star-bright, appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory, since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed,
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd, beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd. Loud was the acclaim:
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Raised from the dark divan, and with like joy,
Congratulant, approach'd him; who, with hand
Silence, and with these words, attention won.
"Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,

For in possession such, not only of right,
I call ye, and declare ye now, return'd
Successful, beyond hope, to lead ye forth,
Triumphant, out of this infernal pit,
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our Tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to our native Heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard,
With peril great achieved. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffer'd; with what pain
Voyag'd the unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion; over which,
By Sin and Death, a broad way now is paved,
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride
The untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar,
Protesting Fate supreme; thence, how I found
The new-created world, which fame in Heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Placed in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: him, by fraud, I have seduced
From his Creator, and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple. He, thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath given up
Both his beloved man, and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey; and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he should have ruled.
True is, me also he hath judg'd; or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent, in whose shape
Man I deceived: that which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A world, who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account
Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
But up, and enter now into full bliss?"

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout, and high applause
To fill his ear; when contrary, he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,

A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wondered, but not long
Had leisure, wondering at himself now more:
His visage drawn, he felt, to sharp and spare,
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
Each other, till supplanted, down he fell,
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater Power
Now ruled him punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom. He would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd, with forked tongue
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
Alike, to serpents; all, as accessories
To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail,
Scorpion and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops, drear,
And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophiusa): but still greatest he the midst,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
Engender'd in the Pythian vale, on slime,
Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd
Above the rest, still to retain; they all
Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood, or just array,
Sublime with expectation, when to see,
In triumph issuing forth, their glorious chief;
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw, [arms,
They felt themselves now changing; down their
Down fell both spear & shield, down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd by contagion; like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame, [stood
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Used by the tempter. On that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree, a multitude

Now risen, to work them further woe or shame;
 Yet parch'd with scalding thirst, and hunger fierce,
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain;
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
 That curl'd Megæra; greedily they pluck'd
 The fruitage fair to sight; like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;
 This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
 Deceived; they, fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit,
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which, the offended taste
 With spattering noise, rejected: oft they assay'd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining, drugg'd as oft,
 With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws
 With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
 Into the same illusion; not as Man [plagued,
 Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed,
 Yearly enjoin'd, some say to undergo
 This annual humbling, certain number'd days,
 To dash their pride and joy, for man seduced.
 However, some tradition they dispersed
 Among the Heathen, of their purchase got;
 And fabled how the Serpent, whom they call'd
 Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile, in Paradise the hellish pair
 Too soon arrived, Sin there in power before,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death,
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse; to whom Sin thus began.

"Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,
 What think'st thou of our empire now, though
 With travail difficult; not better far [earn'd
 Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,
 Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half-starved?"

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answered soon.
 "To me, who with eternal famine pine,
 Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven;
 There best, where most with ravine I may meet;
 Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
 To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps."

To whom the incestuous mother thus replied.
“Thou therefore on these herbs, & fruits, & flowers
Feed first, on each beast next, and fish and fowl,
No homely morsels; and whatever thing
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspar’d;
Till I, in man residing, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
And season him, thy last and sweetest prey.”

This said, they both betook them several ways,
Both to destroy, or un-immortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature,
Sooner or later: which the Almighty seeing,
From his transcendant seat, the saints among,
To those bright orders utter’d thus his voice.

“See, with what heat these dogs of Hell advance,
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created; and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me, so doth the prince of Hell,
And his adherents, that, with so much ease,
I suffer them to enter, and possess
A place so heavenly, & conniving seem,
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule
And know not, that I call’d & drew them thither,
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth,
Which man’s polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure; till cramm’d & gorged, nigh
With suck’d and glutted offal, at one sling [burst,
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last,
Through Chaos hurl’d, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then Heaven & Earth, renew’d, shall be made pure
To sanctity, that shall receive no stain:
Till then, the curse pronounced on both precedes.”
He ended; and the heavenly audience loud
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: “Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee?” Next, to the Son,
“Destined Restorer of Mankind, by whom
New Heaven & Earth shall to the ages rise, [song;
Or down from Heaven descend.” Such was their

While the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty angels, gave them several charge,
As sorted best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept, so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat,
Scarce tolerable; and from the north to call
Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon
Her office they prescribed; to the other five,
Their planetary motions, and aspects,
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,
Of noxious efficacy; and when to join
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd,
Their influence malignant, when to shower,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll
With terror, through the dark aerial hall.
Some say, he bid his angels turn askance
The poles of earth, twice ten degrees & more,
From the sun's axle: they, with labour, push'd
Oblique the centric globe. Some say the sun
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road,
Like distant breadth to Taurus, with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the Tropic Crab: thence down amain,
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the Spring
Perpetual smiled on earth with verdant flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them, day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far,
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit,
The sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the Heavens, though slow, pro-
Like change on seas & land; sideral blast, [duced
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt, and pestilent. Now from the north

Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,
 Boreas and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
 And Thrascias, rend the woods, & seas upturn ;
 With adverse blast upturns them, from the south,
 Notus and Afer, black with thunderous clouds
 From Serralliona ; thwart of these, as fierce,
 Forth rush the Levant, & the Ponent winds,
 Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
 Sirocco, and Libeccio. Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things ; but Discord first,
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational
 Death introduced through fierce antipathy :
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, & fowl with fowl,
 And fish with fish ; to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devour'd each other ; nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him, or, with countenance grim,
 Glared on him passing. These were, from without
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandon'd ; but worse felt within,
 And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburden sought, with sad complaint.

“ O miserable of happy ! is this the end
 Of this new glorious world, and me, so late
 The glory of that glory, who now become
 Accursed of blessed ? Hide me from the face
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height
 Of happiness ; yet well, if here would end
 The misery : I deserved it ; and would bear
 My own deservings ; but this will not serve ;
 All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully, ‘ Increase and multiply,’
 Now death to hear ! for what can I increase,
 Or multiply, but curses on my head ?
 Who, of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My head ? Ill fare our ancestor impure,
 For this we may thank Adam ; but his thanks
 Shall be the execration ; so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
 Shall, with a fierce reflux, on me redound,
 On me, as on their natural centre, light
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes !

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me Man? did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place,
In this delicious garden? as my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right,
And equal, to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I received; unable to perform
Thy terms, too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refused
Those terms whatever, when they were proposed.
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good
Then cavil the conditions? and, though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit, for his contempt of thee,
That proud excuse? yet him, not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot.
God made thee, of choice his own, & of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment then, justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair
That dust I am, and shall to dust return.
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, & lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down,
As in my mother's lap! there I should rest
And sleep secure: his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
To me and to my offspring, would torment me,
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of Man,
Which God inspired, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath

Of life that sinned ; what dies, but what had life
And sin ? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die : let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also ? be it ; Man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man, whom death must end ?
Can he make deathless death ? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as argument
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour,
Satisfied never ? that were to extend
His sentence beyond dust, & nature's law
By which all causes else, according still
To the reception of their matter, act,
Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery,
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity. Ah me, that fear
Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head ! both Death and I
Am found eternal, and incorporate both ;
Nor I on my part single ; in me all
Posterity stands cursed. Fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons ! O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none !
So disinherited, how would ye bless
Me, now your curse. Ah, why should all mankind,
For one man's fault, thus guiltless, be condemn'd,
If guiltless ? But from me, what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
Not to do only, but to will, the same
With me ? how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God ? Him after all disputes,
Forced, I absolve : all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me
But to my own conviction : first and last [still
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due ;
So might the wrath. Fond wish ! couldst thou support
That burden, heavier than the earth to bear,
Than all the world much heavier, though divided

With that bad woman ? Thus what thou desirest,
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable,
Beyond all past example, and future,
To Satan only like, both crime and doom.
O conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me ! out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged."

Thus Adam, to himself, lamented loud
Through the still night ; not now, as ere man fell,
Wholesome, & cool, & mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom ;
Which, to his evil conscience, represented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground, & oft
Curs'd his creation ; death as oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The day of his offence. " Why comes not death,"
Said he, " with one thrice-acceptable stroke
To end me ? Shall truth fail to keep her word ?
Justice divine not hasten to be just ?
But death comes not at call ; justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, & bowers,
With other echo, late, I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song !"
Whom, thus afflicted, when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words, to his fierce passion, she essay'd :
But her, with stern regard, he thus repell'd.

" Out of my sight, thou serpent ! that name best
Befits thee, with him leagued, thyself as false
And hateful : nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth ; lest that too heavenly form, pretended,
To hellish falsehood snare them. But for thee,
I had persisted happy ; had not thy pride
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen,
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
To over-reach ; but, with the Serpent meeting,
Fool'd and beguil'd ; by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a show

Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib,
 Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
 More to the part sinister ; from me drawn,
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
 To my just number found. O why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With men, as angels, without feminine ;
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind ? this mischief had not then befallen ;
 And more that shall befall, innumerable
 Disturbances on earth, through female snares,
 And strait conjunction with this sex ; for either
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ;
 Or whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain,
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld
 By parents ; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame ;
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound."

He added not, & from her turn'd. But Eve,
 Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flow-
 And tresses all disordered, at his feet [ing
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

" Forsake me not thus, Adam ; witness Heaven,
 What love sincere, and reverence, in my heart
 I bear thee ; and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceived ; thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel ; in this uttermost distress,
 My only strength and stay : forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two, let there be peace ; both joining,
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity
 Against a foe, by doom express assign'd us,
 That cruel Serpent. On me exercise not
 Thy hatred, for this misery befallen ;
 On me, already lost, me, than thyself
 More miserable ; both have sinn'd ; but thou

Against God only, I against God and thee;
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries, importune Heaven, that all
The sentence, from thy head removed, may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Me, me only, just object of his ire."

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledged & deplored, in Adam wrought
Commiseration; soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive, in distress,
Creature so fair, his reconcilment seeking,
His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid;
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus, with peaceful words, upraised her soon.

"Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
So now, of what thou know'st not, thou desirest
The punishment all on thyself; alas,
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, & be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me exposed.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere; but strive,
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed, O hapless seed! deriv'd."

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied.
"Adam, by sad experiment, I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous, thence, by just event,
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,

As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
By death at last; and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woful race,
That after wretched life, must be, at last,
Food for so foul a monster; in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain: so death
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two
Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish, without hope,
Before the present object, languishing
With like desire, which would be misery
And torment, less than none of what we dread.
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short,
Let us seek death, or, he not found, supply,
With our own hands, his office on ourselves.
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
That show no end but death, & have the power
Of many ways to die, the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"

She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd
To better hopes his more attentive mind,
Labouring, had raised; and thus to Eve replied.

"Eve, thy contempt of life, & pleasure, seems
To argue in thee something more sublime,
And excellent, than what thy mind contemns;
But self-destruction, therefore sought, refutes
That excellence, thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret,
For loss of life and pleasure, overloved.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death,

So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather, such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live. Then let us seek
Some safer resolution; which, methinks,
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The Serpent's head; piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,
Satan, who, in the Serpent, hath contrived
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost,
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days,
Resolved as thou proposest: so our foe
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we,
Instead, shall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and savours only
Rancour and pride, impatience, and despite,
Reluctance against God, and his just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember, with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judged,
Without wrath or reviling: we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day; when, lo, to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy
Fruit of thy womb: on me, the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground; with labour I must earn
My bread: what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me: and, lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesought, provided; and his hands
Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged.
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us farther, by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?
Which now the sky, with various face, begins
To show us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moist & keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night; how we, his gather'd beams,
Reflected, may with matter sere foment,

Or by collision of two bodies, grind
The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds
Justling, or push'd with winds rude, in their shock
Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame, driven
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine, [down
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the sun : such fire to use,
And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils, which our own misdeeds have wrought,
He will instruct us, praying, and of grace
Beseeching him; so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustained
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest, and native home.
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent? and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seem'd, and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?"

So spake our father penitent, nor Eve
Felt less remorse. They forthwith, to the place
Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
Before him, reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, & pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground, & with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

THE END OF BOOK X.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents, now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise: sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things. Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him; the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits. The Angel leads him up to a high hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THUS they, in lowliest plight repentant, stood
Praying, for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace, descending, had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh,
Regenerate, grow instead; that sighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer [flight
Inspired, and wing'd for Heaven with speedier
Than loudest oratory: yet their port,
Not of mean suitors; nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To heaven their prayers
Flew up; nor miss'd the way by envious winds
Blown vagabond, or frustrate: in they pass'd,
Dimensionless, through heavenly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began. [sprung,

“ See, Father, what first fruits on earth are
From thy implanted grace in Man; these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer mix'd
With incense, I thy Priest, before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed,
Sown with contrition in his heart than those
Which his own hand, manuring all the trees
Of Paradise, could have produced, ere fallen
From innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear
To supplication, hear his sighs, though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his Advocate,
And Propitiation; all his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfect; and for these, my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me, from these receive

The smell of peace toward mankind: let him live
 Before thee, reconciled, at least his days [which I
 Number'd, though sad, till death his doom
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,
 To better life shall yield him; where with me
 All my redeem'd may dwell, in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one."

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
 "All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
 Obtain; all thy request, was my decree:
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
 The law I gave to nature him forbids.
 Those pure immortal elements, that know
 No gross, no inharmonious mixture foul,
 Eject him, tainted now, and purge him off
 As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
 And mortal food, as may dispose him best
 For dissolution, wrought by sin, that first
 Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
 Created him endow'd with happiness
 And immortality: that fondly lost,
 This other served but to eternize woe;
 Till I provided death: so death becomes
 His final remedy; and after life
 Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined,
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,
 Waked in the renovation of the just,
 Resigns him up, with Heaven and Earth renew'd.
 But let us call to synod all the bless'd, [not hide
 Through Heaven's wide bounds; from them I will
 My judgments, how with mankind I proceed;
 As how with peccant angels late they saw, [firm'd."
 And in their state, though firm, stood more con-

He ended; and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright minister that watch'd: he blew
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps,
 When God descended; and perhaps once more
 To sound, at general doom. The angelic blast
 Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers,
 Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat
 In fellowships of joy, the sons of light
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
 And took their seats; till from his throne supreme,
 The Almighty thus pronounced his sovereign will.

"O Sons, like one of us Man is become,

To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
Happier, had it sufficed him, to have known
Good by itself and evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents and prays contrite,
My motions in him; longer than they move
His heart I know, how variable and vain,
Self-left. Lest therefore, his now bolder hand
Reach also of the tree of life and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever; to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground, whence he was taken, fitter soil.

“Michael, this my behest have thou in charge;
Take to thee, from among the Cherubim,
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God,
Without remorse, drive out the sinful pair,
From hallow'd ground the unholy; & denounce
To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urged,
For I behold them soften'd, and with tears
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them, not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam, what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd:
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace.
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch; and of a sword the flame
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the tree of life:
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul; and all my trees their prey,
With whose stolen fruit Man once more to delude.”

He ceased: and the archangelic power prepared,
For swift descent, with him the cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus; all their shape
Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,

Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
To re-salute the world, with sacred light,
Leucothea waked, & with fresh dew embalm'd
The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to spring
Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.

“Eve, easily my faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heaven descends:
But that from us aught should ascend to Heaven,
So prevalent, as to concern the mind
Of God, high-bless'd, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer,
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Even to the seat of God. For since I sought,
By prayer the offended Deity to appease,
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart,
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew,
That I was heard with favour; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe:
Which then not minded, in dismay, yet now
Assures me, that the bitterness of death
Is pass'd, & we shall live. Whence, hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living! since by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for man.”

To whom thus Eve, with sad demeanour meek.
“Ill worthy I, such title should belong
To me, transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am graced
The source of life: next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsafest,
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us now, with sweat imposed,
Though after sleepless night; for see, the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth;
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious, till day droop. While here we dwell,

What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks ?
Here let us live, though in fallen state, content."

So spake, so wish'd, much-humbled Eve; but fate
Subscribed not. Nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air; air suddenly eclipsed,
After short blush of morn; nigh, in her sight,
The bird of Jove stoop'd from his airy tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
Down from a hill, the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.
Adam observed, and, with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake.

"O Eve! some further change awaits us nigh;
Which Heaven, by these mute signs in nature, shows,
Forerunners of his purpose; or to warn
Us, haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death released
Some days: how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows? or, more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return, and be no more.
Why else this double object, in our sight,
Of flight pursued in the air, and o'er the ground,
One way the self-same hour? why in the east
Darkness, ere day's mid-course, and morning light,
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with something heavenly fraught?"

He err'd not; for by this the heavenly bands,
Down from a sky of jasper, lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition, had not doubt,
And carnal fear, that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that, which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king; who, to surprise
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch,
In their bright stand, there left his powers, to seize
Possession of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way;
Not unperceived of Adam; who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake.

“ Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observed; for I descry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heavenly host, and, by his gait,
None of the meanest; some great potentate,
Or of the thrones above, such majesty
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,
As Raphael, that I should as much confide;
But solemn and sublime; whom, not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.”

He ended; and the Archangel soon drew nigh;
Not in his shape celestial, but as man,
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipp'd the woof;
His starry helm unbuckled, show'd him prime
In manhood, where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear:
Adam bow'd low; he, kingly, from his state
Inclined not; but his coming thus declared.

“ Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure, many days
Given thee of grace, wherein thou mayst repent,
And one bad act, with many deeds well done,
Mayst cover: well may then thy Lord, appeased,
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.”

He added not; for Adam at the news
Heart-struck, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen,
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

“ O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day

That must be mortal to us both. O flowers!
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand,
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names;
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, & water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd,
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part? and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure accusom'd to immortal fruits?"

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild.
"Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus overfond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words adress'd

"Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd
Of them the highest, for of such shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And, in performing, end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring
Departure from that happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left,
Familiar to our eyes; all places else
Inhospitable appear, and desolate,
Nor knowing us, nor known. And if, by prayer
Incessant, I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer, against his absolute decree,
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed countenance; here I could frequent
With worship, place by place, where he vouchsafed
Presence divine; and to my sons relate,

On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines, his voice
I heard; here with him, at this fountain, talked:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, & fruits, & flowers.
In yonder nether world, where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him, angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd, and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold, though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael, with regard benign.
"Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, & all the Earth;
Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
All the earth he gave thee to possess, and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confined
Of Paradise or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not, but in valley and in plain
God is as here, and will be found alike
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou mayst believe, & be confirm'd,
Ere thou from hence depart, know, I am sent
To show thee what shall come, in future days,
To thee and to thy offspring: good with bad
Expect to hear; supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear,
And pious sorrow, equally inured,
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepared, endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend

This hill; let Eve, for I have drench'd her eyes,
Here sleep below; while thou to foresight wakest;
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd.

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied.
"Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou leadst me, & to the hand of Heaven submit,
However chastening, to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
If so I may attain." So both ascend,
In the visions of God. It was a hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken [lay.
Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect,
Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,
Whereon, for different cause, the Tempter set
Our second Adam, in the wilderness,
To show him all earth's kingdoms, & their glory.
His eye might there command, wherever stood
City, of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarcand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbaten sat, or since
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
In Moscow, or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus, to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence, from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez, and Sus,
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;
Or Europe thence, & where Rome was to sway
The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guaina, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights,
Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,
Which that false fruit, that promised clearer sight,

Had bred ; then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see ;
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierced
E'en to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,
Sunk down, & all his spirits became entranced :
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon raised, and his attention thus recall'd.

“ Adam, now ope thine eyes ; and first, behold
The effects, which thy original crime hath wrought
In some, to spring from thee, who never touch'd
The excepted tree, nor with the snake conspir'd,
Nor sinn'd thy sin ; yet from that sin derive
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds.”

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon where sheaves
New reap'd ; the other part sheepwalks & folds ;
In the midst an altar, as the landmark, stood,
Rustic, of grassy sod : thither anon
A sweaty reaper, from his tillage, brought
First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand ; a shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
Choicest and best ; then sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
His offering soon propitious fire from Heaven
Consumed with nimble glance, & grateful steam :
The other's not ; for his was not sincere ;
Whereat he inly raged ; and, as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone
That beat out life ; he fell and, deadly pale,
Groan'd out his soul, with gushing blood effused.
Much, at the sight, was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd, & thus in haste to the Angel cried.

“ O teacher, some great mischief hath befallen
To that meek man, who well had sacrificed ;
Is piety thus, and pure devotion, paid ?”

To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied.
“ These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins ; the unjust the just hath slain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heaven acceptance : but the bloody fact
Will be avenged, and the other's faith, approved,
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore.” To which our sire.

“ Alas ! both for the deed and for the cause !
But have I now seen death ? Is this the way,
I must return to native dust ? O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel ! ”

To whom thus Michael. “ Death thou hast seen,
In his first shape, on man : but many shapes
Of death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal ; yet, to sense,
More terrible at the entrance than within.
Some, as thou saw’st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
In meats & drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear ; that thou mayst know
What misery the inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear’d, sad, noisome, dark,
A lazar-house it seem’d, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased ; all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
Intestine stone and ulcer, cholic pangs,
Demonic frenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Merasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, & asthmas, & joint-racking rheums.
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans ; Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch ;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook ; but delay’d to strike, though oft invok’d
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold ? Adam could not ; but wept,
Though not of woman born : compassion quell’d
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain’d excess ;
And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renew’d.

“ O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserved !
Better end here, unborn. Why is life given,
To be thus wrested from us ? rather, why
Obtruded on us thus ? who, if we knew
What we receive would either not accept
Life offer’d, or soon beg to lay it down ;
Glad to be so dismiss’d in peace. Can thus

The image of God, in man created once
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased
 Under inhuman pains? why should not man,
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And for his Maker's image-sake exempt?"

"Their Maker's image," answer'd Michael, "then
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilified,
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
 His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
 Therefore so abject is their punishment,
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own;
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defaced,
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
 To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they
 God's image did not reverence in themselves."

"I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit.
 But is there yet no other way besides
 These painful passages, how we may come
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust?"

"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe
 The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
 In what thou eatest and drinkest, seeking from
 Due nourishment, no gluttonous delight [thence
 Till many years over thy head return: [drop
 So mayest thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature:
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
 To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses, then
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
 To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
 To weigh thy spirits down; and last, consume
 The balm of life." To whom our ancestor.

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
 Life much; bent rather how I may be quit,
 Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge;
 Which I must keep, till my appointed day
 Of rendering up, and patiently attend
 My dissolution." Michael replied. [livest,

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou
 Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heaven:

And now prepare thee for another sight."

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue ; by some were herds
Of cattle grazing ; others whence the sound
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
Was heard, of harp and organ, and who moved
Their stops & chords, were seen ; his volant touch,
Instinct, through all proportions low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one, who, at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted ; whether found, where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth ; or whether wash'd by stream
From under ground, the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit moulds prepared : from which he form'd,
First, his own tools ; then, what might else be
Fusil, or graven in metal. After these, [wrought,
But on the hither side, a different sort [seat,
From the high neighbouring hills, which was their
Down to the plain descended : by their guise
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men ; they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold
A bevy of fair women richly gay
In gems & wanton dress ; to the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on ;
The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net [eyes
Fast caught, they liked, and each his liking chose :
And now of love they treat, till the evening star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd ; then, all in heat,
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked :
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview, and fair event,
Of love & youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart
Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,
The bent of nature ; which he thus expressed.

"True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel bless'd,
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past ;
Those were of hate, & death, or pain, much worse,

Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends."

To whom thus Michael. "Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end,
Holy and pure, conformity divine.

Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother; studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare,
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetance; to sing, to dance,
To dress, & trol the tongue, & roll the eye.
To these, that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious, titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy,
Ere long to swim at large; and laugh, for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep."

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft.
"O pity & shame, that they, who to live well
Enter'd so fair should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!
But still I see the tenor of man's wo
Hold on the same, from woman to begin."

"From man's effeminate slackness it begins,"
Said the Angel, "who should better hold his place,
By wisdom, and superior gifts received.
But now prepare thee for another scene."

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between,
Cities of men, with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single, or in array of battle ranged,
Both horse and foot: nor idly mustering stood:
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,

Ewes & their bleating lambs, over the plain,
Their booty ; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray ;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join ;
Where cattle pastured late, now scatter'd lies
With carcasses, & arms, the ensanguined field
Deserted. Others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamped ; by battery, scale, & mine,
Assaulting ; others from the wall defend
With dart, & javelin, stones, & sulphurous fire ;
On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds.
In other part, the scepter'd heralds call
To council in the city gates : anon
Gray-headed men & grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assemble, and harangues are heard ; but soon
In factious opposition, till at last,
Of middle age, one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right & wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above : him old and young
Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,
Had not a cloud descending, snatched him thence,
Unseen amid the throng : so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, & refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and, to his guide
Lamenting, turn'd full sad : " O what are these,
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand-fold, the sin of him who slew
His brother ; for of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren, men of men ?
But who was that just man, whom, had not Heaven
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost ?"

To whom thus Michael. " These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st ;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of them-
Abhor to join ; and by imprudence mix'd, [selves
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown ;
For in those days might only shall be admired,
And valour and heroic virtue call'd ;
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils, with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory, and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,

Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth;
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st
The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes, for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his saints: him the Most High,
Wrapt in a balmy cloud, with winged steeds
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God,
High in salvation, and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward
Awaits the good; the rest, what punishment;
Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold."

He look'd, & saw the face of things quite chang'd.
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
And all was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying, or prostituting, as befel,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allured them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declared,
And testified against their ways; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison, under judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
Contending, and removed his tents far off.
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
Measured by cubit, length, & breath, and highth,
Smear'd round with pitch, & in the side a door
Contrived; and of provisions laid in large
For man & beast: when, lo, a wonder strange!
Of every beast and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens, & pairs, & enter'd in, as taught
Their order; last the sire, and his three sons,
With their four wives; & God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south wind rose, with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove,
From under Heaven; the hills, to their supply,
Vapour and exhalation dusk and moist
Sent up amain; and now the sicken'd sky



The Deluge.

Paradise Lost, B. II. L. 743.

Like a dark ceiling stood ; down rush'd the rain
 Impetuous, and continued, till the earth
 No more was seen : the floating vessel swum
 Uplifted, and secure, with beaked prow
 Rode tilting o'er the waves ; all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelm'd, & then, with all their pomp,
 Deep under water roll'd ; sea covered sea,
 Sea without shore ; and in their palaces,
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd,
 And stabled : of mankind, so numerous late,
 All left, in one small bottom swum embark'd.
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
 Depopulation ? thee, another flood
 Of tears and sorrow, a flood thee also drown'd,
 And sunk thee, as thy sons ; till gently rear'd
 By the Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
 Though comfortless ; as when a father mourns
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once ;
 And scarce to the Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

“ O visions ill foreseen ! better had I
 Lived ignorant of future, so had borne
 My part of evil only, each day's lot
 Enough to bear ; those now, that were dispensed
 The burden of many ages, on me light
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
 Abortive, to torment me, ere their being,
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
 Henceforth, to be foretold, what shall befall
 Him, or his children ; evil, he may be sure,
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent ;
 And he the future evils shall, no less
 In apprehension than in substance, feel
 Grievous to bear : but that care now is pass'd,
 Man is not whom to warn : those few, escaped
 Famine and anguish will at last consume,
 Wandering that watery desert. I had hope,
 When violence was ceased, and war on earth,
 All would have then gone well, peace would have
 With length of happy days, the race of man : [crown'd,
 But I was far deceived ; for now I see
 Peace to corrupt, no less than war to waste.
 How comes it thus ? unfold, celestial guide ;
 And whether here the race of man will end ?” [saw'st

To whom thus Michael. “ Those whom last thou
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
 First seen, in acts of prowess eminent,

And great exploits, but of true virtue void ;
Who, having spill'd much blood, and done much waste,
Subduing nations, and achieved thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, & sloth,
Surfeit and lust ; till wantonness and pride
Raise, out of friendship, hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,
And fear of God ; from whom, their piety feign'd,
In sharp contest of battle, found no aid
Against invaders ; therefore, cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practise, how to live secure,
Worldly, or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy ; for the earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be tried.
So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved,
Justice and temperance, truth and faith forgot ;
One man except, the only son of light,
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a world
Offended ; fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish, and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe
And full of peace ; denouncing wrath to come,
On their impenitence ; and shall return,
Of them derided ; but of God observed
The one just man alive, by his command,
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and household, from amidst
A world devote to universal wreck.
No sooner he, with them, of man and beast
Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged,
And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of Heaven set open, on the earth, shall pour
Rain day and night ; all fountains of the deep
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest hills : then shall this mount
Of Paradise, by might of waves, be moved,
Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root, an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and seamews' clang :
To teach thee, that God attributes to place

No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold."

He look'd, and saw the ark-hull on the flood,
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
Driven by a keen north wind, that blowing dry,
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear sun, on his wide watery glass,
Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink,
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep; who now had stopp'd
His sluices, as the Heaven his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive,
Towards the retreating sea, their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies;
And after him, the surer messenger,
A dove, sent forth once and again, to spy
Green tree, or ground, whereon his foot may light;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign;
Anon dry ground appears; and from his ark
The ancient sire descends, with all his train;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous, with three listed colours gay,
Betokening peace from God, & covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejoiced; and thus his joy broke forth.

"O thou, who future things canst represent
As present, heavenly instructor, I revive
At this last sight; assured that man shall live,
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroyed, than I rejoice
For one man found so perfect, and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, & all his anger to forget. [Heaven,
But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in
Distended as the brow of God appears'd?
Or serve they, as a flowery verge, to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
Lest it again dissolve, and shower the earth?"

To whom the Archangel. "Dexterously thou
So willingly doth God remit his ire; [aimst;
Though late repenting him of man depraved,
Grieved at his heart, when, looking down, he saw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet those removed,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind;
And makes a covenant, never to destroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
With man therein, or beast; but, when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-coloured bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his covenant. Day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost
Shall hold their course; till fire purge all things new
Both Heaven & Earth, wherein the just shall dwell."

THE END OF BOOK XI.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall succeed; then in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall. His incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and re-comforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael: wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

As one who, in his journey, baits at noon,
Tho' bent on speed ; so here the Archangel paused,
Betwixt the world destroy'd, and world restored ;
If Adam aught, perhaps might interpose :
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes.

“ Thus thou hast seen one world begin, & end ;
And man, as from a second stock, proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see ; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail ; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense :
Henceforth, what is to come I will relate ;
Thou therefore give due audience, & attend.
This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment pass'd remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right,
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Labouring the soil, & reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, & oil : & from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid.
With large wine-offerings pour'd, & sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy, unblamed, & dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule : till one shall rise,
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved,
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth ;
Hunting, & men, not beasts, shall be his game,
With war and hostile snare, such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous :
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,
Or from Heaven claiming second sovereignty ;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.

He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him, or under him, to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden, towards the west, shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;
Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build
A city & tower, whose top may reach to Heaven;
And get themselves a name, lest, far dispers'd
In foreign lands, their memory be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct Heaven's towers; and in derision, sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase
Quite out their native language, and instead,
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders: each to other calls,
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd, they storm: great laughter was in Heaven,
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,
And hear the din: thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named."

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeased.
"O execrable son, so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority, usurp'd from God, not given!
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord: such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man: to God his tower intends
Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither, to sustain
Himself and his rash army? where thin air,
Above the clouds, will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread."

To whom thus Michael. "Justly thou abhor'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells

Twin'd, and from her hath no dividual being :
Reason in man obscured, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires,
And upstart passions, catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits,
Within himself, unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
Subjects him, from without, to violent lords :
Who oft, as undeservedly, inthrall
His outward freedom. Tyranny must be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse,
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low,
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward loss. Witness the irreverent son
Of him who built the ark ; who, for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
“ Servant of servants,” on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse ; till God, at last,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes ; resolving, from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways ;
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invoked ;
A nation, from one faithful man to spring :
Him, on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship. O that men,
Canst thou believe ? should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch lived, who 'scap'd the
As to forsake the living God, and fall [flood,
To worship their own work, in wood and stone,
For gods ! Yet him God the Most High vouch-
To call, by vision, from his father's house, [safes
His kindred, and false gods, into a land
Which he will show him, & from him will raise
A mighty nation, and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be bless'd : he straight obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, & native soil,
Ur of Chaldea ; passing now the ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous train

Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude ;
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains ; I see his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
Of Moreb ; there, by promise, he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south,
Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed,
From Hermon east to the great western sea ;
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
In prospect, as I point them ; on the shore
Mount Carmel ; here the double-founted stream,
Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder ; that all nations of the earth
Shall in his seed be blessed ; by that seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head ; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch bless'd,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grandchild leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown :
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile ;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the sea : to sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son
In time of dearth ; a son, whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh ; there he dies, & leaves his race
Growing into a nation ; and now grown
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests [slaves,
Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males :
Till by two brethren, those two brethren call
Moses and Aaron, sent from God, to claim
His people from enthrallment, they return
With glory & spoil, back to their promised land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd, by signs & judgments dire ;
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd ;
Frogs lice, and flies, must all his palace fill,
With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land ;

His cattle must of rot and murrain die ;
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,
And all his people ; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls ;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts, swarming down,
Must eat, & on the ground leave nothing green :
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days ;
Last, with one midnight stroke, all the first born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus, with ten wounds,
The river-dragon tamed, at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still, as ice
More harden'd after thaw ; till, in his rage,
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host ; but them lets pass,
As on dry land, between two crystal walls,
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore ;
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,
Though present in his Angel ; who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues :
All night he will pursue ; but his approach
Darkness defends between, till morning watch :
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth, will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels : when, by command,
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys.
On their embattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war. The race elect,
Safe towards Canaan, from the shore advance,
Through the wild desert ; not the readiest way,
Lest entering on the Canaanite alarmed,
War terrify them, inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life, with servitude ; for life,
To noble and ignoble, is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain, by their delay
In the wide wilderness ; there they shall found
Their government, & their great senate choose

Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd :
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In thunder, lightning, & loud trumpets' sound,
Ordain them laws; part such as appertain
To civil justice, part religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
The Serpent; by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease: he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without mediator; whose high office now
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,
And all the prophets, in their age, the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws & rites,
Establish'd; such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle,
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell:
By his prescript, a sanctuary is framed
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his covenant, over these
A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac, representing
The heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey; & at length they come,
Conducted by his Angel, to the land
Promised to Abraham & his seed. The rest
Were long to tell; how many battles fought,
How many kings destroy'd, & kingdoms won,
Or how the sun shall, in mid Heaven, stand still
A day entire, & night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand,
And thou moon, in the vale of Ajalon,'
Till Israel overcome: so call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."

Here Adam interposed. "O sent from Heaven,
Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd; those chiefly which concern

Just Abraham and his seed : now first I find
Mine eyes true opening, & my heart much eased
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts, what would be-
Of me and all mankind : but now I see [come
His day, in whom all nations shall be bless'd ;
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge, by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not ; why to those,
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,
So many and so various laws are given ;
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them ; how can God with such reside ?”

To whom thus Michael. “ Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot ;
And therefore was law given them, to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight ; that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude,
Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
Just for unjust ; that in such righteousness,
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease ; nor man the moral part
Perform, and, not performing, cannot live.
So law appears imperfect, and but given
With purpose to resign them, in full time,
Up to a better covenant, disciplined
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
From imposition of strict laws, to free
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly beloved, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead ;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary serpent, and bring back,
Through the world's wilderness, long wander'd man,
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed,
Long time shall dwell, and prosper ; but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies ;
From whom as oft he saves them, penitent,

By judges first, then under kings ; of whom
The second, both for piety renown'd,
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive,
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure ; the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock
Of David, so I name this king, shall rise
A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations ; and to kings foretold, of kings
The last, for of his reign shall be no end.
But first a long succession must ensue ;
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him as shall be register'd,
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll ;
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults,
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
There, in captivity, he lets them dwell
The space of seventy years ; then brings them back,
Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
To David, establish'd as the days of Heaven.
Return'd from Babylon, by leave of kings,
Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of
They first re-edify ; and for a while [God
In mean estate live moderate, till, grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow :
But first among the priests dissention springs,
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavour peace : their strife pollution brings
Upon the temple itself ; at last they seize
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons ;
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed king Messiah might be born
Barr'd of his right : yet at his birth a star,
Unseen before in Heaven, proclaims him come,
And guides the eastern sages, who enquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold.
His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night ;
They gladly thither haste, and, by a quire

Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung,
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The power of the Most High ; he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens."
He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharged, as had, like grief, been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breathed

"O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand [vain ;
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of woman : Virgin Mother, hail,
High in the love of Heaven ! yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God most High : so God with man unites.
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
Expect, with mortal pain : say, where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel?"

To whom thus Michael. "Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel : not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy ; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound .
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall re-cure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works,
In thee and in thy seed : nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, imposed
On penalty of death, and suffering death,
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs, which out of thine will grow :
So only can high justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfil,
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law : thy punishment
He shall endure, by coming, in the flesh,
To a reproachful life, and cursed death,
Proclaiming life to all, who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience,
Imputed, becomes theirs by faith ; his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,
Seiz'd on by force, judged, and to death condemn'd ;
A shameful and accursed, nail'd to the cross,

By his own nation; slain for bringing life:
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,
The law, that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
Never to hurt them more, who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives; death over him no power
Shall long usurp: ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise,
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light;
The ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works. This God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou should'st have
In sin for ever lost from life; this act [died,
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating sin and death, his two main arms,
And fix far deeper in his head their stings,
Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems; a death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor, after resurrection, shall he stay
Longer on earth than, certain times, to appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations, what of him they learn'd,
And his salvation; them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life,
Pure and in mind prepared, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer died.
All nations they shall teach; for, from that day,
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith, where-ever through the world;
So, in his seed, all nations shall be bless'd,
Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend,
With victory, triumphing through the air,
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, & there confounded leave:
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high,
Above all names in Heaven; & thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory & power, to judge both quick & dead;



J. Rogers, sc.

J. Martin, pin.

The Crucifixion!

Paradise Lost, B. III. l. 413.

To judge the unfaithful dead ; but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in Heaven or Earth ; for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

So spake the Arch-angel Michael ; then paused,
As at the world's great period ; and our sire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied.

" O goodness infinite, goodness immense !
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good ; more wonderful
Than that which, by creation, first brought forth
Light out of darkness ! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin,
By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice [spring ;
Much more, that much more good thereof shall
To God more glory, more good will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven
Must re-ascend, what will betide the few,
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth ? who then shall guide
His people, who defend ? will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt ?"

" Be sure they will," said the Angel : " but from
He to his own a Comforter will send, [Heaven
The promise of the Father ; who shall dwell
His spirit within them and the law of faith,
Working through love upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth ; and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts ;
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death, against such cruelties,
With inward consolations recompensed,
And oft supported, so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors : for the Spirit,
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue,
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation, to receive,
With joy, the tidings brought from Heaven : at length
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written, left,
They die ; but in their room, as they forewarn,

Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn,
Of lucre and ambition; and the truth,
With superstitions and traditions taint;
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places and titles, and with these to join
Secular power; though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given,
To all believers: and from that pretence,
Spiritual laws, by carnal power, shall force
On every conscience; laws which none shall find
Left them enroll'd, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then,
But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind
His consort liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith, not another's: for on earth,
Who against faith & conscience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will presume:
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all, who in the worship persevere,
Of spirit & truth; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem, in outward rites & specious forms,
Religion satisfied; truth shall retire,
Bestuck with slanderous darts, & works of faith
Rarely be found. So shall the world go on;
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promised to thy aid,
The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known, thy Saviour & thy Lord,
Last in the clouds from Heaven to be reveal'd,
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan, with his perverted world; then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
New Heavens, new Earth, ages of endless date,
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."

He ended; and thus Adam last replied.
"How soon hath thy prediction, Seer bless'd,
Measured this transient world, the race of time,
Till time stand fix'd? beyond is all abyss,

Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed, I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, & have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain ;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small,
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak,
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek ; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude, to highest victory,
And to the faithful death the gate of life :
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer, ever bless'd."

To whom thus also the Angel last replied :
" This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, & all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the deep, all nature's works,
Or works of God in Heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'd'st,
And all the rule, one empire ; only add
Deeds, to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now therefore, from this top
Of speculation, for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence ; & see, the guards,
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;
We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve ;
Her also I, with gentle dreams, have calm'd,
Portending good, & all her spirits composed
To meek submission : thou, at season fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard ;
Chiefly what my concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come,
For by the woman's seed, on all mankind ;
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,

With cause, for evils pass'd, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end."

He ended; and they both descend the hill:
Descended, Adam, to the bower where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before; but found her waked:
And thus with words not sad, she him received.

"Whence thou return'st, & whither went'st I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow & heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep. But now lead on,
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee, here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
Who, for my wilful crime, art banish'd hence,
This further consolation, yet secure,
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy, am vouchsafed,
By me, the promised Seed shall all restore."

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleased, but answer'd not; for now too high
The Arch-angel stood; and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist,
Risen from a river, o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel,
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blazed
Fierce, as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour, as the Libyan air adust
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat,
In either hand, the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast,
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps & slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

THE END OF PARADISE LOST.



H. Wistall, R.A. pinx.

J. Cochrane, sc.

The Expulsion.

Paradise Lost, B. III. l. 644.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK. I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed. Invocation of the Holy Spirit.—The Poem opens with John baptizing at the river Jordan. Jesus coming there is baptized; and is attested, by the descent of the Holy Ghost, and by a voice from Heaven, to be the Son of God. Satan, who is present, upon this immediately flies up into the regions of the air: where, summoning his Infernal Council, he acquaints them with his apprehensions that Jesus is that seed of the Woman, destined to destroy all their power, and points out to them the immediate necessity of bringing the matter to proof, and of attempting, by snares and fraud, to counteract and defeat the person, from whom they have so much to dread. This office he offers himself to undertake; and, his offer being accepted, he sets out on his enterprise.—In the mean time God, in the assembly of holy Angels, declares that he has given up his Son to be tempted by Satan; but foretels that the Tempter shall be completely defeated by him: upon which the Angels sing a hymn of triumph. Jesus is led up by the Spirit into the wilderness, while he is meditating on the commencement of his great office of Saviour of Mankind. Pursuing his meditations he narrates, in a soliloquy, what divine and philanthropic impulses he had felt from his early youth, and how his mother Mary, on perceiving these dispositions in him, had acquainted him with the circumstances of his birth, and informed him that he was no less a person than the Son of God; to which he adds what his own inquiries and reflections had supplied in confirmation of this great truth, and particularly dwells on the recent attestation of it at the river Jordan. Our Lord passes forty days, fasting, in the wilderness; where the wild beasts become mild and harmless in his presence. Satan now appears under the form of an old peasant; and enters into discourse with our Lord, wondering what could have brought him alone into so dangerous a place, and at the same time professing to recognize him for the person lately acknowledged by John, at the river Jordan, to be the Son of God. Jesus briefly replies. Satan rejoins with a description of the difficulty of supporting life in the wilderness; and entreats Jesus, if he be really the Son of God, to manifest his divine power, by changing some of the stones into bread. Jesus reproves him, and at the same time tells him that he knows who he is. Satan instantly avows himself, and offers an artful apology for himself and his conduct. Our blessed Lord severely reprimands him, and refutes every part of his justification. Satan, with much semblance of humility, still endeavours to justify himself; and, professing his admiration of Jesus and his regard for virtue, requests to be permitted at a future time to hear more of his conversation; but is answered, that this must be as he shall find permission from above. Satan then disappears, and the Book closes with a short description of night coming on in the desert.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

I, who erewhile the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience, fully tried
Through all temptation, & the Tempter foil'd,
In all his wiles defeated, and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spirit, who ledst this glorious Eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe, & brought'st him thence,
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute ;
And bear thro' highth or depth of nature's bounds,
With prosperous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age ;
Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.
Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
Repentance, & Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptized. To his great baptism flock'd,
With awe, the regions round ; & with them came,
From Nazareth, the son of Joseph deem'd,
To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,
Unmark'd, unknown ; but him the Baptist soon
Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his heavenly office ; nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd : on him baptized
Heaven open'd, and, in likeness of a dove,
The Spirit descended ; while the Father's voice,
From Heaven pronounced him his beloved Son.
That heard the adversary, who roving still
About the world, at that assembly famed
Would not be last ; and with the voice divine
Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man, to whom
Such high attest was given, a while survey'd

With wonder; then, with envy fraught & rage,
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To counsel summons all his mighty peers,
Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involved,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,
With looks aghast & sad, he thus bespake.

“O ancient powers of air & this wide world
(For much more willingly I mention air,
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation;!) well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possess'd, and ruled,
In manner at our will, the affairs of earth,
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
Lost Paradise, deceived by me; though since
With dread attending, when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted, by the seed of Eve
Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven
Delay; for longest time to Him is short;
And now, too soon for us, the circling hours
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long-threaten'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head
Broken, be not intended all our power
To be infringed, our freedom, and our being,
In this fair empire won of earth and air;
For this ill news I bring, the Woman's Seed,
Destined to this, is late of woman born:
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause;
But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom, to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great prophet, to proclaim
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them, so
Purified, to receive him pure, or rather,
To do him honour as their king; all come,
And he himself among them was baptized;
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw
The prophet do him reverence; on him rising
Out of the water, Heaven, above the clouds,
Unfold her crystal doors, thence, on his head
A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant;
And out of Heaven the sovereign voice I heard.

‘This is my Son beloved, in him am pleased.’
His mother then is mortal; but his Sire
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;
And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep;
Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
In all his lineaments; though in his face
The glimpses of his Father’s glory shine.
Ye see our danger, on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be opposed;
Not force, but well-couch’d fraud, well woven
Ere in the head of nations he appear, [snares,
Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook
The dismal expedition, to find out
And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform’d
Successfully: a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; & the way, found prosperous once,
Induces best to hope of like success.”

He ended; and his words impression left
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
Distracted and surprised with deep dismay,
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
Unanimous, they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprise
To him, their great dictator, whose attempt,
At first, against mankind so well had thrived,
In Adam’s overthrow; and led their march
From Hell’s deep-vaulted den, to dwell in light,
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,
Of many a pleasant realm, and province wide.
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
Where he might likeliest find this new declar’d,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try;
So to subvert whom he suspected raised
To end his reign on earth, so long enjoy’d;
But, contrary, unweeting he fulfill’d
The purposed counsel, pre-ordain’d and fix’d
Of the Most High, who in full frequency bright
Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

“Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
Thou, and all angels conversant on earth

With man or men's affairs, how I begin
 To verify that solemn message, late
 On which I sent thee, to the Virgin pure
 In Galilee, that she should bear a son,
 Great in renown, and call'd the son of God ;
 Then told'st her, doubting, how these things could
 To her a virgin ; that on her should come [be,
 The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest
 O'ershadow her : this Man, born & now upgrown,
 To show him worthy of his birth divine,
 And h'gh prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan : let him tempt, and now essay
 His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning, to the throng
 Of his apostacy : he might have learn'd
 Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 What'er his cruel malice could invent,
 He now shall know I can produce a man,
 Of female seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell ;
 Winning by conquest, what the first man lost,
 By fallacy surprised. But first I mean
 To exercise him in the wilderness ;
 There, he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 To conquer Sin & Death, the two grand foes,
 By humiliation and strong sufferance :
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh ;
 That all the angels and ethereal powers,
 They now, and men hereafter, may discern
 From what consummate virtue I have chose
 This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,
 To earn salvation for the sons of men."

So spake the eternal Father ; & all Heaven
 Admiring stood a space ; then into hymns
 Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,
 Circling the throne, & singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

" Victory and triumph to the Son of God !
 Now entering his great duel ; not of arms,
 But to vanquish, by wisdom, hellish wiles.
 The Father knows the Son ; therefore secure
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,
 Against what'er may tempt, what'er seduce,

Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,
And devilish machinations, come to nought!"

So they in Heaven their odes & vigils tuned.
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,
Musing, and much revolving in his breast,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his Godlike office, now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till far from track of men, [on,
Thought following thought, & step by step led
He enter'd now the bordering desert wild,
And, with dark shades & rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursued.

"O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting, with my present state compared!
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things: therefore, above my years,
The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection that, ere yet my age
Had measured twice six years, at our great
I went into the temple, there to hear [feast,
The teachers of our law, & to propose [own;
What might improve my knowledge, or their
And was admired by all; yet this not all
To which my spirit aspired; victorious deeds
Flamed in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,
Brute violence, and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity restored:
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear,
At least to try, and teach the erring soul,
Not wiffully misdoing, but unaware

Misled ; the stubborn only to subdue. [ceiving,
These growing thoughts my mother soon per-
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
And said to me apart, ' High are thy thoughts,
O Son ; but nourish them, and let them soar
To what highth sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high ;
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.
For know, thou art no son of mortal man ;
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,
Thy father is the Eternal King, who rules
All Heaven & Earth, angels and sons of men ;
A messenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceived in me a virgin ; he foretold [throne,
Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's
And of thy kingdom there shall be no end.
At thy nativity a glorious quire
Of angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung
To shepherds watching at their folds by night
And told them, the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him ; & to thee they came,
Directed to the manger where thou laidst,
For in the inn was left no better room :
A star, not seen before, in Heaven appearing,
Guided the wise men thither from the east,
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold ;
By whose bright course led on, they found the place ;
Affirming it thy star, new graven in Heaven,
By which they knew the king of Israel born.
Just Simeon, and prophetic Anna, warn'd
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake
Before the altar and the vested priest,
Like things of thee, to all that present stood.'
This having heard, straight I again revolved
The law and prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
Known partly, & soon found of whom they spake
I am ; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard essay, even to the death,
Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins,
Full weight, must be transferred upon my head.
Yet, neither thus dishearten'd nor dismay'd
The time prefix'd I waited ; when behold
The Baptist, of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight, now come, who was to come
Before Messiah, and his way prepare.

I, as all others, to his baptism came,
Which I believed was from above; but he
Straight knew me, & with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me him, for it was shewn him so from Heaven,
Me him, whose harbinger he was; and first
Refused on me his baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But, as I rose out of the laving stream,
Heaven open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The Spirit descended on me like a dove;
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounc'd me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleased; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
The authority which I derived from Heaven.
And now, by some strong motion, I am led
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet; perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."

So spake our Morning-star, then in his rise;
And looking round, on every side, beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied, of things past and to come,
Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend
Such solitude, before choicest society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon on shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak,
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,
Till those days ended, hungered then at last,
Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping, him, nor waking, harm'd; his walk
The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm;
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.
But now an aged man, in rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen
To warm him, wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach; who first with curious eye

Perused him, then with words thus utter'd spake.

"Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this
So far from path or road of men, who pass [place,
In troop or caravan? for single, none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropp'd not here
His carcass, pined with hunger & with drought.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
Our new baptizing prophet at the ford
Of Jordan, honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God: I saw and heard, for we sometimes,
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come
To town or village nigh, nighest is far, [forth
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear
What happens new; fame also finds us out."
To whom the Son of God. "Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek."

"By miracle he may," replied the swain;
"What other way I see not; for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured
More than the camel, and to drink go far,
Men to much misery and hardship born:
But, if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread.
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."

He ended; and the Son of God replied.
"Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not written,
For I discern thee other than thou seem'st,
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
Our fathers here with manna? in the mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;
And forty days Elijah, without food,
Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?"

Whom thus answer'd the Arch-fiend, now undis-
" 'Tis true I am that spirit unfortunate, [guised.
Who leagued with millions more in rash revolt,
Kept not my happy station, but was driven,
With them, from bliss to the bottomless deep;
Yet to that hideous place not so confined
By rigour unconniving, but that oft,
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,
Or range in the air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens

Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
 I came among the sons of God, when he
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job,
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth ;
 And when to all his angels he proposed
 To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
 I undertook that office, and the tongues
 Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies,
 To his destruction, as I had in charge ;
 For what he bids I do : though I have lost
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
 To be beloved of God, I have not lost
 To love ; at least contemplate and admire
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,
 Or virtuous ; I should so have lost all sense.
 What can be then less in me than desire
 To see thee, & approach thee, whom I know
 Declared the Son of God, to hear attent
 Thy wisdom, & behold thy Godlike deeds ?
 Men generally think me much a foe
 To all mankind : why should I ? they to me
 Never did wrong or violence ; by them
 I lost not what I lost ; rather, by them
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, & with them dwell
 Co-partner in these regions of the world,
 If not disposer ; lend them oft my aid,
 Oft my advice, by presages and signs,
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
 Whereby they may direct their future life.
 Envy, they say, excites me, thus to gain
 Companions of my misery and woe,
 At first it may be ; but long since with woe
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel, by proof,
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd :
 This wounds me most, what can it less ? that man,
 Man fallen shall be restored, I never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied.
 " Deservedly thou grievest, composed of lies
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end ;
 Who boast'st release from Hell, & leave to come
 Into the Heaven of Heavens : thou comest indeed
 As a poor miserable captive thrall
 Comes to the place, where he before had sat,
 Among the prime in splendour ; now deposed,

Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunn'd,
A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn,
To all the host of Heaven: the happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable;
So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.
But thou art serviceable to Heaven's king.
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What, but thy malice, moved thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles
By thee are given, & what confess'd more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true, to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers? what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood;
And not well understood, as good not known.
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct,
To fly or follow what concern'd him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly given the nations up
To thy delusions; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous: but, when his purpose is
Among them to declare his Providence [truth,
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy
But from him, or his Angels president
In every province, who, themselves disdaining
T' approach thy temples, give thee in command
What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say
To thy adorers? Thou, with trembling fear,
Or, like a fawning parasite, obey'st:
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos, or elsewhere;
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his living oracle

Into the world to teach his final will,
And sends his Spirit of truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembled, & this answer smooth return'd.
"Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath wrested from me. Where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not enforc'd oftentimes to part from truth,
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can, and must submit, endure
Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, & rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to the
And tunable as sylvan pipe or song; [ear,
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? Most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes,)
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing; and vouchsaf'd his voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspir'd: disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour, with unalter'd brow.
"Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not, or forbid; do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not more."

He added not; and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Disciples of Jesus, uneasy at his long absence, reason amongst themselves concerning it. Mary also gives vent to her maternal anxiety: in the expression of which she recapitulates many circumstances respecting the birth and early life of her Son.—Satan again meets his Infernal Council, reports the bad success of his first temptation of our Blessed Lord, and calls upon them for counsel and assistance. Belial proposes the tempting of Jesus with women. Satan rebukes him for his dissoluteness, charging on him all the profligacy of that kind ascribed by the poets to the Heathen Gods, and rejects his proposal as in no respect likely to succeed. Satan then suggests other modes of temptation, particularly proposing to avail himself of the circumstance of our Lord's hungering; and, taking a band of chosen Spirits with him, returns to resume his enterprise.—Jesus hungers in the desert.—Night comes on; the manner in which our Saviour passes the night is described.—Morning advances.—Satan again appears to Jesus, and, after expressing wonder that he should be so entirely neglected in the wilderness, where others had been miraculously fed, tempts him with a sumptuous banquet of the most luxurious kind. This he rejects, and the banquet vanishes.—Satan, finding our Lord not to be assailed on the ground of appetite, tempts him by offering him riches, as the means of acquiring power: this Jesus also rejects, producing many instances of great actions performed by persons under virtuous poverty, and specifying the danger of riches, and the cares and pains inseparable from power and greatness.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK II.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesus Messiah, Son of God declar'd,
And on that high authority had believ'd,
And with him talk'd, & with him lodg'd; I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others though in Holy Writ not nam'd;
Now missing him, their joy so lately found,
(So lately found, and so abruptly gone),
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And, as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt.
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the mount and missing long;
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come;
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara, in Jericho
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,
Plain fishermen (no greater men them call),
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and complaints out breathed.

“Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd;
Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd

Into perplexity and new amaze :
 For whither is he gone, what accident
 Hath rapt him from us ? will he now retire
 After appearance, and again prolong
 Our expectation ? God of Israel,
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come ;
 Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress
 Thy chosen ; to what highth their power unjust
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee ; arise, and vindicate
 Thy glory ; free thy people from their yoke,
 But let us wait ; thus far he hath perform'd,
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
 In public, and with him we have convers'd ;
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his Providence ; he will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence ;
 Soon we shall see our Hope, our Joy, return."

Thus they, out of their complaints, new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought :
 But, to his mother Mary, when she saw
 Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

" O what avails me now that honour high
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,
 ' Hail highly favour'd, among women blest !'
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot
 Of other women, by the birth I bore ;
 In such a season born, when scarce a shed
 Could be obtained to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air ; a stable was our warmth,
 A manger his ; yet soon enforc'd to fly
 Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem ;
 From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
 Hath been our dwelling many years ; his life
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any king ; but now,
 Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,

Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice,
 I look'd for some great change; to honour? no;
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign
 Spoken against, that through my very soul
 A sword shall pierce: this is my favour'd lot,
 My exaltation to afflictions high;
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.
 But where delays he now? some great intent
 Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
 He could not lose himself, but went about
 His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
 Since understand; much more his absence now
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
 But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events."

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
 Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
 Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
 While her Son, tracing the desert wild,
 Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,
 Into himself descended, and at once
 All his great work to come before him set;
 How to begin, how to accomplish best
 His end of being on earth, & mission high:
 For Satan, with sly preface to return,
 Had left him vacant, & with speed was gone
 Up to the middle region of thick air,
 Where all his potentates in council sat;
 There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
 Solicitous and blank, he thus began:

"Princes, Heaven's ancient Sons, ethereal Thrones,
 Demonian Spirits now, from the element
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
 Powers of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
 So may we hold our place & these mild seats
 Without new trouble, such an enemy
 Is risen to invade us, who no less
 Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell;
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequence was empower'd,
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him; but find

Far other labour to be undergone
 Than when I dealt with Adam, first of Men,
 Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,
 However to this Man inferior far;
 If he be Man by mother's side, at least
 With more than human gifts from Heaven adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
 Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
 Of like succeeding here: I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist; lest I, who erst
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd."

So spake the old Serpent, doubting; & from all
 With clamour was assured their utmost aid
 At his command; when from amidst them rose
 Belial, the dissolutes Spirit that fell,
 The sensualest, and, after Asmodai,
 The fleshliest Incubus; and thus advis'd.

"Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found:
 Many are in each region passing fair
 As the noon sky; more like to Goddesses
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to approach,
 Skill'd to retire, and, in retiring, draw
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
 Such object hath the power to soften & tame
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest, resolute breast,
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
 Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
 And made him bow, to the Gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
 "Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
 All others by thyself; because of old
 Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring
 Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys
 Before the Flood thou with thy lusty crew,

False titled sons of God, roaming the earth
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts & regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
In wood or grove, by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amydone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts
Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of Beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, & slightly overpass'd;
How he surnam'd of Africa, dismiss'd,
In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
But he, whom we attempt, is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made & set wholly on the accomplishment
Of greatest things. What woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder & the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,
As sitting queen ador'd on Beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;
How would one look from his majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Discountenance her despis'd, & put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe! for Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, & all her plumes
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.
Therefore with manlier objects we must try

His constancy ; with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honour, glory, & popular praise,
 Rocks, whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd ;
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond ;
 And now I know he hungers, where no food
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness :
 The rest commit to me ; I shall let pass
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim ;
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of Spirits, likest to himself in guile,
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons, each to know his part :
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight ;
 Where, still from shade to shade, the Son of God
 After forty days fasting had remain'd,
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said : [pass'd

"Where will this end ? four times ten days I've
 Wandering this woody maze, and human food
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite ; that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here ; if nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure ?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks ; yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain : so it remain
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm ;
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
 Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven ; there he slept,
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
 Of meats & drinks, nature's refreshment sweet :
 Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
 Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn,
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they
 He saw the Prophet also, how he fled [brought :
 Into the desert, and how there he slept
 Under a juniper ; then how awak'd

He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
 And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose,
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days :
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
 Thus wore out night ; & now the herald lark
 Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
 The Morn's approach, & greet her with his song ;
 As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream ;
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
 If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd ;
 But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw ;
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
 With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud :
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
 High-roof'd, & walks beneath, & alleys brown,
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene ;
 Nature's own work it seem'd, Nature taught
 And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt [Art,
 Of Wood-Gods & Wood-Nymphs : he viewed it
 When suddenly a man before him stood ; [round.
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
 And with fair speech these words to him addressed :

" With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide,
 Of all things destitute ; and, well I know
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness ;
 The fugitive bond-woman, with her son
 Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
 By a providing Angel ; all the race
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God [bold,
 Rain'd from Heaven manna ; & that prophet
 Native of Thebez, wandering here was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat :
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
 Forty & more deserted here indeed." [hence ?

To whom thus Jesus : " What conclud'st thou
 They all had need ; I, as thou seest, have none."

" How hast thou hunger then ?" Satan replied.

“Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
 Would'st thou not eat.”—“Thereafter as I like
 The giver,” answered Jesus.—“Why should that
 Cause thy refusal?” said the subtle Fiend.
 “Hast thou not right to all created things?
 Owe not all creatures by just right to thee
 Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
 But tender all their power? Nor mention I
 Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
 To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? be-
 Nature asham'd, or, better to express [hold
 Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath pur-
 From all the elements her choicest store, [vey'd
 To treat thee, as beseems, and as her Lord,
 With honour: only deign to sit and eat.”

He spake no dream; for, as his words had
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld, [end,
 In ample space under the broadest shade,
 A table richly spread, in regal mode,
 With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
 And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
 Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish, from sea or shore,
 Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
 (Alas, how simple, to these cates compar'd,
 Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!)
 And at a stately side-board, by the wine
 That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
 Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more
 Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood,
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
 And ladies of the Hesperides, that seem'd
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
 Of fairy damsels, met in forest wide
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, & winds
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
 From their soft wings, & Flora's earliest smells.
 Such was the splendour; & the Tempter now

His invitation earnestly renewed:—

“What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidd’n; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure:
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life’s enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt’st thou, Son of God? Sit down & eat.”

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied:—
“Said’st thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my power that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant
Array’d in glory on my cup to attend:
Why should’st thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy spacious gifts no gifts, but guiles.”

To whom thus answer’d Satan malcontent:
“That I have also power to give, thou seest;
If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow’d on whom I pleas’d
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why should’st thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect:
Of these things others quickly will dispose,
Whose pains have earn’d the far-fet spoil.” With that
Both table and provision vanish’d quite
With sound of harpies’ wings and talons heard:
Only the importune Tempter still remain’d,
And with these words his temptation pursued:

“By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm’d, therefore not mov’d;
Thy temperance, invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite;
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev’d?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,

A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit :
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou can'st feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.
What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,
Thy throne, but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me :
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand ;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied :
" Yet wealth, without these three, is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd :
But men endued with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds ;
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of memorial,) canst thou not remember
Quintus, Fabricus, Curius, Regulus ?
For I esteem those names of men so poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more ?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare ; more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms? yet not, for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,

To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies ;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king ;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains ;
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing, worship God aright
Is yet more kingly ? this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part ;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which, to a generous mind,
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better miss'd."

THE END OF BOOK II.

PARADISE REGAINED.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, in a speech of much flattering commendation, endeavours to awaken in Jesus a passion for glory, by particularising various instances of conquests achieved, and great actions performed, by persons at an early period of life. Our Lord replies, by showing the vanity of worldly fame, and the improper means by which it is generally attained; and contrasts with it the true glory of religious patience and virtuous wisdom, as exemplified in the character of Job. Satan justifies the love of glory from the example of God himself, who requires it from all his creatures. Jesus detects the fallacy of this argument, by showing that, as goodness is the true ground on which glory is due to the great Creator of all things, sinful Man can have no right whatever to it.—Satan then urges our Lord respecting his claim to the throne of David; he tells him that the kingdom of Judea, being at that time a province of Rome, cannot be got possession of without much personal exertion on his part, and presses him to lose no time in beginning to reign. Jesus refers him to the time allotted for this as for all other things; and, after intimating somewhat respecting his own previous sufferings, asks Satan, why he should be so solicitous for the exaltation of one, whose rising was destined to be his fall? Satan replies, that his own desperate state, by excluding all hope, leaves little room for fear; and that, as his own punishment was equally doomed, he is not interested in preventing the reign of one, from whose apparent benevolence he might rather hope for some interference in his favour.—Satan still pursues his former incitements; and, supposing that the seeming reluctance of Jesus to be thus advanced might arise from his being unacquainted with the world and its glories, conveys him to the summit of a high mountain, and thence shows him most of the kingdoms of Asia, particularly pointing out to his notice some extraordinary military preparations of the Parthians to resist the incursions of the Scythians. He then informs our Lord, that he showed him this purposely that he might see how necessary military exertions are to retain the possession of kingdoms, as well as to subdue them at first, and advises him to consider how impossible it was to maintain Judea against two such powerful neighbours as the Romans and Parthians, and how necessary it would be to form an alliance with one or other of them. At the same time he recommends, and engages to secure to him, that of the Parthians; and tells him that by this means his power will be defended from any thing that Rome or Cæsar might attempt against it, and that he will be able to extend his glory wide, and especially to accomplish, what was particularly necessary to make the throne of Judea really the throne of David, the deliverance and restoration of the ten tribes, still in a state of captivity. Jesus, having briefly noticed the vanity and the weakness of the arm of flesh, says, that when the time comes for ascending his allotted throne he shall not be slack: he remarks on Satan's extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of the Israelites, to whom he had always showed himself an enemy, and declares their servitude to be the consequence of their idolatry; but adds, that at a future time it may perhaps please God to recal them, and restore them to their liberty and native land.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK III.

So spake the son of God ; and Satan stood
Awhile as mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted, and convinced
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift ;
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts :

“ I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do :
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings & nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast ; or tongue of seers old,
Infallible : or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require the array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms.
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obscure,
In savage wilderness ? Wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits, most temper'd, pure,
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures, and all gain, esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers, all but the highest ?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe ; the son
Of Macedonian Philip had, ere these,
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose ; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride ; young Pompey quell'd
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,

Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflamed
With glory, wept that he had lived so long
Inglorious : but thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied.
"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble who extol [praise?
Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd scarce worth the
They praise, and they admire, they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
The intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on the earth with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all his Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises : thus he did to Job,
When, to extend his fame thro' Heaven and Earth
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
He ask'd thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault : what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;

Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory aught of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd,
 Without ambition, war, or violence;
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance: I mention still
 Him, whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
 Made famous in a land and times obscure;
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?
 Poor Socrates, who next more memorable?
 By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death, unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffer'd; if young African for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage;
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
 Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but His
 Who sent me; & thereby witness whence I am."

To whom the Tempter murmuring thus replied.
 "Think not so slight of glory; therein least
 Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven
 By all his Angels glorified, requires
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
 Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift,
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives,
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
 From us, his foes pronounc'd, glory he exacts."

To whom our Saviour fervently replied.
 "And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
 But to show forth his goodness, and impart
 His good communicable to every soul
 Freely; of whom what could he less expect
 Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 And, not returning that, would likeliest render
 Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?"

Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence!
But why should Man seek glory, who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who, for so many benefits receiv'd,
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
That which to God alone of right belongs:
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance."
So spake the Son of God; & here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin; for he himself,
Insatiable of glory, had lost all:

Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

"Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem;
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne,
By mother's side thy father; though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
Easily from possession won with arms:
Judea now and all the Promis'd Land,
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With temperate sway; oft have they violated
The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain
Thy right, by sitting still, or thus retiring?
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed
Retir'd into the desert, but with arms:
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
Tho' priests, the crown, & David's throne usurp'd,
With Modin & her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow,
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait:
They themselves rather are occasion best:
Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen servitude.
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;

The happier reign, the sooner it begins:
Reign then; what can'st thou better do the while?"

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.
"All things are best fulfill'd in their due time;
And time there is for all things. Truth hath said
If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,
That it shall never end, so, when begin,
The Father in his purpose hath decreed;
He, in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state, & things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, & scorns, & snares, & violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? Who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obey'd; just trial, ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee, when I begin
My everlasting kingdom? Why art thou
Solicitous? What moves thy inquisition?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter, inly rack'd, replied.
"Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace: what worse?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst: worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose;
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever, for itself condemn'd;
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
Reign, or reign not; though to that gentle brow
Willingly could I fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me & thy Father's ire,
Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell,
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I then to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,

That thou, who worthiest art, should'st be their king ?
 Perhaps thou linger'st, in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of the enterprise so hazardous and high ;
 No wonder ; for, though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found,
 Or human nature can receive, consider,
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
 And, once a-year, Jerusalem ; few days'
 Short sojourn ; & what thence could'st thou observe ?
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, & monarchs, & their radiant courts
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.
 The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever
 Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,
 As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom,
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous :
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
 The monarchies of the earth, their pomp & state ;
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts
 And regal mysteries ; that thou may'st know
 How best their opposition to withstand."

With that, such power was given him then, he took
 The Son of God up to a mountain high.
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain, outstretch'd in circuit wide,
 Lay pleasant ; from his side two rivers flow'd,
 Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between
 Fair champain with less rivers interven'd,
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea ;
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine ;
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills ;
 Huge cities and high-tower'd, that well might seem
 The seats of mightiest monarchs ; and so large
 The prospect was, that here and there was room
 For barren desert, fountainless and dry.
 To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

" Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
 Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
 Cut shorter many a league ; here thou behold'st,
 Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,
 Araxes and the Caspian lake ; thence on
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,

And oft beyond: to south the Persian bay,
And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis,
His city, there thou seest, and Bactria there;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame,
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning, with easy eye, thou may'st behold.
All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power; for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows & shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings."

He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates outpour'd, light-armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound;
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;
From Atropatio and the neighbouring plains

Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, & flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown;
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots, or elephants endor'd with towers
Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers
A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke,
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons, fraught with utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Beseig'd Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win
The fairest of her sex Angelica,
His daughter, sought by many prowest nights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry:
At sight whereof the fiend yet more presum'd,
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

“ That thou mayst know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, & shown
All this fair sight: thy kingdom, though foretold
By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means;
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But, say thou wert possess'd of David's throne,
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope
Long to enjoy it, quiet and secure,
Between two such enclosing enemies,
Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own; the Parthian first
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,

Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,
Maugre the Roman : it shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose,
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league :
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly re-install thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes,
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,
In Habor, & among the Medes dispers'd :
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,
Shalt reign, & Rome or Cæsar not need fear."

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus, unmov'd.
"Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm
And fragile arms, much instrument of war,
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set ; & in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne :
My time, I told thee, and that time for thee
Were better farthest off, is not yet come :
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shown me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
To just extent over all Israel's sons.
But whence to thee this zeal ? Where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
Of numbering Israel, which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days' pestilence ? Such was thy zeal
To Israel then ; the same that now to me !

As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all the idolatries of Heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers; but so died
Impenitent, and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain;
And God with idols in their worship join'd.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
Headlong would follow; & to their Gods, perhaps,
Of Bethel & of Dan? No; let them serve
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back, repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste;
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the Promis'd Land their fathers pass'd:
To his due time & providence I leave them."

So spake Israel's true King, & to the Fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it, when with truth falsehood contends.

THE END OF BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, persisting in the temptation of our Lord, shows him imperial Rome in its greatest pomp and splendour, as a power which he probably would prefer before that of the Parthians; and tells him that he might with the greatest ease expel Tiberius, restore the Romans to their liberty, and make himself master not only of the Roman Empire, but by so doing, of the whole world, and inclusively of the throne of David. Our Lord, in reply, expresses his contempt of grandeur and worldly power, notices the luxury, vanity, and profligacy of the Romans, declaring how little they merited to be restored to that liberty which they had lost by their misconduct, and briefly refers to the greatness of his own future kingdom. Satan, now desperate, to enhance the value of his proffered gifts, professes that the only terms, on which he will bestow them, are our Saviour's falling down and worshipping him. Our Lord expresses a firm but temperate indignation at such a proposition, and rebukes the Tempter by the title of "Satan for ever damned." Satan, abashed, attempts to justify himself: he then assumes a new ground of temptation, and, proposing to Jesus the intellectual gratifications of wisdom and knowledge, points out to him the celebrated seat of ancient learning, Athens, its schools, and other various resorts of learned teachers and their disciples; accompanying the view with a highly-finished panegyric on the Grecian musicians, poets, orators, and philosophers of the different sects. Jesus replies, by showing the vanity and insufficiency of the boasted Heathen philosophy; and prefers to the music, poetry, eloquence, and didactic policy of the Greeks, those of the inspired Hebrew writers. Satan, irritated at the failure of all his attempts, upbraids the indiscretion of our Saviour in rejecting his offers; and having, in ridicule of his expected kingdom, foretold the sufferings that our Lord was to undergo, carries him back into the wilderness, and leaves him there. Night comes on: Satan raises a tremendous storm, and attempts further to alarm Jesus with frightful dreams, and terrific threatening spectres; which however have no effect upon him. A calm, bright, beautiful morning succeeds to the horrors of the night. Satan again presents himself to our blessed Lord, and, from noticing the storm of the preceding night as pointed chiefly at him, takes occasion once more to insult him with an account of the sufferings which he was certainly to undergo. This only draws from our Lord a brief rebuke. Satan, now at the height of his desperation, confesses that he had frequently watched Jesus from his birth, purposely to discover if he was the true Messiah; and, collecting from what passed at the river Jordan that he most probably was so, he had from that time more assiduously followed him, in hopes of gaining some advantage over him, which would most effectually prove that he was not really that Divine Person destined to be his "fatal enemy." In this he acknowledges that he has hitherto completely failed; but still determines to make one more trial of him. Accordingly he conveys him to the Temple at Jerusalem, and, placing him on a pointed eminence, requires him to prove his Divinity either by standing there, or casting himself down with safety. Our Lord reproves the Tempter, and at the same time manifests his own Divinity by standing on this dangerous point. Satan, amazed and terrified, instantly falls; and repairs to his Infernal Compeers, to relate the bad success of his enterprise. Angels in the mean time convey our blessed Lord to a beautiful valley, and, while they minister to him a repast of celestial food, celebrate his victory in a triumphant hymn.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK IV.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleek'd his tongue, & won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve;
This far his over-match, who, self-deceiv'd
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man, who had been matchless held
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for very spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew,
Vain battery! and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Wash'd by the southern sea, and, on the north,
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills
That screen'd the fruits of the earth, & seats of men,
From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd,
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,

Gardens, & groves, presented to his eyes,
Above the highth of mountains interpos'd :
By what strange parallax, or optic skill
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to inquire :
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

“ The city, which thou seest, no other deem
Than great & glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renown'd, & with the spoils enrich'd
Of nations ; there the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable ; and there mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass huge, & high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires :
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of Gods, so well I have dispos'd
My aery microscope, thou may'st behold,
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers,
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, & see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in ;
Prætors, pro-consuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions & cohorts, turms of horse & wings :
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian ; some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle ; and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea ;
From the Asian kings, & Parthian among these :
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd ;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west :
Germans, & Scythians, & Sarmatians, north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay :
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer

Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,
 The rest are barbarous, & scarce worth the sight,
 Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;
 These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
 This emperor hath no son, and now is old,
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
 To Capræ, an island small, but strong,
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy:
 Committing to a wicked favourite
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious:
 Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,
 Endued with regal virtues, as thou art,
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,
 Now made a sty, and in his place ascending,
 A victor people free from servile yoke!
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world;
 Aim at the highest: without the highest attain'd,
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

To whom the Son of God, unmov'd, replied.
 "Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye, [tell
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, & gorgeous feasts
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone,
 For I have also heard, perhaps have read,
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
 Chios & Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
 Crystal, & myrrhine cups, emboss'd with gems
 And studs of pearl; to me should'st tell, who thirst
 And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st
 From nations far and nigh: what honour that,
 But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries? Then proceed'st to talk
 Of the emperor, how easily subdued,
 How gloriously: I shall, thou say'st, expel
 A brutish monster; what if I withal
 Expel a Devil who first made him such?
 Let his tormentor conscience find him out;
 For him I was not sent: nor yet to free

That people, victor once, now vile and base ;
 Deservedly made vassal ; who, once just,
 Frugal & mild, & temperate, conquer'd well,
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
 By lust and rapine ; first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity :
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd
 Of fighting beasts, & men to beasts expos'd ;
 Luxurious by their wealth, & greedier still,
 And from the daily scene effeminate.
 What wise & valiant man would seek to free
 These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd ?
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free ?
 Know therefore, when my season comes to sit
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth ;
 Or as a stone, that shall to pieces dash
 All monarchies besides throughout the world ;
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end :
 Means there shall be to this ; but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the Tempter, impudent, replied.
 " I see all offers made by me how slight
 Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st :
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict :
 On the other side know also thou, that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem,
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought ;
 All these, which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give,
 For, given to me, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle ; yet with this reserve, not else,
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior lord,
 Easily done, and hold them all of me ;
 For what can less so great a gift deserve ?"

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.
 " I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less ;
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
 The abominable terms, impious condition :
 But I endure the time, till which expir'd
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written,
 The first of all commandments, 'Thou shalt worship
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve ;'
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound

To worship thee accurs'd? now more accurs'd
 For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
 And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were given?
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;
 Other donation none thou canst produce.
 If given, by whom but by the King of kings,
 God over all supreme? If given to thee,
 By thee how fairly is the Giver now
 Repaid! But gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
 As offer them to me, the Son of God?
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?
 Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
 That Evil one, Satan for ever damn'd."

To whom the Fiend, with fear abash'd, replied.
 "Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
 Though Sons of God both Angels are & Men,
 If I, to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
 What both from Men and Angels I receive,
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth,
 Nations beside from all the quarter'd winds.
 God of this world invok'd, and world beneath:
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
 To me most fatal, me it most concerns;
 The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;
 Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more
 Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
 Than to a worldly crown; addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute,
 As by that early action may be judg'd,
 When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st
 Alone into the temple, there wast found
 Among the gravest Rabbies, disputant
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
 Teaching, not taught. The childhood shows the man,
 As morning shows the day: be famous then
 By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend.
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,

The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light,
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st;
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold;
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream: within the walls, then view
The schools of ancient sages; his, who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear & learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand; and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his, who gave them breath, but higher sung
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own;
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing:
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,

From Heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd."

To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied.
"Think not but that I know these things, or think
I know them not; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought: he, who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
But these are false, or little else but dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride,
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all-possessing
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain, or torment, death and life,
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, & to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none;
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not; or, by delusion,

Far worse, her false resemblance only meets
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or, if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where, so soon
As in our native language, can I find
That solace? All our law and story strew'd
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
That pleas'd so well our victors' ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities, and their own,
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, & themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is praised aright, and godlike men,
The Holiest of Holies, and his saints,
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee,
Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of nature, not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence; statist indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all th' oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
These only with our law best form a king."

So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,

Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied.

“ Since neither wealth nor honour, arms, nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me propos’d in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What dost thou in this world? The wilderness
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause
To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus
Nicely or cautiously, my offer’d aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease
On David’s throne, or throne of all the world,
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill’d.
Now contrary, if I read aught in Heaven,
Or Heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars
Voluminous, or single characters,
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate
Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not;
Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefix’d
Directs me in the starry rubric set.”

So saying he took, for still he knew his power
Not yet expir’d, and to the wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, & left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, & brought in lowering night,
Her shadowy offspring; unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day.
Our Saviour meek, & with untroubled mind
After his aëry jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
Wherever under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick interwin’d might shield
From dews & damps of night his shelter’d head;
But, shelter’d, slept in vain: for at his head
The Tempter watched, & soon with ugly dreams
Disturb’d his sleep. And either tropic now
’Gan thunder, & both ends of Heaven; the clouds,
From many a horrid rift, abortive pour’d
Fierce rain with lightning mix’d, water with fire
In ruin reconcil’d: nor slept the winds

Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, & sturdiest oaks,
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken! nor yet staid the terror there:
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round [shriek'd,
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace!
Thus passed the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice grey;
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, & laid the winds,
And grissly spectres, which the fiend had rais'd
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
But now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, & dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now beheld more fresh & green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush & spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.
Nor yet, amidst this joy & brightest morn,
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The Prince of Darkness; glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came;
Yet with no new device (they all were spent),
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north & west by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said.

“Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night: I heard the wrack,
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; & these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet, as being oftentimes noxious where they light

On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
 Like turbulences in the affairs of men.
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
 They oft foreshignify and threaten ill:
 This tempest at this desert most was bent;
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid
 To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
 Of gaining David's throne, no man knows when,
 For both the when & how is no where told?
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
 For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
 The time & means. Each act is rightliest done,
 Not when it must, but when it may be best:
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard essay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
 Whereof this ominous night, that clos'd thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
 And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus.

"Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
 Those terrors, which thou speak'st of, did me none;
 I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
 And threatening nigh: what they can do, as signs
 Betokening, or ill boding, I contemn
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I, accepting,
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
 Ambitious spirit! & wouldst be thought my God;
 And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify
 Me to thy will! desist, thou art discern'd,
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest."

To whom the fiend, now swoln with rage, replied:
 "Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born,
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt;
 Of the Messiah I had heard foretold
 By all the prophets; of thy birth at length,
 Announc'd by Gabriel, with the first I knew,
 And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
 On thy birth-night that sung thee Saviour born.
 From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye

Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
 Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all
 Flock to the Baptist, I, among the rest,
 Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heaven
 Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
 The Son of God; which bears no single sense.
 The son of God I also am, or was;
 And if I was, I am; relation stands;
 All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought
 In some respect far higher so declar'd:
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
 Where, by all best conjectures, I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy:
 Good reason then, if I beforehand seek
 To understand my adversary, who
 And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;
 By parl or composition, truce or league,
 To win him, or win from him what I can:
 And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, & confess have found thee
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock
 Of adamant, and, as a centre, firm;
 To the utmost of mere man both wise & good,
 Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again.
 Therefore, to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,
 Another method I must now begin."

So saying he caught him up, &, without wing
 Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
 The holy city, lifted high her towers,
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
 Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
 There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
 The Son of God; and added thus in scorn.

"There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
 Will ask thee skill; I to thy father's house
 Have brought thee, & highest plac'd: highest is best:
 Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,



J. Martin pinxt.

J. Rogers, sc.

The Third Temptation.

Parable Required B & L. 349.

Cast thyself down ; safely, if Son of God :
For it is written, ' He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.' "

To whom thus Jesus : " Also it is written
' Tempt not the Lord thy God.' " He said, & stood .
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.

As when Earth's son, Antæus, to compare
Small things with greatest, in Irassa strove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd, still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd and fell ;
So, after many a foil, the tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride,
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall :
And as that Theban monster, that propos'd
Her riddle, and him who solv'd it not devour'd,
That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep ;
So, struck with dread and anguish, fell the fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
(Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success),
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell : and straight a fiery globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore,
As on a floating couch, through the blithe air ;
Then, in a flowery valley, set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine
Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
And, from the fount of life, ambrosial drink,
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger, had impair'd,
Or thirst ; and, as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
Over temptation and the Tempter proud.

" True image of the Father ; whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, enshrin'd
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
Wandering the wilderness ; whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing

The Son of God, with godlike force endued
Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of Paradise! him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast
With all his army; now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke;
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,
A Saviour, art come down to reinstall,
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal Serpent! shalt not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star,
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st
Thy wound, yet not thy last & deadliest wound,
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph: in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he, all unarm'd,
Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep,
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan! on thy glorious work,
Now enter; and begin to save mankind."

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast refresh'd,
Brought on his way with joy; he, unobserv'd,
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

THE END OF PARADISE REGAINED.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

▲

DRAMATIC POEM

Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. per misericordiam et
metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

THE
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OF THAT
SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM

WHICH IS CALLED

TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems : therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions ; that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion ; for so, in physic, things of melancholy hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33 ; and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy which is entitled

“Christ Suffering.” This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poet’s error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though Ancient Tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle. In behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled—that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling, therefore, of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allœostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, *the Father of
Samson.*

DALILA, *his Wife.*

HARAPHA *of Gath.*

Public Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson, made captive, blind, and now in the prison of Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean time is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer, to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who now came the second time with great threatenings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse a Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself, wherewith the tragedy ends.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMSON (*Attendant leading him*).

A LITTLE onward, lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air, imprison'd also; close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heaven fresh blowing, pure & sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.—
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon, their sea idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly, this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence, with leave,
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease;
Ease to my body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me, thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an angel? who at last, in sight
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended,
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His god-like presence, & from some great act,
Or benefit reveal'd, to Abraham's race.
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed,
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits? if I must die,
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters, under task,
With this heaven-gifted strength. O glorious strength,
Put to the labour of a beast, debased
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was, that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver:
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves;
Himself in bonds, under Philistian yoke:

Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who, this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength, without a double share
Of wisdom? vast, unwieldly, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall,
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
But to subserve, where wisdom bears command.
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace; I must not quarrel with the will
Of highest dispensation, which, herein,
Haply had ends, above my reach to know:
Suffices that, to me, strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might, in part, my grief have eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become,
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark,
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Since light so necessary is to life,
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part; why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd;
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look, at will, through every pore?
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
 As in the land of darkness; yet in light
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
 Myself, my sepulchre, a moving grave,
 Buried, yet not exempt,
 By privilege of death and burial,
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs;
 But made, hereby, obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life
 Life, in captivity,
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these? for, with joint pace, I hear
 The tread of many feet steering this way;
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
 Their daily practice, to afflict me more.

CHORUS.

Chor. This, this is he, softly awhile,
 Let us not break in upon him;
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
 See, how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,
 With languish'd head unpropp'd,
 As one past hope, abandon'd,
 And by himself given over;
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
 O'er-worn and soil'd;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
 That heroic, that renown'd,
 Irresistible Samson? whom, unarm'd, [withstand;
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid;
 Ran on embattled armies, clad in iron;
 And weaponless himself;
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield & spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail,
 Adamantean proof;

But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanced;
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalo-
 Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd [nite
 Their plated backs under his heel; [dust.
 Or, grovelling, soil'd their crested helmets in the
 Then, with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine.
 In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day. [bore
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy bondage, or lost sight,
 Prison within prison,
 Inseparably dark?

Thou art become O worst imprisonment
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul,
 Which men enjoying sight oft without cause
 Imprison'd now indeed, [complain,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light
 To incorporate with gloomy night;
 For inward light, alas!
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd!
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wonderful glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune, thou art fallen.
 For him I reckon not in high estate,
 Whom long descent of birth,
 Or the sphere of fortune raises;
 But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate
 Might have subdued the earth,
 Universally crown'd with highest praises. [air

Sams. I hear the sound of words, their sense the
 Dissolves, unjointed, ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief; [in might
 We come, thy friends & neighbours, not unknown
 From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,

To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores; apt words have power to
The tumours of a troubled mind, [swage
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

Sams. Your coming, friends, revives me; for I
Now, of my own experience, not by talk, [learn
How counterfeit a coin they are, who friends
Bear in their superscription; of the most
I would be understood: in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse, withdraw their head;
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have enclosed me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness; for had I sight, confused with shame,
How could I once look up, or heave the head,
Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd
My vessel, trusted to me from above,
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,
Fool, have divulged the secret gift of God,
To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,
Am I not sung, and proverb'd for a fool,
In every street? do they not say, how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
This with the other should, at least, have pair'd;
These two, proportion'd ill, drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived;
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou should'st wed Philistian women, rather
Than of thine own tribe; fairer, or as fair,
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

Sams. The first I saw at Timna, & she pleased
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
The daughter of an infidel: they knew not,
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urged
The marriage on; that, by occasion hence
I might begin Israel's deliverance,
The work to which I was divinely call'd.
She proving false, the next I took to wife,
O that I never had! fond wish too late!

Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end ; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors : of what now I suffer,
She was not the prime cause, but I myself ;
Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, O weak-
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman. [ness !

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
Thou never wast amiss, I bear thee witness :
Yet Israel still serves, with all his sons.

Sams. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
Who, seeing those great acts, which God had done
Singly by me, against their conquerors,
Acknowledged not, or not at all consider'd,
Deliverance offer'd : I, on the other side,
Used no ambition to commend my deeds ; [doer .
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Their lords, the Philistines, with gather'd powers,
Enter'd Judea, seeking me, who then
Safe to the rock of Etham was retired ;
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
To set upon them, what advantaged best.
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The harass of their land, beset me round :
I willingly, on some conditions, came
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcised, a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords ; but cords to me were threads,
Touch'd with the flame : on their whole host I flew,
Unarm'd, and, with a trivial weapon, fell'd
Their choicest youth ; they only lived who fled.
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them, whom they now serve :
But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease, than strenuous liberty ;
And to despise, or envy, or suspect,
Whom God hath, of his special favour, rais'd
As their deliverer ; if he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and, at last,

To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth, and the fort of Penuel,
Their great deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless Gideon, in pursuit
Of Midian and her vanquish'd kings :
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha, who, by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride,
In that sore battle, when so many died
Without reprieve, adjudg'd to death,
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

Sams. Of such examples add me to the roll ;
Me easily, indeed, mine may neglect,
But God's proposed deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men ;
Unless there be who think not God at all :
If any be, they walk obscure ;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
As to his own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wandering thought,
Regardless of his glory's diminution ;
Till, by their own perplexities involved,
They ravel more, still less resolved,
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the Interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself ;
And hath full right to exempt
Whom so it pleases him by choice,
From national obstruction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt ;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor, in respect of the enemy, just cause,
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
Unclean, unchaste. [down ;

Down, reason, then, at least vain reasonings

Though reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean
Unchaste was subsequent; her stain, not his.

But see, here comes thy reverend sire,
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoah: advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

Sams. Ah me, another inward grief awaked,
With mention of that name, renews the assault.

Enter MANOAH.

Man. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
My son, now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age,
Came lagging after; say, if he be here.

Chor. As signal now, in low dejected state,
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
The dread of Israel's foes, who, with a strength
Equivalent to angels, walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who, single combatant,
Duell'd their armies, rank'd in proud array,
Himself an army; now unequal match
To save himself against a coward, arm'd
At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh, what not in man
Deceivable and vain? nay, what thing good,
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;—
Who would be now a father in my stead?
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And, as a blessing, with such pomp adorn'd?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest prayers, then given with solemn hand,
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this did the angel twice descend? for this
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select and sacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?

Alas, methinks whom God hath chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and, as a thrall,
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Sams. Appoint not heavenly disposition, Father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me,
But justly; I myself have brought them on,
Sole author I, sole cause: if aught seem vile,
As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned
The mystery of God, given me under pledge
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.
This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me, in her highth
Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it straight
To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
And rivals? In this other, was there found
More faith? who also, in her prime of love,
Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
Though offer'd only, by the sent conceived
Her spurious first-born; treason against me!
Thrice she assay'd, with flattering prayers and sighs,
And amorous reproaches, to win from me
My capital secret, in what part my strength
Lay stored, in what part summ'd, that she might know;
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
Her importunity, each time perceiving
How openly, and with what impudence
She purposed to betray me; and, which was worse
Than undissembled hate, with what contempt
She sought to make me traitor to myself:
Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not, day nor night,
To storm me, over-watched, and wearied out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart;
Who, with a grain of manhood well resolved,
Might easily have shook off all her snares:
But foul effeminacy held me yoked,
Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
To honour and religion! servile mind,
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fallen,

These rags, this grinding is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness, worse than this,
 That saw not how degenerately I served.

Man. I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son,
 Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting, how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infest our foes.

I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
 Found soon occasion, thereby, to make thee
 Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,
 To violate the sacred trust of silence,
 Deposited within thee; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st
 Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains;
 This day the Philistines a popular feast
 Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,
 To Dagon, as their god, who hath deliver'd
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind, into their hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
 So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,
 Besides whom is no God, compared with idols,
 Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn,
 By the idolatrous rout, amidst their wine:
 Which, to have come to pass by means of thee,
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
 Of all reproach the most, with shame, that ever
 Could have befall'n thee, and thy father's house.

Sams. Father, I do acknowledge and confess,
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
 To Dagon, and advanced his praises high,
 Among the heathen round; to God have brought
 Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths
 Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols;
 Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife
 With me hath end; all the contest is now

"Twixt God and Dagon ; Dagon hath presumed,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked
But will arise, and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies, won on me,
And, with confusion, blank his worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and
I as a prophecy receive ; for God, [these words
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name,
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it doubtful, whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee, what shall be done?
Thou must not in the meanwhile, here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom : well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge,
By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Sams. Spare that proposal, father, spare the
Of that solicitation ; let me here, [trouble
As I deserve, pay on my punishment
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front ? but I
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully ; a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn,
To their abyss and horrid pains confined.

Man. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, son :
Repent the sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ;
Or the execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself : perhaps

God will relent, and 'quit thee all his debt;
 Whoever more approves, and more accepts,
 Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission,
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
 Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due;
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeased,
 For self-offence, more than for God offended.
 Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
 But God hath set before us, to return thee
 Home to thy country, and his sacred house,
 Where thou mayst bring thy offerings, to avert
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd!

Sams. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it? when in strength
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes,
 With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth, from Heaven foretold, and high exploits
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
 The sons of Anak; famous now and blazed,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty god
 I walk'd about, admired of all, and dreaded
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
 Then, swell'd with pride, into the snare I fell,
 Of fair, fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure, and voluptuous life;
 At length to lay my head, and hallow'd pledge
 Of all my strength, in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
 Then turn'd me out, ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shaven, and disarm'd among mine enemies.

Chor. Desire of wine, and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou couldst repress; nor did the dancing ruby,
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,
 Or taste, that cheers the heart of gods and men,
 Allure thee, from the cool crystalline stream.

Sams. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd,
 Against the eastern ray, translucent pure,
 With touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,
 I drank, from the clear milky juice, allaying
 Thirst, and refresh'd: nor envied them the grape,
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines,
 And strongest drinks, our chief support of health,
 When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear

His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Sams. But what avail'd this temperance, not
Against another object, more enticing? [complete
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, shamed, dishonour'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve [quell'd,
My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed,
But to sit idle, on the household hearth,
A burdensome drone to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object; these redundant locks,
Robustious to no purpose, clustering down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years
And sedentary numbness, craze my limbs,
To a contemptible old age, obscure?
Here, rather, let me drudge, and earn my bread,
Till vermin, or the draff of servile food,
Consume me, and oft-invoked death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that
Which was expressly given thee to annoy them? [gift
Better at home lie bed-ridden, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn,
But God, who caused a fountain, at thy prayer,
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay,
After the brunt of battle, can, as easy,
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;
And I persuade me so; why else this strength,
Miraculous, yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee, not for nought,
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Sams. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor the other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness, nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems,
In all her functions, weary of herself,
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From anguish of the mind, and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I, however,
Must not omit a father's timely care,

To prosecute thy means of thy deliverance,
By ransom, or how else : meanwhile be calm,
And healing words, from these thy friends, admit.

[*Exit.*

Sams. O that torment should not be confined
To the body's wounds and sores
With maladies innumerable,
In heart, head, breast, and reins ;
But must secret passage find
To the inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me,
As a lingering disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable,
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification. [stings
Thoughts, my tormenters, arm'd with deadly
Mangle my apprehensive, tenderest parts ;
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb,
Or medicinal liquor, can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air, from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook, and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium, as my only cure :
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heaven's desertion.

I was his nurseling once, and choice delight,
His destined from the womb,
Promised by heavenly message, twice descending.
Under his special eye,
Abstemious, I grew up and thrived amain ;
He led me on to mightiest deeds,
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Against the uncircumcised, our enemies :
But now hath cast me off, as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I, by his appointment, had provoked,
Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless :

This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition; speedy death,
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience, as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances, incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories, writ [sought,
With studied argument, and much persuasion
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with the afflicted, in his pangs, their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood, from his complaint
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation, from above;
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him, with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence, through his short course,
Not evenly, as thou rulest
The angelic orders, and inferior creat ues mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout
That wandering lose about,
Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly;
Heads without name, no more remember'd;
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
To some great work, thy glory,
And people's safety, which in part they effect:
Yet towards these, thus dignified, thou oft,
Amidst their highth of noon,
Changest thy countenance, and thy hand, with no
Of highest favours past [regard
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them
Unseemly falls in human eye, [high;
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leavest them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived;
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,

And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.
 If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty,
 With sickness & disease, thou bow'st them down,
 Painful diseases, and deform'd,
 In crude old age;
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering,
 The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,
 Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with, this once, thy glorious champion,
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
 Behold him in this state, calamitous; & turn
 His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?

Female of sex it seems,
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing,
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
 Of Javan or Gadire,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving.
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An amber scent, of odorous perfume,
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;
 And now at nearer view, no other, certain,
 Than Dalila, thy wife. [near me.

Sams. My wife! my traitress! let her not come

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands, and eyes thee
 About to have spoke; but now, with head declined, [fix'd,
 Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,
 And words addressed seem into tears dissolved,
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil:
 But now again she makes address to speak.

Enter DALILA.

Dal. With doubtful feet, & wavering resolution,
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge; yet, if tears
 May expiate, though the fact more evil drew,
 In the perverse event, than I foresaw,
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
 No way assured. But conjugal affection,
 Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt,

Hath led me on, desirous to behold,
 Once more, thy face, & know of thy estate ;
 If aught, in my ability, may serve
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
 Thy mind, with what amends is in my power,
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash, but more unfortunate, misdeed.

Sams. Out, out, hyæna ! these are thy wonted
 And arts of every woman, false like thee, [arts,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray ;
 Then as repentant, to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change ;
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,
 His virtue, or weakness, which way to assail :
 Then, with more cautious & instructed skill,
 Again transgresses, and again submits ;
 That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,
 With goodness, principled not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangled with a poisonous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, Samson ; not that I endeavour
 To lessen, or extenuate my offence,
 But that, on the other side, if it be weigh'd
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised,
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,
 Curiosity inquisitive, importune
 Of secrets, then, with like infirmity,
 To publish them ; both common female faults.
 Was it not weakness also to make known,
 For importunity, that is for nought,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety ?
 To what I did, thou show'd'st me first the way
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not :
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel. [frailty :
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parle,
 So near related, or the same of kind,
 Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine

The gentler, if severely thou exact not
 More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
 The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
 In human hearts, nor less in mind towards thee,
 Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me,
 As her at Timna, sought by all means, therefore,
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest;
 No better way I saw, than, by importuning,
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power
 Thy key of strength and safety; thou wilt say,
 Why then reveal'd? I was assured by those
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 Against thee, but safe custody, and hold:
 That made for me; I knew that liberty
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
 While I at home, sat full of cares and fears,
 Wailing thy absence, in my widow'd bed;
 Here, I should still enjoy thee, day and night,
 Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless, at home, of partners in my love.
 These reasons, in love's law, have pass'd for good,
 Though fond and reasonless to some, perhaps;
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much
 Yet always pity, or pardon, hath obtained. [woe,
 Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
 If thou, in strength, all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Sams. How cunningly the sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, the example,
 I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;
 I to myself was false, ere thou to me;
 Such pardon, therefore, as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed; which, when thou
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable, [seest,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd: weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist
 Philistian gold; if weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea, therefore,

With God or man, will gain thee no remission.
But love constrain'd thee : call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust : love seeks to have love ;
My love how could'st thou hope, who tookst the
To raise in me inexpiable hate, [way
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd ?
In vain thou strivest to cover shame, with shame,
Or, by evasions, thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determinest weakness for no plea,
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented ;
Which might have awed the best-resolved of men,
The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st
That wrought with me : thou know'st the magistrates,
And princes of my country, came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urged,
Adjur'd, by all the bonds of civil duty,
And of religion, press'd, how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious, to entrap
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation : and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching, how meritorious with the gods
It would be, to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon : what had I
To oppose, against such powerful arguments ?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated, in silence, all these reasons,
With hard contest : at length, that grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority,
Took full possession of me, and prevail'd ;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

Sams. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy. [end ;
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I, before all the daughters of my tribe,
And of my nation, chose thee, from among
My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st.
Too well ; unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpower'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;

Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband ;
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd ?
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
 Parents and country ; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection, but my own ;
 Thou mine, not theirs : if aught against my life
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations ;
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state,
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear ;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal moved thee ;
 To please thy gods thou didst it ; gods unable
 To acquit themselves, and prosecute their foes,
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be ;
 Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd.
 These false pretexts, and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear !

Dal. In argument with men, a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause. [breath ;

Sams. For want of words, no doubt, or lack of
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson ;
 Afford me place to show what recompense,
 Towards thee, I intend, for what I have misdone,
 Misguided ; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 To afflict thyself in vain ; though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd,
 Where other senses want not their delights,
 At home, in leisure, and domestic ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance, to which
 Eyesight exposes daily men abroad.
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
 With me, where my redoubled love and care,
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee, to old age,
 With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,
 That what by me thou hast lost, thou least shall miss.

Sams. No, no ; of my condition take no care ;

It fits not ; thou and I long since are twain :
Nor think me so unwary, or accursed,
To bring my feet again into the snare,
Where once I have been caught : I know thy trains,
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils ;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,
No more on me have power, their force is null'd
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd,
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If, in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Loved, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me,
Thy husband—slight me, sell me, and forego me ;
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
And last, neglected ? How wouldst thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will,
In perfect thralldom ? How again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile ?
This jail I count the house of liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

Dal. Let me approach, at least, & touch thy hand.

Sams. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance
My sudden rage, to tear thee joint by joint. [wake
At distance, I forgive thee ; go with that ;
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth, to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives :
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood, with the gold
Of matrimonial treason : so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers, than winds and seas ; yet winds to seas
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore :
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest, never to be calm'd.
Why do I humble thus myself and suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ?
Bid go, with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounced ?
To mix with thy concernments I desist,
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouth'd,
And, with contrary blast, proclaims most deeds ;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names, in his wild aery flight.
My name, perhaps, among the circumcised

In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defamed,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falsehood, most unconjugal, traduced.
 But in my country, where I most desire,
 In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
 I shall be named among the famousest
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded; who, to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odours visited, and annual flowers;
 Not less renown'd than, in mount Ephraim,
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile,
 Smote Sisera, sleeping, through the temples nail'd.
 Nor shall I count it heinous, to enjoy
 The public marks of honour and reward,
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety,
 Which, to my country, I was judged to have shown.
 At this whoever envies or repines,
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own. [Exit.

Chor. She's gone; a manifest serpent, by her sting,
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Sams. So let her go; God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange
 After offence returning, to regain [power,
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
 Repulsed, without much inward passion felt,
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sams. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end;
 Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
 That woman's love can win, or long inherit;
 But what it is, hard is to say,
 Harder to hit

Which way soever men refer it,
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
 Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride
 Had not so soon preferr'd
 Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compared,
 Successor in thy bed;
 Nor both so loosely disallied

Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head,
 Is it for that such outward ornament
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
 Were left, for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
 Capacity not raised to apprehend
 Or value what is best
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root infix'd,
 That either they love nothing, or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best,
 Seeming, at first, all heavenly, under virgin veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure;
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
 Intestine, far within defensive arms,
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent, or, by her charms,
 Draws him awry, enslaved
 With dotage, and his sense depraved
 To folly and shameful deeds, which ruin ends.
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
 Imbark'd with such a steersmate at the helm?

Favour'd of Heaven, who finds
 One virtuous, rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines:
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
 But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore, God's universal law
 Gave to the man despotic power,
 Over his female, in due awe;
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lour:

So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd.

But had we best retire? I see a storm.

Sams. Fair days have oft contracted wind & rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.

Sams. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
 The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
 Draws hitherward; I know him by his stride,
 The giant Harapha of Gath; his look
 Haughty, as is his pile high-built, and proud.

Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him
 I less conjecture, than when first I saw [hither
 The sumptuous Delilah floating this way :
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Sams. Or peace, or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His freight we soon shall know; he now arrives.

Enter HARAPHA.

Har. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
 As these, perhaps; yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath;
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd,
 As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old,
 That Kiriathaim held; thou know'st me now,
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might, and feats perform'd,
 Incredible to me; in this displeased,
 That I was never present, on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have tried
 Each other's force, in camp, or listed field;
 And now am come to see, of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report.

Sams. Thy way to know, were not to see, but taste.

Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
 Gyves, and the mill, had tamed thee. O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field, where thou art famed
 To have wrought such wonders, with an ass's jaw;
 I should have forced thee soon, with other arms,
 Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown:
 So had the glory of prowess been recover'd,
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine,
 From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
 The highest name, for valiant acts; that honour,
 Certain to have won, by mortal duel, from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out. [but do

Sams. Boast not of what thou would'st have done,
 What then thou would'st; thou see'st it in thy hand.

Har. To combat with a blind man I disdain;
 And thou hast need much washing, to be touch'd.

Sams. Such usage as your honourable lords
 Afford me, assassinated and betray'd;
 Who durst not with their whole united powers,
 In fight withstand me, single, and unarm'd,
 Nor, in the house, with chamber-ambushes
 Close-banded, durst attack me; no, not sleeping
 Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold,

Breaking her marriage-faith, to circumvent me.
 Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assign'd
 Some narrow place, enclosed, where sight may give thee
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me ;
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet,
 And brigantine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
 Vant-brace and greves, and gauntlet ; add thy spear,
 A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield ;
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
 And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head ;
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast,
 Again, in safety, what thou would'st have done
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells,
 And black enchantments, some magician's art, [Heaven
 Arm'd thee, or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
 Feign'dst, at thy birth, was given thee in thy hair,
 Where strength can least abide ; though all thy hairs
 Were bristles, ranged like those that ridge the back
 Of chafed wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

Sams. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts ;
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me,
 At my nativity, this strength, diffused
 No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
 Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid,
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him,
 How highly it concerns his glory now,
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test ;
 Offering to combat thee, his champion bold,
 With the utmost of his godhead seconded :
 Then thou shalt see, or rather, to thy sorrow,
 Soon feel, whose god is strongest, thine or mine.

Har. Presume not on thy God ; whate'er he be ;
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
 Into thy enemies' hand ; permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes ; and, fetter'd, send thee
 Into the common prison, there to grind

Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else, no better service,
 With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword
 Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
 But by the barber's razor best subdued.

Sams. All these indignities, for such they are,
 From thine, these evils I deserve, and more ;
 Acknowledge them, from God, inflicted on me
 Justly ; yet despair not of his final pardon,
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
 Gracious, to re-admit the suppliant :
 In confidence whereof, I, once again,
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
 By combat to decide whose god is God,
 Thine, or whom I, with Israel's sons, adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trust-
 He will accept thee, to defend his cause, [ing
 A murderer, a revolter, and a robber ! [me these ?

Sams. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove

Har. Is not thy nation subject to our lords ?
 Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee,
 As a league-breaker, and deliver'd, bound,
 Into our hands : for hadst thou not committed
 Notorious murder, on those thirty men
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm ;
 Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes ?
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
 Went up with armed powers, thee only seeking,
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

Sams. Among the daughters of the Philistines
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe ;
 And in your city held my nuptial feast :
 But your ill-meaning politician lords,
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,
 Who, threatening cruel death, constrain'd the bride
 To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,
 That solv'd the riddle, which I had proposed.
 When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
 As on my enemies, wherever chanced,
 I used hostility, and took their spoil,
 To pay my underminers in their coin.
 My nation was subjected to your lords.
 It was the force of conquest ; force with force
 Is well ejected, when the conquer'd can
 But I, a private person, whom my country,

As a league-breaker, gave up, bound, presumed
 Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.
 I was no private, but a person raised
 With strength sufficient, & command from Heaven,
 To free my country; if their servile minds
 Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,
 But to their masters gave me up for naught,
 The unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
 I was to do my part, from Heaven assign'd,
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence
 Had not disabled me; not all your force:
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
 Though by his blindness maim'd, for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Har. With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,
 Due by the law to capital punishment?
 To fight with thee, no man of arms will deign.

Sams. Camest thou for this, vain boaster, to survey
 To descant on my strength, & give thy verdict? [me,
 Come nearer; part not hence so slight inform'd;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

Har. O Baal-zebub! can my ears, unused,
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

Sams. No man withholds thee; nothing from thy
 Fear I incurable; bring up thy van; [hand
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Sams. Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast;
 And with one buffet, lay thy structure low,
 Or swing thee in the air; then dash thee down,
 To the hazard of thy brains, & shatter'd sides.

Har. By Astaroth, ere long, thou shalt lament
 These braveries, in irons loaden on thee. [*Exit.*

Chor. His giantship is gone, somewhat crest-fallen,
 Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
 And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

Sams. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
 Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
 All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

Chor. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
 And with malicious counsel, stir them up,
 Some way or other, yet further to afflict thee.

Sams. He must allege some cause, and offer'd
 Will not dare mention, lest a question rise, [fight
 Whether he durst accept the offer, or not;

And, that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.
 Much more affliction, than already felt,
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
 If they intend advantage of my labours,
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping,
 With no small profit daily to my owners.
 But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
 My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;
 The worst that he can give, to me the best.
 Yet so it may fall out, because their end
 Is hate, not help to me; it may with mine
 Draw their own ruin, who attempt the deed.

Chor. Oh how comely it is, & how reviving,
 To the spirits of just men long oppress'd;
 When God, into the hands of their deliverer,
 Puts invincible might,
 To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
 The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic power; but raging to pursue
 The righteous, and all such as honour truth;
 He, all their ammunition,
 And feats of war defeats,
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind,
 And celestial vigour, arm'd;
 Their armouries and magazines contemns,
 Renders them useless, while,
 With winged expedition,
 Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,
 Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude;
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all
 That tyranny, or fortune, can inflict.
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might endued,
 Above the sons of men; but sight bereaved
 May chance to number thee with those,
 Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been, to thee, no day of
 Labouring thy mind [rest
 More, than the working day thy hands.
 And yet, perhaps, more trouble is behind;
 For I desery this way
 Some other tending, in his hand,

A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look.
By his habit I discern him now
A public officer, and now at hand.
His message will be short and voluble.

Enter OFFICER.

Off. Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him; there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require,
To honour this great feast, and great assembly;
Rise therefore, with all speed, and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd, and fresh clad,
To appear, as fits, before the illustrious lords.

Sams. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew; therefore
Our law forbids, at their religious rites, [tell them,
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Sams. Have they not sword-players, and every sort
Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers, and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,
And over-labour'd at their public mill,
To make them sport, with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels,
On my refusal, to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou camest; I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

Sams. Myself? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debased,
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief,
To show them feats, and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Joined with extreme contempt? I will not come.

Off. My message was imposed on me with speed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

Sams. So take it, with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce. [*Exit.*

Sams. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd,
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break :
He's gone ; and who knows how he may report
Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame ?
Expect another message, more imperious,
More lordly thundering, than thou well wilt bear.

Sams. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair,
After my great transgression ; so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin,
By prostituting holy things to idols ;
A Nazarite in place abominable,
Vaunting my strength, in honour to their Dagon ?
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane ?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou servest the
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean. [Philistines,

Sams. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour,
Honest and lawful, to deserve my food
Of those, who have me in their civil power. [not.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile

Sams. Where outward force constrains, the sentence
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon, [holds.
Not dragging ? The Philistian lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease
God, for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind : which, in his jealousy,
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,
Present in temples, at idolatrous rites,
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt come off here, surmounts my

Sams. Be of good courage ; I begin to feel [reach.
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose,
To something extraordinary, my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour,
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life,
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. In time thou hast resolved, the man returns.

Off. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And darest thou at our sending and command,

Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

Sams. I could be well content to try their art,
Which, to no few of them, would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me, through their streets,
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Masters' commands come, with a power resistless,
To such as owe them absolute subjection;
And, for a life, who will not change his purpose?
So mutable are all the ways of men;
Yet this be sure, is nothing to comply
Scandalous, or forbidden in our law.

Off. I praise thy resolution: doff these links:
By this compliance, thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and, perhaps, to set thee free.

Sams. Brethren, farewell; your company, along,
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them,
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
Of me, as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;
No less the people on their holy-days,
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself;
The last of me, or no, I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide,
To what may serve his glory best, & spread his
Great among the Heathen round; [name,
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who, from thy father's field,
Rode up in flames, after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that spirit, that first rushed on thee
In the camp of Dan,
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from Heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.—
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste,

With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
 He seems; supposing here to find his son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Enter MANOAH.

Man. Peace with you, brethren; my inducement
 Was not at present here to find my son, [hither
 By order of the lords now parted hence,
 To come and play before them at their feast.
 I heard all as I came; the city rings,
 And numbers thither flock: I had no will,
 Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly,
 But that which moved my coming now, was chiefly
 To give ye part with me what hope I have,
 With good success, to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
 With thee; say, reverend sire, we thirst to hear.

Man. I have attempted one by one the lords,
 Either at home, or through the high street passing,
 With supplication prone, and father's tears,
 To accept of ransom for my son, their prisoner.
 Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
 That part most revered Dagon and his priests:
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
 Private reward, for which both God & state
 They easily would set to sale: a third,
 More generous far and civil, who confess'd
 They had enough revenged, having reduced
 Their foe to misery, beneath their fears;
 The rest was magnanimity to remit,
 If some convenient ransom were proposed.—
 What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

Chor. Doubtless the people shouting, to behold
 Their once great dread, captive, & blind before them,
 Or at some proof of strength, before them shown.

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid,
 And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
 To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
 And he in that calamitous prison left.
 No; I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
 For his redemption, all my patrimony,
 If need be, I am ready to forego
 And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons;
 Thou for thy son are bent to lay out all;

Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age ;
Thou in old age, carest how to nurse thy son,
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him, sitting in the house, ennobled,
With all those high exploits, by him achieved,
And, on his shoulders, waving down those locks,
That of a nation arm'd, the strength contain'd :
And I persuade me, God had not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair,
Garrison'd, round about him, like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet, in some great service ;
Not to sit idle with so great a gift,
Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.
And, since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon [vain,
Conceived, agreeable to a father's love,
In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds &—O what noise !
Mercy of Heaven, what hideous noise was that !
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd !
Blood, death, & deathful deeds, are in that noise ;
Ruin, destruction, at the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin indeed, methought, I heard the
Oh it continues ; they have slain my son. [noise :

Chor. Thy son is rather slaying them ; that outcry,
From slaughter of one foe, could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be ;
What shall we do ; stay here, or run and see ?

Chor. Best keep together here, lest, running thither,
We unawares run into danger's mouth.
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n ;
From whom could else a general cry be heard ?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here ;
From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if his eye-sight, for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard, by miracle restored,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way ?

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God had wrought things as incredible,
For his people of old ; what hinders now ?

Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, & tempts belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And, to our wish, I see one hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But providence, or instinct of nature, seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, & scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So, in the sad event, too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, & here, before thee,
With rueful cry; yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth, but I recover breath.
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n;
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest,
The desolation of a hostile city.

Mess. Feed on that first; there may in grief be

Man. Relate by whom. [surfeit.

Mess. By Samson.

Man. That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah Manoah, I refrain too suddenly
To utter, what will come at last too soon,
Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption,
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture; speak them out.

Mess. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

Man. The worst indeed; O all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but death who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now, and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceived,
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive, as the first-born bloom of spring

Nipp'd with the lagging rear of winter's frost !
Yet ere I give the reins of grief, say first,
How died he; death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell, thou say'st ; by whom fell he ;
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound ?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell. [plain.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then, or how ? ex-

Mess. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence ? what cause

Brought him so soon at variance with himself,
Among his foes ?

Mess. Inevitable cause,

At once both to destroy, and be destroy'd :
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads, and on his own, he pull'd.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself !
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know ; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first, or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this city ;
And as the gates I enter'd, with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd,
Through each high-street : little I had dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd, that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength, in feats and games ;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half-round, on two main pillars, vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, & each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold ;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds, under sky, might stand ;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, & wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson, as a public servant, brought,
In their state livery clad ; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people, with a shout,
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,

Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall,
He patient, but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which, without help of eye, might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd,
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
For so from such as nearer stood we heard,
As over-tir'd, to let him lean a while,
With both his arms, on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He, unsuspecting, led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,
And eyes fast fix'd, he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud.
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now, of my own accord, such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;
As, with amaze, shall strike all who behold."
This utter'd, straining all his nerves, he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars,
With horrible convulsion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, & drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

Chor. O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work, for which thou wast foretold
To Israel; and now lylest victorious,
Among thy slain, self-kill'd,
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
Than all thy life hath slain before.

1 *Semichor*. While their hearts were jocund &
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine [sublime,
 And fat, regorged of bulls and goats,
 Chaunting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread, who dwells
 In Silo, his bright sanctuary :
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urged them on, with mad desire,
 To call in haste for their destroyer :
 They, only set on sport and play,
 Unweeingly importuned
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them
 So fond are mortal men,
 Fall'n into wrath divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite ;
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

2 *Semichor*. But he, though blind of sight,
 Despised and thought extinguished quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue roused,
 From under ashes, into sudden flame,
 And, as an evening dragon, came
 Assailant on the perched roosts,
 And nests, in order ranged,
 Of tame villatic fowl ; but, as an eagle,
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
 So virtue given for lost,
 Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
 Like that self-begotten bird,
 In the Arabian woods emboss'd,
 That no second knows, nor third,
 And lay ere while a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
 Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
 When most unactive deem'd ;
 And, though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular bird, ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause ; Samson hath quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
 A life heroic, on his enemies
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor,
 Through all Philistian bounds ; to Israel
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them

Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;
To himself and father's house eternal fame ;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble
Let us go find the body where it lies,
Soak'd in his enemies' blood, &, from the stream,
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs, wash off
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while,
Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend,
With silent obsequy and funeral train,
Home to his father's house : there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel, ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd,
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And, from his memory, inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high :
The virgins also shall, on feastful days,
Visit his tomb with flowers ; only bewailing
His lot unfortunate, in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt,
What the unsearchable dispose
Of highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion, hath in place
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent ;
His servants he, with new acquist
Of true experience, from this great event,
With peace & consolation hath dismiss'd,
And, calm of mind, all passion spent.

THE END OF SAMSON AGONISTES.

COMUS.

A MASK,

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

JOHN, EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE*

JOHN, LORD VISCOUNT BRACKLY,†

*Son and Heir Apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater,
&c.*

MY LORD,

THIS Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final Dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author,‡ yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents, and as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression,

Your faithful and most humble servant,

H. LAWES.

* This is the dedication to Lawes's edition of the Mask, 1637.

† The First Brother in the Mask. *Warton*.

‡ It never appeared under Milton's name till the year 1645.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, LORD VISCOUNT BRISTOL

ONE OF HIS EXCELLENCIES IN THE KING OF ENGLAND

SIR

MY LORD

THIS Poem, which reached its first edition of birth
from yourself and others of your noble family, and
which has since been your own poem in the possession
of mine, now returns again to make a final dedication
of itself to you. Although not again acknowledged
by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, as
being sent to you in such a manner, that the other copies
of it have been sent to you by several friends
and relations, and brought me to a knowledge of you
during it to the public view: and now to offer it up
in all right devotion to those who have, and have
endeavour to put such noble and useful works
into a full measure, to which I have your own of a friend
and relation. I have sent it to be the honour of
your name, and to show that as your own, from the
hands of him who has by many favours been long
obliged to your most honoured parents, and as in
this respect your friend, I have, so now in
all such respects.

Your friend and most humble servant,

H. LAW

This is the dedication of a Poem, which was written by the Author, and is the first edition of the same. It is now again printed, without any alteration.

COMUS.

THE PERSONS.

The Attendant Spirit, <i>afterwards in the habit</i> <i>of Thyrsis.</i>	The Lady. First brother. Second Brother.
Comus, <i>with his Crew.</i>	Sabrina, <i>the Nymph.</i>

THE CHIEF PERSONS, WHO PRESENTED, WERE

The Lord Brackley.
Mr. Thomas Egerton, *his brother.*
The Lady Alice Egerton.

COMUS.

THE PROLOGUE.

The Alchymist Spirit,
effluvia in the night
of Thyrus,
Comus, with his crew,
The Lady,
Her brother,
Second Person,
Sylvius, the Nurse.

The entry scene, and the banquet scene.

The first Person,
The second Person, the brother,
The third Person, the Nurse.

COMUS.

The first scene discovers a wild wood.

The Attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered,
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, & with low-thoughted care
Confined, and, pester'd in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity :
To such my errand is ; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep ;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns.
And wield their little tridents : but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-haired deities ;
And all this tract, that fronts the falling sun,
A noble peer, of mickle trust and power,
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe, to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms :
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,

Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-entrusted sceptre : but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger ;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove,
I was despatch'd for their defence and guard :
And listen why, for I will tell you now,
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first, from out the purple grape,
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell : who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun ? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell, into a groveling swine ?
This Nymph, that gaz'd upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son,
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, & Comus named :
Who, ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And, in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd,
Excels his mother, at her mighty art,
Offering, to every weary traveller,
His orient liquor, in a crystal glass, [taste,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus ; which as they
For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst,
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed,
Into some brutish form, of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were ;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before ;
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any, favour'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift, as the sparkle of a glancing star,
shoot from Heaven, to give him safe convoy,

As now I do : but first I must put off
 These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds, and likeness, of a swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who, with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods ; nor of less faith :
 And in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest, to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps ; I must be viewless now.

*COMUS enters, with a charming-rod in one hand, his
 glass in the other ; with him a rout of monsters,
 headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but other-
 wise like men and women, their apparel glistening ;
 they come in making a riotous and unruly noise,
 with torches in their hands.*

COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heaven doth hold :
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay,
 In the steep Atlantic stream ;
 And the slope Sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal
 Of his chamber in the East.
 Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
 Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice, with scrupulous head.
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
 We, that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
 Lead, in swift round, the months and years.
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;
 And, on the tawny sands, and shelves,
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,

The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove;
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love,
 Come, let us our rites begin;
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail, Goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air;
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat, and befriend
 Us, thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep,
 From her cabin'd loophole peep,
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing, near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes & trees;
 Our number may affright: some virgin sure,
 For so I can distinguish by mine art,
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains; I shall, ere long,
 Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place,
 And my quaint habits, breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
 Which must not be, for that's against my course:
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well-placed words of glozing courtesy
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye

Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless village,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes ; I fairly step aside,
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The LADY enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now. Methought it was the sound
 Of riot, and ill-managed merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
 When, for their teeming flocks, and granges full
 In wanton dance, they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers ; yet O, where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet,
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out,
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket-side,
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliest
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far,
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me : else, O thievish Night,
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern, thus close up the stars
 That Nature hung in Heaven, & fill'd their lamps,
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller ?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence, even now, the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong-siding champion, conscience.
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
 And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err: there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make, to be heard farthest,
 I'll venture; for my new-enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me; and they, perhaps, are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that livest unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow meander's margin green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale,
 Nightly to thee, her sad song mourneth well;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere!
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Enter Comus.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures, moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence:
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted Night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven-down
 Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard

My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
 Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber, lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness, robb'd it of itself:
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now.—I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder
 Whom, certain, these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess, that in rural shrine,
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by bless'd song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lad. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is address'd to unattending ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift,
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Com. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lad. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering

Lad. They left me weary on a grassy turf. [guides?

Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lad. To seek in the valley, some cool friendly spring.

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lad. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

Com. Perhaps, forestalling night prevented them.

Lad. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lad. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom

Lad. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Com. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox,
 In his loose traces, from the furrow came,
 And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine,
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
 Their port was more than human, as they stood:
 I took it for a fairy vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play in the plighted clouds. I was awestruck,
And, as I pass'd, I worshipp'd; if those you seek
It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
To help you find them.

Lad. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Com. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lad. To find out that, good shepherd, I sup-
In such a scant allowance of starlight, [pose,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.

Com. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bousky bourn, from side to side,
My daily walks, and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray attendants be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe,
Till further quest.

Lad. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls,
In courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended: In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength.—Shepherd, lead on.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the TWO BROTHERS.

El. Br. Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison, [Moon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here,
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up,
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle, from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Sec. Br. Or, if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches, to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But, O that hapless virgin, our lost sister,
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

El. Br. Peace, brother; be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion?
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise,
 Not being in danger, as I trust she is not,
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what Virtue would,
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude;
 Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, & lets grow her wings,
 That, in the various bustle of resort,
 Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own clear breast,
 May sit in the centre, and enjoy bright day:
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks, under the mid-day sun;
 Himself his own dungeon.

Sec. Br. 'Tis most true,
 That musing Meditation most affects

The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of misers' treasure, by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured, in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night, or loneliness, it reck's me not;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

El. Br. I do not, brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure, without all doubt, or controversy;
 Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,
 Which you remember not.

Sec. Br. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

El. Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her own:
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
 She, that has that, is clad in complete steel;
 And, like a quiver'd nymph, with arrows keen,
 May trace huge forests, & unharbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
 Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
 By grots, and caverns, shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty;
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.

Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,
 No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity, from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity?
 Hence, had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness,
 And spotted mountain-pard, but set at naught
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, & she was queen of the woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
 Wherewith she freezed her foes, to congeal'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
 So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse, with heavenly habitants,
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it, by degrees, to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, & foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick & gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it loved,
 And link'd itself, by carnal sensuality,
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Sec. Br. How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical, as is Apollo's lute,

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

El. Br. List, list, I hear
Some far off halla break the silent air.

Sec. Br. Methought so too; what should it be?

El. Br. For certain
Either some one, like us, night-founder'd here
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Sec. Br. Heaven keep my sister! Again, again,
Best draw, and stand upon our guard. [and near;

El. Br. I'll halla;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.

Enter the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

That halla I should know, what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else. [again.

Spir. What voice is that? my young lord? speak

Sec. Br. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

El. Br. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft de-
The huddling brook, to hear his madrigal, [lay'd
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale;
How camest thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipp'd from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd master's heir, & his next joy!
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought,
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin lady, where is she?

How chance she is not in your company? [blame,
El. Br. To tell thee, sadly, shepherd, without
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

El. Br. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee brief-

Spir. I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous, [ly shew.
Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,
Storied of old, in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks, whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,

Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And here, to every thirsty wanderer,
By sly enticement, gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding Reason's mintage,
Character'd in the face: this have I learn'd
Tending my flocks hard by in the hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence, night by night,
He, and his monstrous rout, are heard to howl,
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate,
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper, on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass, dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank,
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy frightened steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep;
At last, a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was 'ware, & wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death: but O, ere long,
Too well did I perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And O, poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!

Then down the lawns I ran, with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place,
 Where that damn'd wizzard, hid in sly disguise,
 For so by certain signs I knew, had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless, innocent lady, his wish'd prey;
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbouring villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
 But further know I not.

Sec. Br. O night, and shades,
 How are ye join'd with Hell, in triple knot,
 Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,
 Alone, and helpless? Is this the confidence
 You gave me, brother?

El. Br. Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely; not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice, or of sorcery, or that power,
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,—
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd:
 Yea even that, which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall, in the happy trial, prove most glory,
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be, in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.
 Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven
 May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to return his purchase back,
 Or drag him, by the curls, to a foul death,
 Cursed as his life.

Spir. Alas! good venturous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead;

Far other arms, and other weapons, must
Be those, that quell the might of hellish charms :
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

El. Br. Why pr'ythee, shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation ?

Spir. Care, and utmost shifts,
How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray :
He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
And, in requital, ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties :
Amongst the rest, a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out ;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower ; but not in this soil,
Unknown, and like esteem'd ; and the dull swain
Treads on it daily, with his clouted shoon ;
And yet more medicinal is it than that moly,
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave ;
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it, as of sovereign use,
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition.
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now, that this extremity compell'd :
But now, I find it true ; for, by this means,
I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. If you have this about you,
As I will give you when we go, you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall ;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish'd blade, rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand ; though he and his cursed crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

El. Br. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee;
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, table, spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

COMUS.

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue; or, as Daphne was,
Rootbound, that fled Apollo.

Lad. Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind,
With all thy charms, although this corporal rhind,
Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

Com. Why are you vex'd, lady? why do you frown,
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures,
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first, behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm and fragrant sirops mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone,
In Egypt, gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill-borrower,
With that, which you received on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition,
By which all mortal frailty must subsist;
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tired all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lad. 'Twill not, false traitor;
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue, with lies.

Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me;
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence,
 With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery?
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here,
 With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
 Were it a draught for Juno, when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well-governed and wise appetite.

Com. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms, [silk,
 That, in their green shops, weave the smooth-hair'd
 To deck her sons; and, that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hutch'd the all-worshipp'd ore, and precious gems,
 To store her children with: if all the world
 Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unpraised,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised;
 And we should serve him, as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility; [plumes,
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with
 The herds would overmultitude their lords, [diamonds
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought
 Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inured to light, and come, at last,
 To gaze upon the sun, with shameless brows.
 List, lady; be not coy, and be not cozen'd
 With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,

But must be current ; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself ;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
It withers on the stalk, with languish'd head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship ;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their names thence ; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn ?
There was another meaning in these gifts ;
Think what, and be advised, you are but young yet.

Lad. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules, prank'd in Reason's garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments,
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous,
With her abundance ; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance :
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate, and beseeming share
Of that, which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few, with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed,
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store ;
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid : for swinish Gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven, amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude,
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on ?
Or have I said enough ? To him, that dares
Arm his profane tongue, with contemptuous words,
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end ?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be utter'd, to unfold the sage

And serious doctrine of Virginity ;
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this, thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced :
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits,
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, & shake,
 Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps, o'er thy false head.

Com. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
 Her words, set off by some superior power ;
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more ;
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation ;
 I must not suffer this ; yet 'tis but the lees,
 And settlings of a melancholy blood :
 But this will cure all straight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, & taste.

The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground ; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.

SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape ?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
 And bound him fast ; without his rod reversed,
 And backward mutters of dissevering power,
 We cannot free the lady, that sits here,
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless :
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd : now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have, which may be us'd,
 Which once of Melibœus old I learn'd,
 The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 That, with moist curb, sways the smooth Severn
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure ; [stream,

Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
 That staid her flight, with his cross-flowing course.
 The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,
 Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters, to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers, strew'd with asphodel,
 And, through the porch and inlet of each sense,
 Dropp'd in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made goddess of the river : still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds, along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs,
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals ;
 For which, the shepherds, at their festivals,
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths, into her stream.
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invoked in warbled song ;
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need ; this will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen, where thou art sitting,
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;
 Listen, for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake.
 Listen, and save.
 Listen, and appear to us,
 In name of great Oceanus,
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethy's grave majestic pace,
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,

And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the songs of Syrens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits, on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams, with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.
 Listen, and save.

SABRINA rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
 Of turkish blue, and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays :
 Whilst from off the waters fleet,
 Thus I set my printless feet,
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread ;
 Gentle swain, at thy request,
 I am here.

Sp. Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand,
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin, here distress'd,
 Through the force, and through the wile
 Of unblest'd enchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help ensnared chastity :
 Brightest lady, look on me ;
 Thus I sprinkle, on thy breast,
 Drops that, from my fountain pure
 I have kept of precious cure,
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip ;
 Next this marble, venom'd seat,

Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch, with chaste palms moist and cold :——
 Now the spell hath lost his hold :
 And I must haste, ere morning hour,
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.

Sp. Virgin, daughter of Locrine
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,
 May thy brimmed waves, for this,
 Their full tribute never miss,
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills ;
 Summer drouth, or singed air,
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 Thy molten chrystal fill with mud ;
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl, and the golden ore ;
 May thy lofty head be crowned
 With many a tower and terrace round,
 And here and there, thy banks upon,
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Lest the sorcerer us entice,
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste, or needless sound,
 Till we come to holier ground ;
 I shall be your faithful guide,
 Through this gloomy covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your father's residence,
 Where this night are met, in state,
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish'd presence ; and, beside,
 All the swains that there abide,
 With jigs and rural dance, resort ;
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer ;
 Come, let us haste, the stars grow high
 But night sits monarch yet, in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town, and the President's castle; then come in Country Dancers; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the Two BROTHERS, and the LADY.

SONG.

Sp. Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday;
Here be, without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise,
As Mercury did first devise,
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns, and on the leas.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight;
Here behold, so goodly grown,
Three fair branches of your own:
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays,
With a crown of deathless praise.
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual Folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguises.

Sp. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes, that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there, with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks, that blow

Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true,)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumber soft, and, on the ground,
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her famed son advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent, the gods among,
Make her his eternal bride;
And from her fair unspotted side,
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly, to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar, as soon,
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her

THE END OF COMUS.

LYCIDAS.

In this MONODY, the author bewails a learned friend,
unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester
on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells
the ruin of our corrupted clergy then in their
highth.*

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries, harsh and crude,
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves, before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse,
With lucky words, favour my destined urn;
And, as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

* Edward King, Esq., the son of Sir John King, knight, secretary for Ireland. He was sailing from Chester to Ireland, on a visit to his friends in that country, when, in calm weather, not far from the English coast, the ship struck upon a rock, and suddenly sunk to the bottom with all that were on board, August 10, 1637. Mr. King was a fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd,
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove afield, and both together heard,
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks, with the fresh dew of night,
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
 Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute, [wheel.
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns, with cloven heel,
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee, shepherd, thee, the woods, and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine overgrown,
 And all their echoes, mourn.
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear. [deep
 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
 Ay me! I fondly dream.
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself, that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal Nature did lament,
 When by the rout, that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus, to the Lesbian shore?
 Alas! what boots it, with incessant care,
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
 That last infirmity of noble mind,

To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury, with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears.
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives, and spreads aloft, by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
But now my oar proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea,
That came in Neptune's plea ;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings,
That blows from off each beaked promontory ;
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd ;
The air was calm, and, on the level brine,
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and, on the edge,
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah ! who hath reft, quoth he, my dearest pledge ?"
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,
The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold ?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble, at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;

Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to
 A sheephook, or have learn'd aught else, the least, [hold
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs ! [sped ;
 What reck's it them ? What need they ? They are
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw :
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoll'n with wind, & the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
 Besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw,
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said ;
 But that two-handed engine at the door,
 Stands ready to smite once, & smite no more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is pass'd,
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use,
 Of shades, & wanton winds, & gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose, that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts daily with false surmise.
 Ah me ! whilst thee the shores, & sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or, whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount,*
 Looks towards Namancos, and Bayona's hold ;
 Look homeward, angel, now, & melt with ruth :

* Mount St. Michael ; not far from the Land's End in Cornwall.

And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, & with new-spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high, [waves,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure, his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the bless'd kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain, to the oaks & rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropp'd into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

THE END OF LYCIDAS.

L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn, [unholy,
'Mongst horrid shapes, & shrieks, & sights
Find out some uncouth cell, [wings,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
And the night-raven sings; [rocks,
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd
As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether, as some sager sing,
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses, wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek:
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe:
And, in thy right hand, lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,

In unreprieved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ?
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower wets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn, in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast,
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim, with daises pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers, and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thersis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;

And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long day-light fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat ;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he, by friars' lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down, the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights, and barons bold
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves, by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,

Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains, that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may have his head,
From golden slumber, on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains, as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred,
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams ;
Or likest hovering dreams.
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore, to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue ;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen, that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended :
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain :
Oft, in glimmering bowers and glades,
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,



Fuschi, B. & P. inc.

J. Rogers, sc.

Silence!

Il Petrarco. L. 28.

Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses, in a ring,
Aye, round about Jove's altar sing :
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him, that soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently, o'er the accusom'd oak :
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And, missing thee, I walk, unseen,
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray,
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way ;
And, oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow, with sullen roar :
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,

Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion, in this fleshly nook :
And of those demons, that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy,
In scepter'd pall, come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine ;
Or what, though rare, of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus, from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant, what love did seek !
Or call up him, that left, half-told,
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass ;
And of the wonderous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride :
And if aught else great bards beside,
In sage and solemn tunes, have sung
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and flounced, as she was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud ;
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust had blown his fill,
Ending on the russling leaves,

With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them, from their hallow'd haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me, from day's garish eye;
While the bee, with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit, to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my dew feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars, massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes!

And may, at last, my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown, and mossy cell,
Where I may sit, and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family ; who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state with this Song.

I. SONG.

Look, nymphs, and shepherds, look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry?
Too divine to be mistook:

 This, this is she,
To whom our vows and wishes bend;
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise;
 Less than half we find express'd,
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark, what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads;
This, this, is she alone,
 Sitting like a goddess bright,
 In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be
Or the tower'd Cybele,
Mother of a hundred Gods?
Juno dares not give her odds:
 Who had thought this clime had hel
 A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the GENIUS of the wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.

GENIUS.

Stay, gentle swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes ;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renown'd flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who, by secret sluice,
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs, as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent,
Was all in honour, and devotion meant,
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence, I adore as mine ;
And, with all helpful service, will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity ;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold ;
What shallow-searching fame hath left untold ;
Which I, full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :
For know, by lot from Jove, I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, & wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill :
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground ;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassell'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout,
With puissant words, & murmurs made to bless.
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,

To lull the daughters of Necessity.
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
 And the low world in measured motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear ;
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless highth of her immortal praise,
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds : yet as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;
 Where ye may, all that are of noble stem,
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'ER the smooth enamell'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me, as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string.
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm, star-proof.
 Follow me,
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendor, as befits
 Her deity.
 Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. SONG.

NYMPHS and shepherds, dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's liliated banks ;
 On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,
 Trip no more in twilight ranks ;
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.
 From the stony Mænalus
 Bring your flocks, and live with us,
 Here ye shall have greater grace,
 To serve the Lady of this place.
 Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
 Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta ill fior novo di strania favella.
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! foss'il mio cour lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amor, e comte t'osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, é il mio cnore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

DIODATI, e tel' dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
 Già caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s'impiglia
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guanca vermiglia
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,

SONNETS.

I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that, on yon bloomy spray,
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou, with fresh hope, the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;
As thou, from year to year, hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco;
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora;
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa dura alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si trouva indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela ;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicette amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Farò divoto ; io certo a prove tante,
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro accorto, e buono ;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante :
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze, al popol use,
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetta sonora, e delle muse ;
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro,
Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF 23.*

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen, on his wing, my three and twentieth year !
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,

* Written at Cambridge in 1631, and sent in a letter to a friend, who had importuned our author to take orders

And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endueth.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still, in strictest measure, even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven,
 All is, if I have grace to use it so
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY. *

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, & him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands & seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground : and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way & the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth ;
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth
 Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp, with deeds of light,
 And hope, that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure,
 Thou, when the bridegroom, with his feastful friends,
 Passes to bliss, at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

* In 1642 ; the King's army having arrived at Brentford.

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.*

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once president
 Of England's council, and her treasury,
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till the sad breaking of that parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory,
 At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd, with report, that old man eloquent. †
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

XI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY
 WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES. 1645.

A BOOK was writ, of late, call'd Tetrachordon, ‡
 And woven close, both matter, form, & style;
 The subject new: it walk'd the town awhile,
 Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.
 Cries the stall-reader, "Bless us! what a word on
 A title page is this!" and some, in file,
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp? §

* The daughter of Sir James Ley, whose singular learning and abilities raised him through all the great posts of the law, till he came to be made Earl of Marlborough, and Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council to King James I. He died in an advanced age; and Milton attributes his death to *the breaking of the Parliament*: and it is true that the Parliament was dissolved the 10th of March 1628-9, and he died on the 14th of the same month.—*Newton*.

† Isocrates, the orator. The victory was gained by Philip of Macedon over the Athenians.—*Warton*.

‡ This was one of Milton's books published in consequence of his divorce from his first wife. *Tetrachordon* signifies Expositions on the four chief places in Scripture which mention marriage or nullities in marriage.—*Warton*.

§ Milton is here collecting, from his hatred to the Scots, what he thinks Scottish names of an ill sound. *Colkitto* and *Macdonnel*, are one and the same person; a brave officer on the royal side, an Irishman of the Antrim family, who served un-

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp,
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,*
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward
 Greek.

XII.

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs,
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me,
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs :
 As when those hinds, that were transform'd to frogs,
 Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearls to hogs ;
 That bawl for freedom, in their senseless mood
 And still revolt when truth would set them free,
 License they mean, when they cry liberty ;
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good ;
 But from that mark, how far they rove we see,
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES, ON THE PUBLISHING HIS AIRS.

Written 1645.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measured song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words, with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long ;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan ;
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air, could'st humour best our tongue.
 Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing

der Montrose. The *Macdonalds* of that family are styled, by way of distinction, *Mac Collcittock*,—that is, descendants of lame Colin. *Galasp* is a Scottish writer against the Independents ; for whom see Milton's verses *On the Forcers of Conscience*, &c. He is *George Gillespie*, one of the Scotch members of the Assembly of Divines.—*Warton*.

* The first professor of the Greek tongue in the university of Cambridge, and was afterwards made one of the tutors to Edward VI. See his *Life* by Strype, or in the *Biographia Britannica*.—*Newton*.

To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
 That tunest their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHARINE
 THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

*Deceased December 16, 1646.**

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But as Faith pointed, with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best,
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams,
 And azure wings, that up they flew so dress'd,
 And spake the truth of thee, on glorious themes,
 Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

Written 1648.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league, to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
 For what can war, but endless war still breed?
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand

* Dr. Newton found, in the accounts of Milton's life, that when he was first made Latin Secretary, he lodged at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern, at Charing Cross. This Mrs. Thomson was in all probability one of that family.

Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
While avarice and rapine share the land.

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

Written 1652.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who, through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,
To peace & truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud,
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued;
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.*

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirot, and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states, hard to be spell'd;
Then to advise how war may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage: besides, to know
Both spiritual power & civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few have
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe: [done.
Therefore, on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

* Sir Henry Vane the younger was the chief of the Independents, and therefore Milton's friend. He was the contriver of the Solemn League and Covenant. In the pamphlets of that age he is called *Sir Humorous Vanity*. He was beheaded in 1662.

XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT, 1655.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them, who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks & stones,
Forget not : in thy book record their groans,
Who were thy sheep, and, in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood & ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide ;
“ Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?”
I fondly ask : but patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “ God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve, who only stand and wait.”

XX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,*
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and, by the fire,

* The *virtuous son* was author of a work “ Of our Communion with Angels,” printed in 1646. The *father* was member for Herefordshire, in the Little Parliament which began in 1653, and was active in settling the protectorate of Cromwell.

Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe, in fresh attire,
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes, and Tuscan air?
 He, who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.*

CYRIACK, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
 Which others, at their bar, so often wrench;
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things, mild Heaven a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII.

TO THE SAME.

CYRIACK, this three-years-day, these eyes, though
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot, [clear,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
 Nor, to their idle orbs, doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them, overplied,

* Cyriack Skinner was one of the principal members of Harrington's political club. Wood says that he was "an ingenious young gentleman, and scholar to John Milton; which Skinner sometimes held the chair."—*Ath. Oxon.* ii. 591.

In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side. [mask,
This thought might lead me through the world's vain
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.*

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint,
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven, without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet, to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night

* This Sonnet was written about the year 1656, on the death of his second wife, Catherine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney, a rigid sectarist. She died in child-bed of a daughter, within a year after their marriage. Milton had now been long totally blind.

ODES

ON THE

MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.*

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And, with his Father, work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont, at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose, with us, a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant-God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
bright?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste, with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire;
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

* This Ode, in which the many learned allusions are highly poetical, was probably composed as a college exercise at Cambridge, our author being now only twenty-one years old. In the edition of 1645, in its title it is said to have been written in 1629.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child,
All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies ;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front, with innocent snow ;
And, on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace ;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down, through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing, the amorous clouds dividing ;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand
She strikes an universal peace, through sea & land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard, the world around :
The idle spear & shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still, with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean ;
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave

The stars, with deep amaze,
 Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence;
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer, that often warn'd them thence;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame
 The new-enlighten'd world no more should need;
 He saw a greater sun appear [bear.
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could

The shepherds, on the lawn,
 Or e'er the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting, in a rustic row;
 Full little thought they than
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below;
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook;
 Divinely warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose, [close.
 With thousand echoes, still prolongs each heavenly

Nature, that heard such sound,
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
 Now was almost won,
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony, alone,
 Could hold all Heaven & earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shamefac'd night
 The helmed cherubim, [array'd;
 And sworded seraphim, [play'd,
 Are seen in glittering ranks, with wings dis-
 Harping, in loud and solemn quire, [Heir.
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born

Such music, as 'tis said,
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung;
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
 And cast the dark foundations deep, [keep.
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
 Once bless our human ears,
 If ye have power to touch our senses so;
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time,
 And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow;
 And, with your ninefold harmony,
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
 Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orb'd in a rainbow; &, like glories wearing,
 Mercy, will sit between,
 Throned in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
 And Heaven, as at some festival, [steering:
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
 This must not yet be so,

The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
 That, on the bitter cross,
 Must redeem our loss ;
 So both himself and us to glorify ;
 Yet first to those 'ychain'd in sleep [the deep,
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through
 With such a horrid clang,
 As on mount Sinai rang,

While the red fire and smouldring clouds out
 The aged Earth aghast, [brake :
 With terror of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
 When, at the world's last session, [throne.
 The dreadful Judge, in middle air, shall spread his
 And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for, from this happy day,
 The old dragon, under ground,
 In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;
 And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
 No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo, from his shrine,
 Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-ey'd priest, from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn, [mourn.

The nymphs, in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,

The Lars, and Lemures moan, with midnight
 In urns, and altars round, [plaint ;
 A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens, at their service quaint :
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat

Peor and Baälim
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine ;
 And mooned Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn, [mourn.
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz

And sullen Moloch, fled
 Hath left, in shadows dread
 His burning idol, all of blackest hue ;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
 The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings
 Nor can he be at rest [loud ;
 Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest He'll can be his shroud ;
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark,
 The sable-stol'd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels, from Juda's land,
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
 Nor all the gods beside,
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine :
 Our Babe, to show his godhead true, [crew.
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damned

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted Fayes [maze.
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved

But see, the virgin bless'd
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,

Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
 Heaven's youngest-teemed star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending.
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harness'd angels sit, in order serviceable.

THE PASSION.

EREWILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
 And joyous news of heavenly infant's birth,
 My muse with angels did divide to sing;
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
 In wintery solstice, like the shorten'd light,
 Soon swallow'd up in dark, and long outliving night.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize, ere long,
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he, for us, did freely undergo:

Most perfect hero, tried in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

He, sovereign priest, stooping his regal head,
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshy tabernacle entered,
 His starry front low-roof'd, beneath the skies;
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
 Then lies him meekly down, fast by his brethren's side.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse;
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound:
 His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings, other where are found;
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;

Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That Heaven and earth are colour'd with my woe;
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black whereon I write, [white;
 And letters, where my tears have wash'd, a wannish

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
 That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood,
 My spirit some transporting cherub feels,
 To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
 Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock,
 That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,
 And here, though grief my feeble hands up lock,
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
 My plaining verse, as lively as before;
 For sure so well instructed are my tears,
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

Or should I thence hurried, on viewless wing,
 Take up a weeping, on the mountains wild,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
 And I, for grief is easily beguiled,
 Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
 Had got a race of mourners, on some pregnant cloud.

*This subject the Author finding to be above the years
 he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied
 with what was begun, left it unfinished.*

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming powers, and winged warriors bright
 That erst, with music, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear
 So sweetly sung your joy, the clouds along,
 Through the soft silence of the listening night,
 Now mourn; and if, sad share with us to bear,
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas, wept from our deep sorrow:
 He, who, with all Heaven's heraldry, whilere
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His infancy to seize!
 O, more exceeding love or law more just?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!

For we, by rightful doom, remediless,
 Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above,
 Hgh throned in secret bliss, for us, frail dust,
 Emptied his glory, even to nakedness :
 And that great covenant, which we still transgress,
 Entirely satisfied,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice, bore for our excess ;
 And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
 This day, but O ! ere long,
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,

*Dying of a Cough.**

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted !
 Soft silken primrose, fading timelessly,
 Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
 Bleak Winter's force, that made thy blossom dry ;
 For he, being amorous, on that lovely dye,
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss ;
 But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,
 By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,
 He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
 If likewise he some fair one wedded not ;
 Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
 Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld, [held.
 Which, 'mongst the wanton gods, a foul reproach was
 So, mounting up in icy-pearled car,
 Through middle empire of the freezing air,
 He wander'd long, till thee he spied from far :
 There ended was his quest, there ceased his care ;
 Down he descended, from his snow-soft chair,
 But, all unwares, with his cold-kind embrace,
 Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate ;
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,

* Written in 1625, and first inserted in edition 1673. He was now seventeen.—*Warton*.

Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
 Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,
 Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land :

But then transform'd him to a purple flower :
 Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb ;
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
 Hid from the world, in a low-delved tomb ;
 Could Heaven, for pity, thee so strictly doom ?

Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine,
 Above mortality, that show'd thou was divine.

Resolve me then, oh soul most surely bless'd,
 If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear,
 Tell me, bright spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
 Or in the Elysian fields, if such there were,

O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
 And why, from us so quickly, thou didst take thy flight.

Wert thou some star, which, from the ruin'd roof
 Of shaken Olympus, by mischance didst fall ;
 Which careful Jove, in nature's true behoof,
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?
 Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall

Of sheeny Heaven, & thou some goddess fled
 Amongst us, here below, to hide thy nectar'd head ?

Or wert thou that just maid, who, once before,
 Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
 And camest again to visit us once more ?
 Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth ?
 Or that crown'd matron sage, white-rob'd Truth ?

Or any other of that heavenly brood, [good ?
 Let down in cloudy throne, to do the world some

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
 Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
 To earth, from thy prefixed seat, didst post,
 And after short abode fly back with speed,
 As if to show what creatures Heaven doth breed,

Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire,
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heaven aspire ?

But oh, why didst thou not stay here below,
 To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,

To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or, drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
 Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent;
 This if thou do, he will an offspring give, [to live.
 That, till the world's last end, shall make thy name

ON TIME.*

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when, as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd
 And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss,
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us, as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good,
 And perfectly divine,
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine,
 About the supreme throne
 Of Him, to whose happy-making sight, alone,
 When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
 Then all this earthly grossness quit,
 Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit, [O Time!
 Triumphing over Death and Chance, and thee,

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLESS'D pair of Syrens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ,
 Dead things, with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
 And, to our high-raised phantasy, present
 That undisturbed song of pure consent,

* In Milton's manuscript, written with his own hand, vol. 8.
 the title is, "On Time. To be set on a clock-case."

Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow;
 And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
 Touch their immortal harps, of golden wires,
 With those just spirits, that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly;
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and, with harsh din,
 Broke the fair music, that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd,
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God, ere long
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with him and sing in endless morn of light.

 AN EPITAPH

ON THE

MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.*

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honour'd wife of Winchester,
 A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 More than she could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight, save one,
 She had told; alas, too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness and with death.
 Yet had the number of her days
 Been as complete as was her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife,
 In giving limit to her life.

Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
 Quickly found a lover meet;
 The virgin quire, for her, request

* Jane, daughter of Thomas, Viscount Savage, and wife of
 John, Marquis of Winchester.

The god that sits at marriage feast ;
He, at their invoking, came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame ;
And in his garland, as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes ;
But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came ;
And, with remorseless cruelty,
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree :
The hapless babe, before his birth,
Had burial, yet not laid in earth ;
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip,
Saved with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up, by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower,
New shot up from vernal shower ;
But the fair blossom hangs the head,
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.

Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have ;
After this, thy travail sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That, to give the world increase,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;
Whilst thou, bright saint, high sit'st in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess,
Who, after years of barrenness,

The highly favour'd Joseph bore,
To him that served for her before,
And, at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty, and Light:
There with thee, new welcome saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No marchioness, but now a queen.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap, throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing,
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MISCELLANIES.

ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

At a VACATION EXERCISE in the COLLEGE, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.

Written in 1627.

HAIL native language, that, by sinews weak,
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And madest imperfect words, with childish trips,
Half unpronounced, slide through my infant-lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before :
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task :
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee,
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst :
And, if it happen, as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last ;
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,
For this same small neglect, that I have made :
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And, from thy wardrobe, bring thy chiefest treasure ;
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight,
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight,
But call those richest robes, and gay'st attire,
Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire :
I have some naked thoughts, that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
And, weary of their place, do only stay
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;
That so they may, without suspect or fears,
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears ;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use ;

Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :
 Such, where the deep transported mind may soar
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
 Look in, and see each blissful deity,
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
 Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings,
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
 Immortal nectar to her kingly sire.
 Then, passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
 And misty regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
 May tell, at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
 In Heaven's defiance, mustering all his waves.
 Then sing of secret things, that came to pass,
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;
 And last, of kings, and queens, and heroes old,
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told,
 In solemn songs, at king Alcinous' feast,
 While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,
 Are held, with his melodious harmony,
 In willing chains, and sweet captivity.
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray !
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy predicament :
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,
 That, to the next, I may resign my room.

Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments, his two sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance, with his canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

Good luck befriend thee, son ; for at thy birth,
 The faery ladies danced upon the hearth ;
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy,
 Come tripping to the room, where thou didst lie,
 And sweetly singing round about thy bed,
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still,
 From eyes of mortals, walk invisible :
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage,

And, in time's long and dark prospective glass,
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass ;
 " Your son," says she, " nor can you it prevent,
 Shall subject be to many an accident.
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign a king,
 Yet every one shall make him underling,
 And those, that cannot live from him asunder,
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under ;
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them ;
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing,
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door,
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar :
 Yea, it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot ?"

*The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY spake in prose,
 then RELATION was called by the same.*

RIVERS, arise : whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulfy Dun,
 Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
 His thirsty arms, along the indented meads,
 Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee ;
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name ;
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-tower'd Thame.

[*The rest was prose.*]

AN EPITAPH

ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET,

W. SHAKSPEARE.*

WHAT needs my Shakspeare, for his honour'd bones,
 The labour of an age in piled stones ?

* This Epitaph is dated 1630, in Milton's own edition of his poems, in 1673.

Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid,
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble, with too much conceiving;
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

*Who sickened at the time of his vacancy, being forbid
 to go to London, by reason of the Plague.**

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
 And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt;
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;
 For he had, any time this ten years full,
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.†
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlain,
 Show'd him his room, where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 "Hobson has supp'd, and 's newly gone to bed."

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move;

* Hobson, the Cambridge carrier, died Jan. 1, 1630, while the plague was in London.

† In Bishopsgate-street, London.

So hung his destiny, never to rot,
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot;
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay,
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet without a crime
 'Gainst old truth motion number'd out his time;
 And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
 "Nay," quoth he, "on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd;
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He died for heaviness, that his cart went light;
 His leisure told him, that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That e'n to his last breath, there be that say it,
 As he were press'd to death, he cried, "More weight;"
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon, he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet, strange to think, his *wain* was his *increase*:
 His letters are deliver'd all, and gone,
 Only remains this superscription.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE
LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate-Lord,
And with stiff vows, renounced his Liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality,
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
Dare ye, for this, adjure the civil sword,
To force our consciences, that Christ set free ;
And ride us with a classic hierarchy,
Taught ye by mere A. S.* and Rutherford ?†
Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed Heretics,
By shallow Edwards‡ and Scotch what d'ye call :||
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent ;
That so the Parliament
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest, writ large.

* Adam Steuart, a Divine of the Church of Scotland.

† Samuel Rutherford, one of the chief Commissioners of the Church of Scotland, and Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrew's.

‡ Thomas Edwards, minister, a pamphleteering opponent of Milton.

|| Perhaps Henderson, or Gillespie, Scotch divines

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses, in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds, and storms
Unwonted, shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who, always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they, [vow'd
To whom thou, untried, seem'st fair. Me, in my
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds,
To the stern god of sea.

FROM GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.*

BRUTUS *thus addresses* DIANA *in the country*
of LEOGECIA.

GODDESS of shades, and huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rolling spheres, and through the deep;
On thy third reign, the earth, look now, and tell
What land, what seat of rest, thou bidst me seek,
What certain seat, where I may worship thee
For aye, with temples vow'd and virgin quires.

To whom, sleeping before the altar, DIANA answers
in a vision the same night.

BRUTUS, far to the west, in th ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Seagirt it lies, where giants dwelt of old;

**Hist. Brit.* i. xi. "Diva potens nemorum," &c.

Now void, it fits thy people : thither bend
 Thy course ; there shalt thou find a lasting seat ;
 There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
 And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
 Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

FROM DANTE.

Ан, Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
 Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
 That the first wealthy pope received of thee.

FROM DANTE.

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,
 'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn,
 Impudent whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope ?
 In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth ?
 Another Constantine comes not in haste.

FROM ARIOSTO.

THEN pass'd he to a flowery mountain green,
 Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously :
 This was the gift, if you the truth will have,
 That Constantine to good Sylvester gave.

FROM HORACE.

WHOM do we count a good man ? Whom but he
 Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
 Who judges in great suits and controversies,
 Whose witness and opinion wins the cause ?
 But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
 Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

FROM EURIPIDES.

THIS is true liberty, when freeborn men,
 Having t' advise the public, may speak free ;
 Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise .
 Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace ;
 What can be juster in a state than this ?

FROM HORACE.

——Laughing, to teach the truth,
 What hinders ? As some teachers give to boys
 Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace

FROM HORACE.

——Joking decides great things,
 Stronger and better oft than earnest can,

FROM SOPHOCLES.

'Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words

FROM SENECA.

———There can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable,
Than an unjust and wicked king.

PSALM I.

Done in verse, 1653

BLESSED is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and in the way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

Done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzetti.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: He who in Heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare; The Lord to me hath said
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee

This day ; ask of me, and the grant is made ;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 The Heathen, and, as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds : them shalt thou bring full
 With iron sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse [low
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
 And now be wise at length ye kings averse,
 Be taught ye judges of the earth ; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling ; kiss the Son lest he appear
 In anger and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have him in their stay.

PSALM III. AUG. 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

LORD, how many are my foes !
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise !
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou Lord art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story,
 Th' exalter of my head I count ;
 Aloud I cried
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though encamping round about
 They pitch against me their pavilions.
 Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou
 Hast smote ere now
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorr'd
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord ;
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV. AUG. 10, 1653

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress,

Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large ; now spare,
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
 Great ones how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn,
 How long be thus forborn
 Still to love vanity,
 To love, to seek, to prize

 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies !
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself apart,
 The good and meek of heart
 (For whom to choose he knows)
 Jehovah from on high

 Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry
 Be aw'd, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.

Offer the offerings just
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say
 Who yet will show us good ?
 Talking like this world's brood ;
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,
 On us lift up the light,

 Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright.
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth overcloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds

 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep,
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where'er I lie ;
 As in a rocky cell

 Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSALM V. AUG. 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh,
 The voice of my complaining hear,
 My King and God ; for unto thee I pray.

Jehovah thou my early voice
 Shalt in the morning hear,
 I' the morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear,
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight,
 Evil with thee no biding makes,
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear
 Thy numerous mercies go
 Into thy house; I in thy fear
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe if I transgress,
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
 For in his faltering mouth unstable
 No word is firm or sooth;
 Their inside, troubles miserable; [smooth.
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they
 God, find them guilty, let them fall
 By their own counsels quell'd;
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou Jehovah wilt be found
 To bless the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSALM VI. AUG. 13, 1653.

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,
 And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness' sake:
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise ?
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;
 My bed I water with my tears ; mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my
 My supplication with acceptance fair [prayer,
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
 With much confusion ; then grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSALM VII. AUG. 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

LORD my God, to thee I fly,
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry ;
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God, if I have thought
 Or done this, if wickedness
 Be in my hands, if I have wrought
 Ill to him that meant me peace,
 Or to him have render'd less,
 And not freed my foe for nought ;

Let the enemy pursue my soul
 And overtake it, let him tread
 My life down to the earth, and roll
 In the dust my glory dead,
 In the dust and there out-spread
 Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire,
 Rouse thyself amidst the rage
 Of my foes that urge like fire ;
 And wake for me, their fury 'asswage ;
 Judgment here thou didst engage
 And command which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies,
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that wait him near.

His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute. Behold,
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old,
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII. AUG. 14, 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wonderful great
 And glorious is thy Name through all the earth !
 So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
 Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,
 To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow,
 That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy Heavens, thy finger's art,
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
 O what is man that thou rememberest yet,

And think'st upon him ; or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found ?
 Scarce to be less than Gods, thou madest his lot,
 With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou madest him Lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet ;

Fowls of the Heavens, and fish that through the wet
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wonderful great
 And glorious is thy Name through all the earth !

APRIL, 1648. J. M.

*Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but
 what is within inverted commas, are the very words
 of the text, translated from the original.*

PSALM LXXX.

1 THOU Shepherd, that dost Israel 'keep,'
 Give ear 'in time of need,'
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep
 'Thy loved' Joseph's seed,

That sitest between the Cherubs 'bright,
 Between their wings outspread,'
 Shine forth, 'and from thy cloud give light,
 And on our foes thy dread.'

- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasse's sight,
Awake thy strength, come, and 'be seen
To' save us 'by thy might.'
- 3 Turn us again, 'thy grace divine
To us,' O God, 'vouchsafe;'
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath, 'and angry brow'
Against thy people's prayer!
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat,
And mak'st them largely drink the tears
'Wherewith their cheeks are wet.'
- 6 A strife thou makest us 'and a prey'
To every neighbour foe,
Among themselves they laugh, they play,
And flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, 'and thy grace divine,'
O God of Hosts, 'vouchsafe,'
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
'Thy free love made it thine,'
And drov'st out nations, 'proud and haught,'
To plant this 'lovely' vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it 'began to grow apace,
And' fill'd the land 'at last.'
- 10 With her 'green' shade that cover'd 'all,'
The hills were 'overspread,'
Her boughs as 'high as' cedars tall
'Advanc'd their lofty head.'
- 11 Her branches 'on the western side'
Down to the sea she sent,
And 'upward' to that river 'wide'
Her other branches 'went.'

- 2 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
'With rudest violence?'
- 13 The 'tusked' boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there browse, and make their food
'Her grapes and tender shoots.'
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heaven, thy seat divine,
Behold 'us, but without a frown,'
And visit this 'thy' vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted 'long,'
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consumed with fire,
And cut 'with axes' down;
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy 'good' hand be 'laid'
Upon the son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
'To ways of sin and shame,'
Quicken us thou, then 'gladly' we
Shall call upon thy Name.
- 19 Return us, 'and thy grace divine,'
Lord God of Hosts, 'vouchsafe';
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud, 'and clear,'
Sing loud to God 'our King,'
To Jacob's God, 'that all may hear,'
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring,
The 'cheerful' psaltery bring along,
And harp 'with' pleasant 'string.'

3 Blow, 'as is wont,' in the new moon
With trumpets' 'lofty sound,'
The appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast 'comes round.'

4 This was a statute 'given of old'
For Israel 'to observe,'
A law of Jacob's God, 'to hold,
From whence they might not swerve'

5 This he a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, 'not to change,'
When as he pass'd through Egypt land,
The tongue I heard was strange.

6 From burden, and from 'slavish toil,'
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, 'and miry soil,'
Deliver'd were 'by me.'

7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
'On me then' didst thou call,
And I to free thee, 'did not fail,
And led thee out of thrall.'

I answer'd thee in thunder deep,
With clouds encompass'd round;
tried thee at the water 'steep'
Of Meriba 'renown'd.'

8 Hear, O my people, 'hearken well,'
I testify to thee,
'Thou ancient stock of' Israel,
If thou wilt list to me,

9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
In honour bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, 'besought,'
Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not 'hear
Nor' hearken to my voice;
And Israel, 'whom I lov'd so dear,'
Mislik'd me for his choice.

- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.
- 13 O, that my people would 'be wise,
To 'serve me 'all their days!
And O that Israel would 'advise
To 'walk my 'righteous' ways.
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
'That now so proudly rise,'
And turn my hand against 'all those,
'That are' their enemies.
- 15 Who hate the Lord should 'then be fain
To' bow to him and bend;
But 'they, his people, should remain,'
Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them 'from the shock'
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey 'for their meat.'

PSALM LXXXII.

- 1 God in the great assembly stands
'Of kings and lordly states,'
Among the Gods, on both his hands,
He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye pervert the right
With judgment false and wrong,
Favouring the wicked 'by your might,
Who thence grow bold and strong?'
- 3 Regard the weak and fatherless,
Dispatch the poor man's cause,
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him 'that help demands.'
- 5 They know not, nor will understand,
In darkness they walk on,
The earth's foundations all are mov'd
And out of order gone.

- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
The sons of God Most High;
7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes 'die.'
8 Rise God, judge thou the earth 'in might,'
This 'wicked' earth redress,
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent 'now at length,
O God, hold not thy peace'
Sit thou not still, O God of 'strength,
We cry and do not cease.'
2 For lo thy 'furious' foes 'now' swell,
And storm outrageously,
And they that hate thee 'proud and fell'
Exalt their heads full high.
3 Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep,
Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
5 For they consult with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of 'scornful' Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
'That in the desert dwell,'
7 Gebal and Ammon 'there conspire,'
And 'hateful' Amalec,
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
'Whose bounds the sea doth check.'
8 With them 'great' Ashur also bands
'And doth confirm the knot:
All these have lent their armed hands'
To aid the sons of Lot.

- 9 Do to them as to Midian 'bold,'
That wasted all the coast,
To Sisera, and, as 'is told
Thou didst' to Jabin's 'host,'
 'When at the brook of Kishon 'old,
 They were repulsed and slain,'
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
 As dung upon the plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
 So let their princes speed,
 As Zeba, and Zalmunna 'bled,'
 So let their princes 'bleed.'
12 'For they amidst their pride' have said,
 By right now shall we seize
 God's houses, and 'will now invade'
 Their stately palaces.
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
 'No quiet let them find;'
 Giddy and 'restless' let 'them reel'
 Like stubble from the wind.
14 As 'when' an 'aged' wood takes fire
 'Which on a sudden strays,'
 The 'greedy' flame runs higher and higher
 Till all the mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase :
16 And till they yield thee honour due,
 Lord, fill with shame their face.
17 Ashamed, and troubled let them be,
 Troubled, and shamed for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, 'and' scape it never.
18 Then shall they know, that Thou, whose name
 Jehovah is alone,
 Art the Most High, 'and Thou the same'
 O'er all the earth 'art One.'

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair !
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The 'pleasant' tabernacles are,
 'Where thou dost dwell so near !'

- 2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts O Lord to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
- 3 There even the sparrow 'freed from wrong'
Hath found a house of 'rest ;'
The swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her 'brooding' nest,

Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
'They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts
Toward thee,' my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise,
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
- 6 They pass through Baca's 'thirsty' vale,
'That dry and barren ground,'
As through a fruitful watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength.
'With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till' all before 'our' God 'at length'
In Zion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts hear 'now' my prayer,
O Jacob's God give ear,
- 9 Thou God our shield look on the face
Of thy anointed 'dear.'
- 10 For one day in thy courts 'to be'
Is better, 'and more blest,'
Than 'in the joys of vanity'
A thousand days 'at best.'
- I in the temple of my God,
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, 'and rich abode,'
With sin 'for evermore.'
- 11 For God the Lord both sun and shield
Gives grace and glory 'bright,
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

- 12 Lord 'God' of Hosts 'that reign'st on high,'
That man is 'truly' blest,
Who 'only' on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 THY land to favour graciously
Thou hast not Lord been slack,
Thou hast from hard captivity
Returned Jacob back.
- 2 The iniquity thou didst forgive
'That wrought' thy people woe,
And all their sin, 'that did thee grieve,'
Hast hid 'where none shall know.'
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
And 'calmly' didst return
From thy fierce wrath which we had proved
Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease
Towards us, 'and chide no more.'
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
- 6 Wilt thou not turn, and 'hear our voice.'
And us again revive,
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee preserv'd alive.
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew,
Thy saving health to us afford,
'And life in us renew.'
- 8 'And now what God the Lord will speak'
I will 'go straight and' hear,
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints 'full dear ;'
- To his dear saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, 'but surcease
To trespass as before.'

- 9 Surely to such as do him fear
 Salvation is at hand,
 And glory shall 'ere long appear
 To' dwell within our land.
- 10 Mercy and Truth 'that long were miss'd,'
 Now 'joyfully' are met,
 'Sweet' Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
 'And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth, 'like to a flower,
 Shall bud and blossom 'then,'
 And Justice from her heavenly bower
 Look down 'on mortal men.'
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good,
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits 'to be our food.'
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go
 'His royal habinger,'
 Then will he come, and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 THY 'gracious' ear, O Lord, incline,
 O hear me 'I thee pray ;'
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, 'and sad decay.'
- 2 Preserve my soul, for I have trod
 Thy ways, and love the just,
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,
 Who 'still' in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 4 I call ; O make rejoice
 Thy servant's soul ; for Lord to thee
 I lift my soul 'and voice.'
- 5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
 To pardon, thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou 'alone'
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry

Of my 'incessant' prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.

7 I in the day of my distress,
Will call on thee 'for aid ;
For thou wilt 'grant' me 'free access,
And' answer 'what I pray'd.'

8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
'Of all that other Gods have done'
Like to thy 'glorious' works.

9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, 'and all shall frame'
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou 'in thy everlasting seat'
Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way 'most right ;
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
'So shall it never slide.

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
'Thee honour and adore'
With my whole heart, and blazé abroad
Thy name for evermore.

13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul,
Even from the lowest Hell set free,
'From deepest darkness foul.'

14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and 'art styled'
Most merciful, most true.

16 O turn to me 'thy face at length'
And me have mercy on,

Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy handmaid's son.

- 7 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes 'then' see,
And be ashamed; because thou Lord
Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains 'high'
Is his foundation fast,
'There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is placed.'
- 2 Sion's 'fair' gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings 'fair'
Of Jacob's 'land, though there be store,
And all within his care.'

- 3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee 'abroad' are spoke;
4 I mention Egypt, 'where proud kings
Did our forefathers yoke.'

I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia 'full of scorn,'
And Tyre with Ethiops' 'utmost ends,'
Lo this man there was born:

- 5 But 'twice that praise shall in our ear'
Be said of Sion 'last,'
This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.

- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth inroll,
That this man there was born.

- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance
'With sacred songs are there,'
In thee 'fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,
And' all my fountains 'clear.'

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD God that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;

And all night long before thee weep,
Before thee 'prostrate lie.'

2 Into thy presence let my prayer
 'With sighs devout ascend;'
And to my cries, that 'ceaseless are,'
 Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble sore
 Surcharged my soul doth lie,
My life 'at death's uncheerful door,'
 Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the 'dismal' pit,
I am a man, but weak alas,
 And for that name unfit.

5 From life discharged and parted quite
 Among the dead to 'sleep,'
And like the slain in 'bloody fight'
 That in the grave lie 'deep.'

Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er,
 'Death's hideous house hath barr'd.'

6 Thou in the lowest pit 'profound'
 Hast set me 'all forlorn,'
Where thickest darkness 'hovers round,'
 In horrid deeps 'to mourn.'

7 Thy wrath, 'from which no shelter saves,'
 Full sore doth press on me;
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
 And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And makest me odious,
Me to them odious, 'for they change,'
 And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
 Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
 My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
 Shall the deceased arise,

And praise thee 'from their loathsome bed
With pale and hollow eyes?'

11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave 'hath hold,'
Or they who in perdition 'dwell,'
Thy faithfulness 'unfold?'

12 In darkness can thy mighty 'hand
Or 'wonderous acts be known,
Thy justice in the 'gloomy' land
Of 'dark' oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
'Ere yet my life be spent,'
And 'up to thee' my prayer 'doth hie,'
Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me?

15 That am already bruised, and shake
With terror sent from thee?

Bruised, and afflicted, and 'so low'
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatenings cut me through:

17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,
And sever'd from me far:
They 'fly me now' whom I have loved,
And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author
at fifteen years old.*

WHEN the bless'd seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil, their liberty had won,
And pass'd from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known:

That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil
 As a faint host that hath received the foil.
 The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean? and why skipp'd the mountains?
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
 Shake Earth, and at the presence be aghast
 Of Him that ever was, and aye shall last,
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
 Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of Gods he is the God.
 For his, &c.
 O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
 For his, &c.
 Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heaven and Earth to shake.
 For his, &c.
 Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted heavens so full of state.
 For his, &c.
 Who did the solid earth ordain
 To rise above the watery plain.
 For his, &c.
 Who by his all-commanding might
 Did fill the new-made world with light
 For his, &c.
 And caused the golden-tressed sun,
 All the day long his course to run.
 For his, &c.
 The horned moon to shine by night,
 Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
 For his, &c.
 He with his thunder-clasping hand
 Smote the first-born of Egypt land.
 For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel.

For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main.

For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass.

For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.

For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.

For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.

For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.

For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery,

For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed
And with full hand supplies their need.

For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOANNIS MILTONI

EONDINENSIS

P O E M A T A.

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS
VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.

HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quàm supra se esse dicta, eò quòd præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potiùs virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cùm alii præsertim ut id faceret magnoperè suaderent Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus ad JOANNEM MILTONIUM Anglum.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.

Ad JOANNEM MILTONEM Anglum triplici poeseos laurea, coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

Edè Meles cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ;
Sebetus Tassum disinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad JOANNEM MILTONEM.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

AL SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI NOBILE INGLESE

ODE.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtu m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia resiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede :
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama ;
Ch' udio d'Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero :
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano :
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni ;
Che s' opre degne di Poema e storia
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

*Del sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI, gentilhuomo
Fiorentino.*

JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI :

Juveni patriâ, virtutibus eximio ;

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomatica omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda ; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intelligat :

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferent ; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate * vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoriâ totus orbis ; in intellectu sapientia ; in voluntate ardor gloriæ ; in ore eloquentia ; harmonicos cœlestium sphaerarum sonitus astronomiâ duce audienti ; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistrâ philosophiâ legenti ; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assiduâ autorum lectione :

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti
At cur nitor in arduum ?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficient, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ at amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert *Carolus Datus* * Patrius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

* *Vastitate*, edit. 1645.

† Carlo Dati: one of Milton's literary friends at Florence.
Vide Epitaph. Damon.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER.

ELEG. I.—AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.*

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostrî, tàmque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Méque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrásque negantia molles,
Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magistri
Cæteráque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortémve recuso,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset

* Charles Deodate was one of Milton's most intimate friends. He was an excellent scholar, and practised physic in Cheshire. He was educated with our author at Saint Paul's school in London; and thence was sent to Trinity College, Oxford, where he was entered in the year 1621, at thirteen years of age. He was a fellow-collegian there with Alexander Gill, another of Milton's intimate friends, who was successively Usher and Master of Saint Paul's school. He died in 1638. *Warton.*

Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi primo Maro.
Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres.
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro ;
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectâsse dolendo,
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest :
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hîc blandas spirantia sidera flammæ,
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis !
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus ;
Collâque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulósque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor ;
Pellacésque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniâmque Ninon
Vos etiam Danaæ fascis submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.

Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
 Túque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa color
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypror
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
 Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro ;
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Scholæ.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEG. II.—ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

*In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis **

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licèt fuerint tibi tempora plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ

* The person here commemorated is Richard Ridding, one of the University-Beadles, and Master of Arts of St. John's college, Cambridge. He signed a testamentary codicil, Sep. 23, 1626, proved the eighth day of November following. From *Register Testam. Cantabr.* Warton.

Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegëia tristes,
 Personet et totis nænia mœsta Scholis.

ELEG. III.—ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

*In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.**

MOESTUS eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
 Hærebântque animo tristia plura meo,
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo; [turres,
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore
 Dira sepulchrali Mors metuenda face;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:
 E memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te præcipuè luxi dignissime Præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,
 “Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne satis quòd sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quòdque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa,
 Nec sinis, ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
 Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanta tibi cùm sit concessa potestas;

* Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, had been originally Master of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge; but long before Milton's time. He died at Winchester-House in Southwark. Sept. 21, 1626. *Warton.*

Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobiléque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideámque animam sede fugásse suâ?"
Talía dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab Eoo littore mensus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos nóxque sopórque meos :
Cùm mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutina cùm juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cùm pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoríferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris húmida nata rosis,
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subitò Præsul Wintonius astat,
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dúmque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantúque saluta
Hósque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos ;
" Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
Talía contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

ELEG. IV.—ANNO ÆTATIS 18.

*Ad THOMAM JUNIUM præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.**

CURRE per immensum subito mea litera pontum,
 I, pete Teutonicus læve per æquor agros ;
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
 Cæruleámque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri ;
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves ;
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
 Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !
 Charior ille mihi quàm tu, doctissime Graiûm
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat ;
 Quàmque Stagyrtes generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præunte recessus
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
 Pieriósque hausit latices, Clióque favente,
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlори senilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes ;
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.

* Thomas Young, pastor of the church of English merchants at Hamburgh, was Milton's private preceptor, before he was sent to Saint Paul's school.

Vade igitur, cursúque Eurum præverte sonorum,
Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei,
Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
Hæc quoque, paulùm oculos in humum defixa mo-
Verba verecundo sis memor loqui : [destos
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem ;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omnia parte levare nequit ?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxámque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniámque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jámque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum '
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuámque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat ;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;
Perpetuóque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit Io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volâsse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inópsque solo ;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,

Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem
 Patria dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
 Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertâsque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
 Talis et, horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intenténtque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Déque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritadas oras
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
 Terruit et densas pavidò cum rege cohortes,
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
 Auditúrque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmurâque alta virûm.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEG. V.—ANNO ÆTATIS 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;

Induitúrque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jámque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniúmque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, interúmque vigescit ab illo
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidúmque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;
Concitáque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in arduo cœli,
Pérque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
Pérque umbras, pérque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora deûm;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris Io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniáque arva,
Flectit ad Arctöas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Jámque Lycaonius, plastrum cœleste Boötes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cùm primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ
Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta suas repetit silvas, pharetrámque resumit
Cynthia, Lucíferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
“Desere,” Phœbus ait, “thalamos, Aurora, seniles,

Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro ?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.”
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ociùs urget equos,
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos ;
Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis !
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim ;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitâsque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiâsque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus, abdit opes.
Ah quoties dùm tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
“Cur te,” inquit, “cursu languentem Phœbe diurno
Hesperiiis recipis cærule Mater aquis ?
Quid tibi cum Tethy ! Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,
Dia quid immunda perluis ora salo ?
Frigora Phœbe meâ meliùs captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herba,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lenè susurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo ;
Cùm tu Phœbe tuo sapientiùs uteris igni,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.”
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores :
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.

Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentésque foveat solis ab igne faces.
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
Jámque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mati.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæ per urbes,
Littus, Io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ill venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egreditúrque frequens, ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. [unum,
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
Delphinásque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cùm sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanúsque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicapérque deus, semideúsque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetâque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Fannus,
Consulit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes,
Jámque latet, latitânsque cupit malè tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arboreâ dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
Qua potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;
Brumâque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat et nostro senior umbra polo.

ELEG. VI.

Ad CAROLUM DEODATUM ruri commo antem,

*Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina
excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod
inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud
satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat.
hoc habuit responsum.*

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Quâ tu distento fortè carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sinit optatis posse sequi tenebras?
Carminè scire velis quàm te redamémque colámque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carminè scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quàm benè solennes epulas, hilarémque Decembrem
Festáque cœlifugam quæ coluere deum,
Deliciásque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
Haustáque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibúsque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpiùs Aoniis clamavit collibus Eucœ
Mista Thyonœo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosásque racemiferúmque Lyæum
Cantavit brevibus Tēia Musa modis?
Pindaricósque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Elœo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimóque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomámque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniúmque fovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado,
Addimus his artes, fusúmque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito tres peperisse deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro

Insonat arguta mollitè icta manu ;
Auditúrque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitatáque plectrum
Implet odoratus festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Pérque puellares oculos digitúmque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos ;
Liber adest elegis, Eratóque, Cerésque, Venúsque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus indè licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpiùs et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroásque pios, semideósque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superùm consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos ;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympa catillo,
Sobriáque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis
Surgis ad infensos augur iture deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiúmque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senémque
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris ;
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
Pérque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divúmque sacerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.
At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine Regem,
Faustáque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
Vagitúmque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
Qui suprema suo cum Patre regna colit,

Stelliparúmque polum modulantésque æthere turmas
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi Natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

ELEG. VII.—ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum spreui maxime numen Amor.
 Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
 Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim deus ullus ad iras
 Promptior et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
 Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
 Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
 Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra deum:
 Prodidit et facies, et dulcè minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
 Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
 Addiderátque iras, sed et hæc decuisse putares,
 Addiderátque truces, nec sine felle minas.
 “Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs,” inquit,
 “Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:
 Cydoniùsque mihi cedit venator, et ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.

Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeúsque comes.
Jupiter ipse licèt sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non levitèr corda petenda mihi.
Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem."
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias,
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina deùm conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solut et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hœsit, nunc virginis ori,
Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinùs insoliti subierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intus flammâque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor, et hæc remanet, sequitor pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.

Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? Amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui;
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus sic infelicitèr arsit,
Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cùm sis deus ales amoris
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minùs igne potens:
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
Solutus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
Nescio cur, miser et suaviter omnis amans:
Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, studiòque supino
Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicèt abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.
Donèc Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinùs extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

I.

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
Fallor? An et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru, flammivolisque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

II.

IN EANDEM.

ICCINE tentâsti cœlo donâsse Iacobum
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce. precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter.

III.

IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.

“ Et nec inultus” ait “ temnes mea sacra Britanne,
 Supplicium spretâ religione dabis.
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter.”
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbâque ponderibus vix caritura suis !
 Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

IV.

IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnârat, Tænarióque sinu,
 Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque deos.

V.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem ;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

VI.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.*

ANGELUS unicuique suus sic credite gentes
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum ? Leonora tibi si glorio major.
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens ;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda.
 Sensim immortalî assuescere posse sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidè̃m Deus est, per cunctâque fusus
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

VII.

AD EANDEM.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.

* Adriana of Mantua, for her beauty surnamed the Fair, and her daughter *Leonora* Baroni, the Lady whom Milton celebrates in these three Latin Epigrams, were esteemed by their contemporaries the finest singers in the world.—*Warton*.

Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
 Perditus, et propter te Leonora foret !
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
 Quamvis Dircaeo torsisset lumina Pentheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ ;
 Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituisset sibi.

VIII.

AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
 Clarâque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados
 Littoreámque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo ?
 Illa quidè'm vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque deos.

IX.

IN SALMASH HUNDREDAM.*

QUIS expedit Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,
 Picâmq' docuit verba nostra conari ?
 Magister artis venter, et Jacobæi
 Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
 Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Ipse, Antichristi qui modo primatum Papæ
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
 Cantabit ultrò Cardinalitium melos.

X.

IN SALMASIUM.†

GAUDETE scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,
 Qui frigidâ hyeme incolitis argentes freta !
 Vestrûm misertus ille Salmasius, Eques

* This Epigram is in Milton's *Defensio* against Salmasius.

† This is in the *Defensio secunda*. It is introduced with the following ridicule on Morus, the subject of the next Epigram, for having predicted the wonders to be worked by Salmasius's new edition, or rather reply. "Tu igitur ut pisciculus ille anteambulo, præcurris balænam Salmasium."

Bonus, amicire nuditatem cogitat ;
 Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
 Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii
 Insignia, noménque et decus, Salmasii :
 Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
 Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
 Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

XI.

IN MORUM.

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
 Quis benè moratam, morigerámque, neget ?

XII.

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.*

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino :
 Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Hactenûs illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
 Mota solo assueto, protinûs aret iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus,
 Atque ait, “ Heu quanto satius fuit illa coloni,
 Parva licèt, grato dona tulisse animo !
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulàmque voracem :
 Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipse parens.”

XIII.

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE
CROMWELLI.

BELLIPOTENS virgo, septem regina trionum,
 Christina, Arctor lucida stella poli !
 Cernis, quas merui durâ sub casside, rugas,
 Utque senex, armis impiger, ora tero :
 Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
 Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reveréntior umbra
 Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

* This piece first appeared in the edition 1673.

SILVARUM LIBER.

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII, MEDICI.*

Anno Ætatis 17.

PARERE Fati discite legibus,
Manúsque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassum dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
Nec fraude turpe Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectors, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste fatum verba Hecatæia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virga.
Numénque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.

* This Ode is on the death of Doctor John Goslyn, Master of Caius College, and King's Professor of Medicine at Cambridge; who died while a second time Vice-Chancellor of that University, in October, 1626. See Fuller's *Hist. Cambr.* p. 164. Milton was now seventeen. But he is here called sixteen in the editions of 1645, and 1673.—*Warton.*

Læsisset et nec te Philyreie
 Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine,
 Nec tela te fulmênque avitum
 Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
 Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,
 Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,
 Nec puppe lustrâs Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Persephone tua
 Irata, cùm te viderit artibus
 Succóque pollenti tot atris
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
 Purpureóque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
 Subrideátque Ætnea Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatiere campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iäcobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jámque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjuxerat Anglica Scotis :
 Pacificúsque novo felix divésque sedebat
 In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis :
 Cúm ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo
 Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernásque fideles,
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros :
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes ;
 Regnáque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace,
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudúmque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,

Insidiásque locat tacitas, cassésque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ceu Caspia tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
 Jámq̃ue fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnatae credulia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque et festà pace beatum
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quódque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
 Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætnâ
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphœus.
 Ignescunt oculi, stridétque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictáque cuspide cuspis
 “Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
 Inveni,” dixit, “gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impunè diu, non ibit inulta.”
 Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
 Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jámque pruinsas velos superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistrâ
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
 Dextra beneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
 Cùm circumgreditur totum Tricoronifer urbem,
 Panificósque deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantùm series longissima fratrum;
 Cereáque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Cimмериis nati in tenebris, vitàmque trahentes.
 Tempa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitúsque canentùm
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
 Qualitèr exulat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
 Orgia cantentes in Echionio Aracyntho,

Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitésque impellit equòs stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætémque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo progeneratam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes ;
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectórque silentium,
Prædatórque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus
Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendétque cucullus
Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrictit fune salaces,
Tarda senestratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Silvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycósque leones.

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces ;
“ Dormis, nate ? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus ?
Immemor O fidei, pecorúmque obilite tuorum !
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dúmque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni ;
Surge, age, surge piger, Latinus quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis ;
Et memor Hespericæ disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersáque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorúmque cruci tot corpora fixa probosæ,
Thermодоонтёá nuper regnante puellá.
At tu si tenero movis torpescere lecto,
Crescentésque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,
Signáque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle :
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
Sacráque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.

Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesces,
 Irritus ille labor, ta callidus utere fraude,
 Quælibet hæretices disponere retia fas est;
 Jámq̃ue ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grandævosque patres trabeá, canisque verendos;
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
 Protinûs ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglio fidos
 Propositi, factique mone, quisquámne tuorum
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
 Perculsosque metu subito, casúque stupentes
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Túque in bellicosos iterum dominaberis Anglos.
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis."
 Dixit et, adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras
 Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera niti
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
 Cùm somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor auæ,
 Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æterná septus caligine noctis,
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque billinguis,
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter cœmenta jacent præruptáque saxa,
 Ossa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
 Hîc Dolus intortus semper sedet ater ocellis,
 Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumniæ fauces,
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exululant, telluset sanguine conscia stagnat.
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos, et Prodotes; nulloque sequente per antrum,
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
 Diffugiunt sontes, et retro lumina vortunt;
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

"Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit œquor
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens Natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:

Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves diffilentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago,
 Et, quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.”
 Finierat, rigidi cupidé parueri gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
 Despicit ætherea dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, qua distat ab Aside terra
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas ;
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
 Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidémque fenestræ,
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros :
 Excitat hîc varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis.
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit adua culmen.
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
 Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli :
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
 Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terrâque tremante :
 Fama siles ? an te latet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
 Et novo sceptigero cædes meditata Iäcobo ?
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
 Et satis ante fugax stridentis induit alas,
 Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis ;

Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres, prævertere nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit :
 Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis òpus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Autheresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Insidiis loca structa silet ; stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effoetique senes pariter tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus pater, et credulibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm ; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres ;
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores ;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Præsulis Eliensis.

ADHUC madentes rore squalabant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis Præsulis.
 Cum centilinguis Fama (pro semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
 Populosque Neptuno satos,
 Cessisse morti, et fereris sororibus
 Te generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
 Tunc in quietum pectus irâ protinus
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devolvens deam :
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,
 Graiusque vates parciu
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,

Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :
 Cæcos furores prone, pone vitream
 Bilemque et irritas minas,
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
 Subitoque ad iras percita ?
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
 Mors atra Noctis filia,
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
 Vastove nata sub Chao :
 Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei
 Messes ubique colligit ;
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
 In lucem et auras evocat ;
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
 Themidos Jovisque filiaë ;
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris :
 At justa raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas.
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror :
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
 Auriga currus ignei.
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis Orion tuus.
 Prætervolvavi fulgidi solis globum,
 Longèque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
 Frænis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum, siderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallynam, et
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effare queat
 Oriundus humano patre
 Amœnitates illius loci ? mihi
 Sat est in eternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem !
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Concilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergòne marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo ?
 Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput ? num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque
 Sidera vexabunt ? an et insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem ?
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes ?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aul
 Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas ;
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli ?
 Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
 Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
 Tunc etiam aërei divulsus sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabis apex, imoque allisa barathro
 Terre bunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraterna que bella.

At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno ;
 Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
 Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat
 Nec foveat effœtas loca per declivia terras
 Devexo temone Deus ; sed semper amicâ
 Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosis ab Indis

Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
 Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli,
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore,
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu;
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet et puer ille decorem
 Phœbe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.

DICITE sacrorum præsidēs nemorum deæ
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæqui in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otioso Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimûmve terris incolit lunæ globum:
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
 Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga

Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
 Atlante major portitore siderum.
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Icidis cultoribus.
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
 Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub autro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentam,
 Sancta Prométheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duos Manes adamante coercet.
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sybillæ ;
 Carmine sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum ;

Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc eum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures
Carminibus, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis

Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
 Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu
 Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasiste quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, barbariscos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluus aer,
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malesanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâset ut omnia, cœlo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 At que Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,
 Vitabunque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus:
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapiant oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope suras
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
 Adesdum et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò dîvis.
 Hæc ergo alumnis ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 In sanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
 Venet feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
 O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes
 Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
 Pythone Cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Lavamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
 Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
 Spei savebit annuæ colonorum:
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
 Nimiùm sinistro laxis irruens loro:
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
 Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Vilensis, vir ingenii laude, tum litterarum studio, necnon et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemme Conquistata, lib 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, e Corteci
Risplende il Manso——

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderat, hoc carmen misit.

HAEC quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus
Post Galli cineres et Mecænatis Hetrusci [honore,
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet âura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquam non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divûm proluxus amores;
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa tibi soli, supremæque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus aridentem operoso ex aere poetam. [sant
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia ces-
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros repere Orco,
Quâ potes, atqua avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri,
Ergo ego te Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare Musam,
Quæ nuper gelida vix enutrita sub Arcto
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.

Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani Glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo,
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
 Fatadicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu. [virorum,
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
 Cynthius, et famulas vinesse ad limina Musas :
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit
 Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo ;
 Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes ;
 Tantùm ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
 Irriguus inter saltus frondosaque tecta
 Peneium prope rivum : ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
 Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nex fixa sub imo
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
 Diis delecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
 Nascentem, et miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
 Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
 Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,

Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.
 O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum
 Phœbæos decorasse viros jui tam bene nôrit,
 Si quando indigenas evocabo in carmine reges,
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
 Aut dicum invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
 Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit)
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonem sub Marte phalanges.
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempore vitæ,
 Annorumque satur cineri sua juro relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
 Astanti sat erat si dicam sim tibi curæ;
 Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
 Curaret parvet componi moliter urna.
 Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
 Quò labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
 (Quantum fata sinunt) et tota menta serenûm
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia secuti a pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viverit, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (dàm vos et Daphnin et
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis) [Hylan,
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, memorumque recessus,
 Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
 Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
 Et jam bis viride surgebat calmus arista,
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,

Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis ; pastorem scilicet illum
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
 Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
 Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
 Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
 Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon !
 Siccine nos linqvis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
 Ista velit, dignumque tui de ducat in agmen,
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
 Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit :
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,
 Palladiâsque artes, sociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modò ? quis mihi fidus
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca foeta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis ?
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ;
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni [auster
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus
 Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo ?

Ite domum impasti domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum veritur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber et Eurus
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, et ipse situ seges alta fatiscit!
 Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
 Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Tityrus ad Corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
 Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
 Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco.
 Hic Zephyri, hic placidas inttrersepit arbutas undas;
 Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat,
 (Et callebat avium linguas, et sidere Mopsus)
 Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
 Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
 Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
 Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Aegle
 Docta modos, cithræque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
 Nil me blanditia, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
 De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
 Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,

Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
 Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
 Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspere votis,
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
 Possem tot maria ulta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!
 Ah certè extremiùm licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
 Pastores Thusei, Musis operata juvenus, [mon
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Da-
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra
 Fiscellæ, cathalique, et cerea vincla cicutæ,
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
 Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit ratio Damon,
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
 Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi,
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
 Imus? et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tuagramina, succos, [cinthi,
 Helleborumque, humilèsque crocos, foliumque hya-

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentûm.
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentûm,
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altere nocte,
 Et tum forte novis admôram labra circutis,
 Dissiluere tamen raptâ compage, nec ultra
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos credite sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,] num.
 Brennûmque Arvigarûmque duces, priscûmque Beli.
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos ;
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlôis arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
 Multûm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim ? omnia non licet uni,
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
 Hæc, et plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento :
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ.
 Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
 Cæruleûm fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,
 Quis putet ? hic quoque Amor pictæque in nube pha-
 Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo ; [retræ
 Nec tenues animas, pectûsque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circûm flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem
 Impigar, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctáque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrâ,
 Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
 Heroúmque animas inter, divòsque perennes,
 Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat
 Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
 Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicumque vocaris,
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Cœlicolæ norint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
 Quòd tibi purpures pudor, et sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
 Lætáque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Òrgia Thyrsò.

JAN. 23, 1646. AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM OXONIENSIS
 ACADEMLÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti
 postulabit ut cum aliis nostris in bibliotheca re-
 poneret, Ode.*

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
 Fronde licet geminâ,
 Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,
 Quam manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim,
 Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit
 Insons populi, barbitóque devius
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, et hummum vix tetigit pede;

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo ?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidem, thyasusque sacer
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum ;

STROPHE II.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam pedè totis finibus Angligenûm ;
Immundasque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apolineâ pharetrâ
Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaséo
Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneât specus,
Seu que te latebra, forsàn unde vili
Calo teréris institoris infulsi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ ;

STROPHE III.

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat peçuli, numeròque justo
Sibi pollisitum queritur abesse,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ :
Téque aditis etiam sacris

Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsides
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
 Quàm cui præfuit Iön
 Clarus Erectheides
 O pulenta dei per templa parentis
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Ion Actæâ genitus Creusâ.

ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amœnos,
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit
 Delo posthabitâ,
 Bifidòque Parnassi jugo :
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici
 Illic legéris inter alta nomina
 Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
 Antique gentis lumina, et verum decus.

EPODOS.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi,
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
 Turba legentum prava facesset ; [longè
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
 Roüsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistro-
 phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes
 nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exacté
 respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi
 potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem
 spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici
 monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ

σχέσιν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt
Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod iidem in
secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM NOMINE
CROMWELLI.

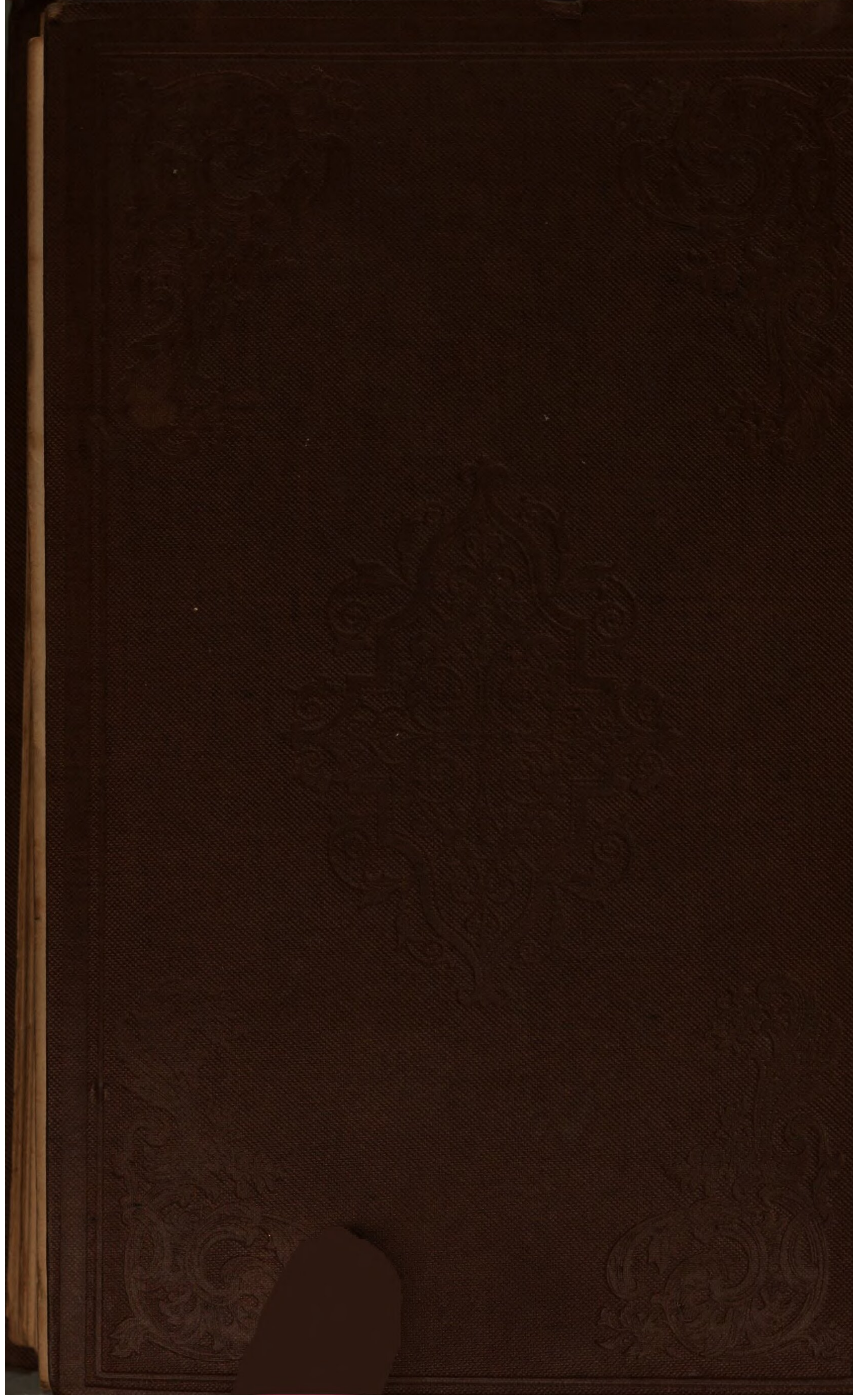
BELLIPOTENS Virgo, septem Regina Trionum,
Christina, Arctöi lucida stella poli,
Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero ;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
Ast tibi submitte frontem reverentior umbra ;
Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

FINIS.

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